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# CONTENTS

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## INDEX BY TITLES.

PAGE	PAGE		
Alien Country, The, <i>Harry James Smith</i> . . . . .	617	Foreign Privilege in China, <i>Hosea B. Morse</i> . . . . .	626
American Grub Street, The, <i>James H. Collins</i> . . . . .	634	Forerunner, The, <i>M. E. M. Davis</i> . . . . .	273
American Poets of To-day, Three, <i>May Sinclair</i> . . . . .	325	France, The Year in, <i>Stoddard Dewey</i> . . . . .	182
American View of British Railways, An, <i>Ray Morris</i> . . . . .	65	French Fiction, A New Voice in, <i>Henry Dwight Sedgwick</i> . . . . .	841
Arden, In: an Idyl of the Hunting Field, <i>Arthur Grant</i> . . . . .	131	Further Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife, <i>Mary Heaton Vorse</i> . . . . .	240
Autobiography of a Southerner, The, "Nicholas Worth" . . . . .	1, 157, 311, 474	Garrison, David, Some Unpublished Correspondence of, <i>George P. Baker</i> . . . . .	813
Bible Poetry, The Power of, <i>J. H. Gardiner</i> . . . . .	384	Germany, The Year in, <i>William C. Dreher</i> . . . . .	663
Books New and Old, <i>H. W. Boynton</i> . . . . .	276	Grading of Sinners, The, <i>Edward Alsworth Ross</i> . . . . .	106
Brag, <i>Wilbur Larimore</i> . . . . .	405	Grub Street, The American, <i>James H. Collins</i> . . . . .	634
Brown, Alice, The Short Stories of, <i>Charles Miner Thompson</i> . . . . .	55	Hardy, Thomas, The Novels of, <i>Mary Moss</i> . . . . .	354
Captain Christy, <i>Henry Rideout</i> . . . . .	452	Henry Koehler, Misogynist, <i>Elsie Singmaster</i> . . . . .	657
China, Foreign Privilege in, <i>Hosea B. Morse</i> . . . . .	626	His Comrade, <i>Clare Benedict</i> . . . . .	551
China, The Missionary Enterprise in, <i>Chester Holcombe</i> . . . . .	348	His Reader's Friend, <i>Agnes Repplier</i> . . . . .	644
Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i> . . . . .	721	House of Lords, The, <i>William Everett</i> . . . . .	790
Churchill, Lord Randolph, <i>A. Lawrence Lowell</i> . . . . .	247	House, The, <i>Anna McClure Sholl</i> . . . . .	693
City Water and City Waste, <i>Hollis Godfrey</i> . . . . .	375	Hull House Play, A, <i>Madge C. Johnson</i> . . . . .	83
Commercial Panics, Past and Future, <i>Alexander D. Noyes</i> . . . . .	433	Humor of the Colored Supplement, The, <i>Ralph Bergengren</i> . . . . .	269
Confessions of an Obscure Teacher . . . . .	368	Hyacinthe and Honorine, <i>Eden Phillpotts</i> . . . . .	296
Conrad, Joseph, <i>John Albert Macy</i> . . . . .	697	Ibsen, Edmund Gosse . . . . .	30
"Dere ees no God," <i>Ernest Poole</i> . . . . .	412	Ideal Lawyer, The, <i>David J. Brewer</i> . . . . .	587
Dissolving View of Punctuation, A, <i>Wendell Phillips Garrison</i> . . . . .	233	Ignominy of Being Grown Up, The, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i> . . . . .	44
European Painting, The Present State of, <i>Royal Cortissoz</i> . . . . .	684	In a Sandy Garden, <i>Arthur Colton</i> . . . . .	342
Eyes of Men, The, <i>Hildegard Brooks</i> . . . . .	674	In the Fens, <i>A. C. Benson</i> . . . . .	837
Fall of the House of Johns, The, <i>William John Hopkins</i> . . . . .	194	International Debts, The Forceable Collection of, <i>John H. Latané</i> . . . . .	542
Father Taylor, <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	177	Journalism, Some Aspects of, <i>Rollo Ogden</i> . . . . .	12
Fifty-Ninth Congress, The, <i>Samuel W. McCall</i> . . . . .	577	Judgment Seat, The, <i>Juliet Wilbor Tompkins</i> . . . . .	742
Keats, A Relish of, <i>Bradford Torrey</i> . . . . .	534	Keepsake, The, <i>Gelett Burgess</i> . . . . .	837

## Contents

Laboratory in the Hills, The, <i>Elizabeth Foote</i>	775	Romanticism in Music, <i>Daniel Gregory Mason</i>	499
Literature and the Modern Drama, <i>Henry Arthur Jones</i>	796	Ruin of Harry Benbow, The, <i>Henry Rideout</i>	807
Man who was Obstinate, The, <i>Alice Brown</i>	836	Satyr's Children, The, <i>Edith Wyatt</i>	513
Manufacturer's Point of View, A, <i>Jonathan Thayer Lincoln</i>	289	Science, Some Books of, <i>E. P. Brewster</i>	418
Measure of Greatness, The, <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	749	Scientific Historian and our Colonial Period, The, <i>Theodore C. Smith</i>	702
Missionary Enterprise in China, The, <i>Chester Holcombe</i>	348	Shakespeare Progress, My, <i>Martha Baker Dunn</i>	528
More's Shelburne Essays, <i>George McLean Harper</i>	561	Short Stories of Alice Brown, The, <i>Charles Miner Thompson</i>	55
Motor-Flight through France, A, <i>Edith Wharton</i>	733	Sidgwick, Henry, <i>William Everett</i>	93
Music-Makers, The, <i>Elizabeth Foote</i>	74	Socialist Programme, A, <i>John Graham Brooks</i>	651
Napoleon as a Book-Lover, <i>James Westfall Thompson</i>	110	Some Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick, <i>George P. Baker</i>	598, 813
Nature-Student, The, <i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i>	211	Soul of Paris, The, <i>Verner Z. Reed</i>	336
New National Forces and the Old Law, <i>Melville M. Bigelow</i>	726	Spirit of Present-Day Spain, The, <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	757
New York after Paris, <i>Alvan F. Sanborn</i>	489	Tangled Web, A, <i>Margaret Cooper McGiffert</i>	305
Novels of Thomas Hardy, The, <i>Mary Moss</i>	354	Three American Poets of To-day, <i>May Sinclair</i>	325
Novels of Mrs. Wharton, The, <i>Henry Dwight Sedgwick</i>	217	Two Memories of a Childhood, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	445
Our Unelastic Currency, <i>George von L. Meyer</i>	126	Unconventional Mourner, An, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	21
Paris, The Soul of, <i>Verner Z. Reed</i>	336	Up Above the World So High, <i>Arthur Stanwood Pier</i>	96
Peacock, Thomas Love, <i>H. W. Boynton</i>	765	Vulgarity, <i>Arthur C. Benson</i>	229
Pictures for the Tenements, <i>Elizabeth McCracken</i>	519	Wayfarer, The, <i>Norman Duncan</i>	145
Power of Bible Poetry, The, <i>J. H. Gardiner</i>	384	Whale, The, <i>S. Carleton</i>	118
Present State of European Painting, The, <i>Royal Cortissoz</i>	684	Wharton, Mrs., The Novels of, <i>Henry Dwight Sedgwick</i>	217
Relish of Keats, A, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	534	Whitman, The Spell of, <i>M. A. De Wolfe Howe</i>	849
Revival Sermon at Little St. John's, A, <i>John Bennett</i>	256	Year in France, The, <i>Stoddard Dewey</i>	182
		Year in Germany, The, <i>William C. Dreher</i>	663

## INDEX BY AUTHORS.

<i>Baker, George P.</i> , Some Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick	598	<i>Boynton, H. W.</i>	
<i>Benedict, Clare</i> , His Comrade	551	Books New and Old . . . . .	276
<i>Bennett, John</i> , A Revival Sermon at Little St. John's	256	Thomas Love Peacock . . . . .	765
<i>Benson, Arthur C.</i>		Brewer, David J., The Ideal Lawyer	587
Vulgarity . . . . .	229	Brewster, E. T., Some Books of Science . . . . .	418
In the Fens . . . . .	832	Brooks, Hildegard, The Eyes of Men	674
<i>Bergengren, Ralph</i> , The Humor of the Colored Supplement . . . . .	269	Brooks, John Graham, A Socialist Programme . . . . .	651
<i>Bigelow, Melville M.</i> , New National Forces and the Old Law . . . . .	726	Brown, Alice, The Man who was Obstinate . . . . .	836
		Burgess, Gelett, The Keepsake . . . . .	837

*Contents*

v

<i>Carleton, S.</i> , The Whale . . . . .	118	<i>Larremore, Wilbur, Brag</i> . . . . .	405
<i>Coates, Florence Earle</i> , <i>Onward</i> . . . . .	835	<i>Latañé, John H.</i> , The Forceable Collection of International Debts . . . . .	542
<i>Collins, James H.</i> , <i>The American Grub Street</i> . . . . .	634	<i>Lincoln, Jonathan Thayer</i> , A Manufac- turer's Point of View . . . . .	289
<i>Colton, Arthur</i> , <i>In a Sandy Garden</i> . . . . .	342	<i>Lowell, A. Lawrence</i> , Lord Randolph Churchill . . . . .	247
<i>Cortissoz, Royal</i> , <i>The Present State of European Painting</i> . . . . .	684		
<i>Crothers, Samuel McChord</i>			
The Ignominy of Being Grown Up . . . . .	44	<i>McCall, Samuel W.</i> , The Fifty-Ninth Congress . . . . .	577
Christmas and the Literature of Disil- lusion . . . . .	721	<i>McCracken, Elizabeth</i> , Pictures for the Tenements . . . . .	519
<i>Davis, Fannie Stearns</i> , <i>To Other Small Verse-Makers</i> . . . . .	92	<i>McGiffert, Margaret Cooper</i> , A Tangled Web . . . . .	395
<i>Davis, M. E. M.</i> , <i>The Forerunner</i> . . . . .	273	<i>McNeal-Sweeney, Mildred L.</i> , Past the Dull Roofs—the Sky . . . . .	268
<i>Dewey, Stoddard</i> , <i>The Year in France</i> . . . . .	182	<i>Macy, John Albert, Joseph Conrad</i> . . . . .	697
<i>Dodd, Lee Wilson</i> , <i>Confession</i> . . . . .	125	<i>Mason, Daniel Gregory</i> , Romanticism in Music . . . . .	499
<i>Dreher, William C.</i> , <i>The Year in Ger- many</i> . . . . .	663	<i>Meyer, George von L.</i> , Our Unelastic Currency . . . . .	126
<i>Duncan, Norman</i> , <i>The Wayfarer</i> . . . . .	145	<i>Morris, Ray</i> , An American View of British Railways . . . . .	65
<i>Dunn, Martha Baker</i> , <i>My Shakespeare Progress</i> . . . . .	528	<i>Morse, Hosed B.</i> , Foreign Privilege in China . . . . .	626
<i>Earle, Mabel</i> , <i>Aller Seelen</i> . . . . .	625	<i>Moss, Mary</i> , The Novels of Thomas Hardy . . . . .	354
<i>Ellis, Havelock</i> , <i>The Spirit of Present- Day Spain</i> . . . . .	757		
<i>Emerson, Ralph Waldo</i> , <i>Father Taylor</i> . . . . .	177	<i>Noyes, Alexander D.</i> , Commercial Panics, Past and Future . . . . .	433
<i>Everett, William</i>			
Henry Sidgwick . . . . .	93	<i>Ogden, Rollo</i> , Some Aspects of Journal- ism . . . . .	12
The House of Lords . . . . .	790		
<i>Foote, Elizabeth</i>			
The Music-Makers . . . . .	74	<i>Page, Thomas Nelson</i> , Theocritus on Agradina . . . . .	181
The Laboratory in the Hills . . . . .	775	<i>Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart</i> , Her Shadow . . . . .	210
<i>Gardiner, J. H.</i> , <i>The Power of Bible Poetry</i> . . . . .	384	<i>Phillipps, Eden</i> , Hyacinthe and Honori- ne . . . . .	296
<i>Garrison, Wendell Phillips</i> , A Dissolving View of Punctuation . . . . .	233	<i>Poole, Ernest</i> , "Dere ees no God" . . . . .	412
<i>Godfrey, Hollis</i> , <i>City Water and City Waste</i> . . . . .	375	<i>Pier, Arthur Stanwood</i> , Up Above the World so High . . . . .	96
<i>Gosse, Edmund</i> , <i>Ibsen</i> . . . . .	30		
<i>Grant, Arthur</i> , <i>In Arden: an Idyl of the Hunting Field</i> . . . . .	131	<i>Reed, Verner Z.</i> , The Soul of Paris . . . . .	336
<i>Guiney, Louise Imogen</i> , <i>Autumn Magic</i> . . . . .	473	<i>Replplier, Agnes</i>	
An Unconventional Mourner . . . . .		His Reader's Friend . . . . .	644
<i>Harper, George McLean</i> , More's Shel- burne Essays . . . . .	561	<i>Rideout, Henry</i>	
<i>Hearn, Lafcadio</i> , Two Memories of a Childhood . . . . .	445	Captain Christy . . . . .	452
<i>Holcombe, Chester</i> , <i>The Missionary Enter- prise in China</i> . . . . .	348	The Ruin of Harry Benbow . . . . .	807
<i>Hopkins, William John</i> , <i>The Fall of the House of Johns</i> . . . . .	194	<i>Ross, Edward Alsworth</i> , The Grading of Sinners . . . . .	106
<i>Houe, M. A. DeWolfe</i> , <i>The Spell of Whitman</i> . . . . .	849		
<i>Jenison, Madge C.</i> , <i>A Hull House Play</i> . . . . .	83	<i>Sanborn, Alvan F.</i> , New York after Paris . . . . .	489
<i>Jones, Henry Arthur</i> , <i>Literature and the Modern Drama</i> . . . . .	796	<i>Sedgwick, Henry Dwight</i>	
The Novels of Mrs. Wharton . . . . .		The New Voice in French Fiction . . . . .	841
The Orphan Brigade . . . . .		<i>Shaler, N. S.</i>	
The Measure of Greatness . . . . .		The Orphan Brigade . . . . .	570
		The Measure of Greatness . . . . .	749

## Contents

<i>Sharp, Dallas Lore, The Nature Student</i>	211	<i>Thompson, James Westfall, Napoleon as a Book-lover</i>	110
<i>Sherman, Frank Dempster, Life</i>	741	<i>Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor, The Judgment Seat</i>	742
<i>Sholl, Anna McClure, The House</i>	693	<i>Torrey, Bradford, A Relish of Keats</i>	534
<i>Sinclair, May, Three American Poets of To-day</i>	325	<i>Van Dyke, Henry, Keats and Shelley</i>	712
<i>Singmaster, Elsie, Henry Koehler, Misanthrope</i>	657	<i>Vorse, Mary Heaton, Further Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife</i>	240
<i>Smith, Harry James, The Alien Country</i>	617	<i>Wharton, Edith, A Motor-Flight through France</i>	733
<i>Smith, Theodore C. The Scientific Historian and our Colonial Period</i>	702	<i>Wildman, Marian Warner, The Moon of Goldenrod</i>	310
<i>Stedman, E. C., My Godchild</i>	841	<i>Wilkinson, Florence, When She Came to Glory</i>	29
<i>Stern, Caroline, To a Child Just Awakened</i>	534	"Worth, Nicholas" The Autobiography of a Southerner	1, 157, 311, 474
<i>Tabb, John B., Nightfall</i>	774	<i>Wyatt, Edith, The Satyr's Children</i>	513
<i>Thomas, Edith M., The Wander-Call</i>	411		
<i>Thompson, Charles Miner, The Short Stories of Alice Brown</i>	55		
POETRY.			
<i>Aller Seelen, Mabel Earle</i>	625	<i>Onward, Florence Earle Coates</i>	835
<i>Autumn Magic, Louise Imogen Guiney</i>	473	<i>Orphan Brigade, The, N. S. Shaler</i>	570
<i>Confession, Lee Wilson Dodd</i>	125	<i>Past the Dull Roofs—the Sky, Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney</i>	268
<i>Her Shadow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	210	<i>Theocritus on Agradina, Thomas Nelson Page</i>	181
<i>Keats and Shelley, Two Sonnets, Henry Van Dyke</i>	712	<i>To a Child Just Awakened, Caroline Stern</i>	534
<i>Life, Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	741	<i>To Other Small Verse-Makers, Fannie Stearns Davis</i>	92
<i>Moon of Goldenrod, The, Marian Warner Wildman</i>	310	<i>Wander-Call, The, Edith M. Thomas</i>	411
<i>My Godchild, E. C. Stedman</i>	841	<i>When She Came to Glory, Florence Wilkinson</i>	29
<i>Nightfall, John B. Tabb</i>	774		
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.			
<i>Automobile as a Rest-Cure, The</i>	575	<i>New Profession, A</i>	860
<i>Beech Tree, The</i>	717	<i>Newspaper as an Educator, The</i>	573
<i>Childish Chagrin, A</i>	856	<i>Of Autobiographies</i>	863
<i>Concerning Hat-Trees</i>	571	<i>On Certain Things to Eat</i>	862
"Footnote Persons"	143	<i>Passing of the Book-mark, The</i>	861
<i>Growl for the Unpicturesque, A</i>	140	<i>Pernicious Picture Post Card, The</i>	287
<i>Hoosick Junction</i>	427	<i>Seedless Apples</i>	719
<i>Howe, Mrs., and her Commentator</i>	572	<i>Sin of Omission, A</i>	865
<i>Minor Arts</i>	713	<i>Specialist in Ideals, A</i>	429
<i>Mount Vernon Revisited</i>	857	<i>To Peter Mark Roget</i>	432
<i>Nature's Ladies</i>	574	<i>Traveling on the Branch</i>	288
<i>New Departure in Biography, A</i>	139	<i>Tyranny of Timeliness, The</i>	285
		<i>Western Railroad, The</i>	716
		<i>Women and Woman</i>	136

THE  
**ATLANTIC MONTHLY**

*JULY, 1906*

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER  
SINCE THE CIVIL WAR**

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

I

THE LITTLE MILL

WHEN I was a boy, I read in my grandfather's library what, I dare say, is the most curious book ever published in our country. It was a big volume, bound in sheep, and it was called *Cotton is King and Pro-Slavery Arguments*. It was the slave-owners' campaign book in the long ante-bellum controversy. Its fundamental proposition was that the South had a monopoly of cotton culture, and, therefore, a sure foundation of perpetual wealth. The argument was that cotton-culture was possible only by the labor of slaves, and, therefore, slavery had an economic justification.

Never was so sound a premise made the basis of such unsound reasoning. Cotton *is* a sure foundation of perpetual and even yet undreamed-of wealth; but the development of that wealth is still delayed and hindered because its culture was begun under slavery and is not yet wholly freed from the methods of slavery. How great wealth may be won from the cotton fields, the cotton mills, the cotton trade, no economist has arisen with imagination to predict. What the proper culture of it and the proper manufacture of it will mean to the South, the Southern people themselves least of all yet understand. For no staple plant grows that is as profitable as this will become, and there is no other manufacture of which we have so clear a monopoly. Nor is there

any other manufactured product for which the demand is so sure to increase. Our foreign trade will build itself on cotton and cotton products to an extent that few men can yet imagine. Did you know, for instance, that, although we grow three fourths of the world's cotton supply, we still import more manufactured products of cotton than we export?

Now, the great changes that have come and are coming in the South,—in industry, in thrift, in all kinds of development,—and, following these, the great changes in thought and feeling, are brought chiefly by the freeing of Cotton from the methods of slavery. We have talked of the freeing of the slaves, and of the freeing of the masters; we have talked and written much of the political problems of the South, of education, and of all the excellent helps and agencies for bringing these backward English-sprung men from their arrested development, and of lifting up the negro to efficiency. They are all good and worthy, if rightly done. But beneath all these agencies, and, in a sense, controlling them, is—Cotton.

When Cotton is completely freed (for this is the right figure of speech), our very greatest economic task will be rightly solved, and all other good things will follow. The freedom of Cotton means the freedom of men, and more,—it means the freedom of thought, also. It means exact education; it means scientific training; it means intelligent work,—the most intelligent agriculture and the most skillful manufacture; it means large transactions,

world-wide in their extent; it means a world-knowledge of markets and of manners; it means the reverse of all that is provincial; and it means wealth, and the gifts of light and thought that wealth, with world-knowledge, brings.

Cotton, then, *is* king. The old pro-slavery proposition is true. It is the big truth of the future for the South. For the story of the South, past and future, is the story of the freeing of Cotton.

Since my own life, and its somewhat exciting small struggle for light and freedom and a proper perspective, have happened to fall in the cotton belt, and illustrate, by small deeds and adventures, this great story of the freedom of a people, partly achieved and now rapidly coming, I have determined to write the story of it. It is a life story of a period when Cotton was beginning to become free. I have changed names and places in the story, and disguised some incidents, not essential facts, only because it is unfair to give publicity to some old deeds and opinions of former enemies that we are all willing to forget. The record of the past is valuable, not for its enmities, but in spite of them; and the twin brother of growth is cheerfulness, and amiability is its cousin.

My father lived in a country house near the railroad. A long avenue of elms led almost to the track. Because he owned a little cotton mill (it was one of the oldest in the South, a little ramshackle house of spindles on the river-bank), the railroad company had built a side track and a hut that was used as a station; and the train stopped there when there was some one to get off or to get on. But travel was infrequent, and the stopping of the train was an event.

One day, when the cotton fields were white, and the elm leaves were falling,—the charming autumn in that climate of brilliant sunsets and deep blue skies,—the train blew its whistle a much longer time than usual. Joe and I ran down to the station to see who was coming. I

was seven years old, and Joe, my slave, philosopher, and friend, was ten.

There was constant talk about the war. Many men in the neighborhood had gone away somewhere; but Joe and I had a theory that the war was all a story. They had fooled us about old Granny Thomas's bringing the baby (old Granny Thomas was the stork of those days), and they had fooled us about Santa Claus. The war might be another myth,—so we thought, and wondered.

But we found out the truth that day; and for this reason that day stands out among my earliest recollections. For, when the train stopped, they put off a big box, and gently laid it in the shade of the fence. The only man at the station was the man who had come to change the mail bags, and he told us that this was Billy Morris's coffin, and that Billy had been killed in the war. He asked us to stay there till he could go home and send word to Mr. Morris, who lived two miles away. The man came back presently, and leaned against the fence till old Mr. Morris arrived an hour later.

The lint of cotton was on his wagon, for he was hauling his crop to the gin when the sad news reached him; and he came in his shirt-sleeves, his wife on the wagon seat with him. Late that afternoon all the neighborhood gathered at the church; a funeral was preached, there was a long prayer for our success against "the invaders," and Billy Morris was buried. Old Mrs. Gregory wept more loudly than anybody else; and she kept saying, while the service was going on, "It'll be my John next." In a little while John Gregory's coffin was put off, as Billy Morris's had been; and Joe and I regarded old Mrs. Gregory as a woman gifted with prophecy. And other coffins were put off from time to time. About the war there was no longer any doubt in our minds. And later its unspeakable horrors came nearer home to us.

But my father did not go into the war. He was a "Union man," as they called

those who did not believe in secession. I remember having heard him afterwards call it a "foolish enterprise." But he could not escape the service of the Confederate government, if he had wished; and, although he opposed the war, I do not think that he wished to be regarded by his neighbors as an active "traitor." The government needed the whole product of the cotton mill, and of a thousand more which did not exist. My father was, therefore, "detailed" to run the mill at its utmost capacity, and to give its product to the government. He was paid for it, of course, in Confederate money; and, when the war ended, I think there must have been several hundred thousand dollars of these bills in the house. My mother made screens of one-hundred-dollar bills for the fireplaces in summer. I once asked her, years afterwards, why my father did not buy something that was imperishable with all this money, when it had a certain value, — land, for instance.

"Your father knew that the Confederacy would fail, and he did not consider it honorable to make such a use of so-called money that, in his judgment, was already valueless."

The little mill turned constantly; for the river never ran dry; and the thread that it spun went to the making of clothes for soldiers and bandages for the wounded, — mitigated human suffering somewhat, it is now pleasant to think.

The war came nearer to us. At last one night a Confederate cavalry officer slept in our house, — for a few hours, at least; all the next day Confederate cavalrymen rode by, taking our horses from the stable and emptying the meathouse, — poor, hungry devils that they must have been. That night the blue-coats came. All during the afternoon they had a skirmish line along the road. Weeks afterwards a blue coat or a gray one might be seen protruding from the sand by the roadside. Soldiers had been lightly buried just as they had fallen, and the wind or dogs or cats had exposed their coats.

But the death of men seemed like the death of cattle, even to a child. My uncles had been killed, — three of them; and perhaps half the men between twenty and fifty who had lived in the neighborhood were missing when the war ended. Old Jake Raynor was left, for he had deserted. They had caught him more than once up his chimney, and had taken him back "to the front;" but his cowardly body escaped at last. Old Jake was afterwards held up to scorn because he had been a deserter. It took him many years to live down the disgrace. I recall the big revival at the Methodist church, when several notoriously hardened sinners came to repentance, old Jake among them. He used the church to climb back into respectability.

For, if war and death had worn and torn the common sensibilities of childhood,—emotionally I must have been old at twelve,—the religious excitement that followed soon afterwards was quite as abnormal. When the revival had gone on for a week or more, men and women fell into trances. Some of them told stories of dying and going to hell. Some went to heaven. It was old Mrs. Gregory who declared that she had seen John in paradise. He told her that they had plenty of good rations in the army of the Lord, and the sashes in the windows were made of real gold. (Old Man Gregory had been a carpenter.)

Joe and I were older now, but we seemed still to have kept incredulous minds. The war proved itself a fact, but we doubted the story of the gold window-sash. It exercised me much; for we were all wrought up about religion. I discussed with my mother the advisability of my going to "the mourners' bench." She seemed more confused about this than about any other subject that I ever discussed with her. My younger brother was very ill while one of these revivals was in progress; and, in an agony of prayer, I proposed this bargain with the Almighty: if he would restore Gus to health, I'd go to the mourners' bench. The revival ended

before Gus recovered; and it rested very heavily on my conscience for a long time that I ought to do something to carry out my part of the bargain. But this intense religious feeling, which most of the community shared, had little to do with conduct. It was an emotional rebound from war.

It was fifteen miles from my father's home to the capital of the state; and that was the "city" to which we went at intervals. Sometimes we went on the train; but the train went only in the afternoon, and it came back very late at night,—two o'clock in the morning. We oftener drove, therefore, bad as the roads were.

These were the turbulent years that followed war. The camp-followers of two armies, and many other adventurers, had swelled the population of the town,—the lowest class of both races. Assassination on the highway was not uncommon.

One night in the autumn after the moon had gone down,—it was one o'clock,—there was a rapping at the front door. My father got up, and, walking into the hall, asked who was there. The answer was not clear; but presently, after a smothered conversation between men on the outside, one said that he was an officer of the law who had come from the city in search of a criminal; that he had ridden far, and was tired, and could not go back to the city that night,—would he be permitted to stay till morning?

While this explanation was going on, my mother had given the shotgun to my father, who stood in his nightclothes in the hall. The only weapon in the house was this shotgun, with which my cousin had been shooting quail. My father refused to open the door. It was a thin double door, and it could be easily broken down. There was a transom of glass above it and on either side.

"Break it down, then," said one voice on the outside; and a heavy foot kicked one of the light panels, and it flew open. The man who kicked it stood behind the other panel,—that was plain. My father shot through the closed panel. This

surprised the intruders. They, in turn, shot into the hall. A great scar which a bullet made in the wood of the staircase remained for years.

But they ran off a little distance, and shot back at the house several times. Meanwhile the door was open, and my father stood in the hall, with one charge yet in the double-barrelled shotgun. At last he crept toward the door. There was a closet in the front of the hall where there was more ammunition. To prevent being seen he closed the door that had been kicked open. Instantly there was a volley fired from the yard. My father fired the other barrel of his gun through the glass at the side of the door, and the men on the outside, evidently concluding that there was a strong battery inside, ran off and fired no more.

But just as my father fired his last charge a ball from the outside struck his gun, and, glancing, entered his head. He died instantly. By the time my mother reached him, he was already unable to speak. It was a case of murder for robbery. There were many such. My father had been to the city that day, and had received in a public place a sum of money from a man who had bought a tract of land,—a roll of small bills that made less than a hundred dollars; and the robbery must have been planned by some one who saw such a display of money. For him to die so inopportune,—my mother with three children,—after he had outlived the dangers of war and of a settled difference of opinion with his neighbors in an exciting time,—this was hard fortune for us, indeed. But most families that I knew had lost their men; and such a loss was so common that my mother and her children shared only the common fate. We had become accustomed to death. Thus, at this early age, I was already old in emotional experiences.

But the river ran perpetually, and falling water gave power to the little mill; and every year the cotton would be used till the end of civilization. Here were per-

petual forces, elemental and economic. And my mother, grown older, with a sad, sweet, determined way, took the management of the little mill herself.

## II

## “THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY”

The schools that I attended — may God forgive the young women who one after another taught the children of the sparsely settled neighborhood — were farces and frauds. There was no public school. The heads of the best-to-do families in the neighborhood engaged a young lady to teach in a little hut that they had built for a schoolhouse. The proper thing for my mother to do was, no doubt, to engage a governess; but governesses were associated, in her mind at least, with the education of girls, not of boys; and only the youngest of her children was a girl. My mother taught her herself; and the neighborhood school was regarded as the place for me and for my younger brother.

We walked two miles, arrived at nine o'clock, sat and droned out things that we did not understand till twelve; we then ate the dinner that we had brought, and played the stupidest games on earth till one; then we droned away three more hours, and walked home again.

“Sacred geography” held an important place in our studies. Nobody in the school, not even the teacher, knew anything about it. But we had an atlas of the Holy Land, and we learned the names of the places and of the rivers by heart, and tried to find them on the finely printed map. Bounding Judea and explaining the course of the River Jordan were great feats. Of course, we spelled and wrote and read (from old “readers” that had been compiled in wartime with the notion that the United States was a foreign country). I do not know what else we did in those stupid years, in which there was no childhood. “Sacred geography” holds the place of prominence in my memory.

But at home I read, perhaps, as many books as most country boys of that period. My mother read Scott to us. There was a big “compendium” of English Literature in the “library.” The library contained more books than I had ever seen in any other house, but there could have been only about a hundred volumes, and many of them were on religious subjects; and I read that compendium over and over again. Even these normal pleasures were marred by a necessity that I supposed to be on me to read Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, Wesley's *Sermons*, and at some time or other, later, N. P. Willis's poems, in a red gilt, fancy “gift” volume.

But the school, with a succession of silly and raw young women as teachers, made little impression on me. The two great influences on my life at that time were the two households that I used to visit. My grandfather's was one. His plantation was near the city. The other was the family of my remoter kinspeople, the Densons, who lived in the city.

Early in the nineteenth century my grandfather had inherited a farm, where he built his home, and he added to his holdings till it became, in the ample phrase of the day, a plantation. It was like hundreds of others in the cotton states, larger than most, smaller than many. The cotton bloomed and ripened every year, even under wasteful slave labor; and by its profits he lived the life of a modest gentleman and reared his family. Three of his sons and two of his sons-in-law perished in the war. When peace was declared my father only was left of his sons; and when he was murdered I was next my grandfather himself in the succession to the headship of the family. This had much to do with the old man's fondness for me; and he and the “Old Place,” as we called his home, played, perhaps, a dominant part in my life.

Good Dr. Denson was the most eminent physician in the city; and his household was the most cultivated one that I knew in my youth, — a gentler one I have

never known. Mrs. Denson (we called her Aunt Margaret, though she was my mother's cousin) and her daughter, my cousin Margaret,—these and my mother were the women of my younger world. My cousin was of my own age, and we had always been companions.

The people who lived in the neighborhood of my own home were small farmers,—the backbone of the country, the politicians called them; but they were not interesting to me at this period. The country people of the South had no sports. I saw the children at school, I saw the older people at church. We hunted rabbits and set traps for quail. I used to weigh the cotton that was brought to the mill. But these years stand back in a shadow,—nothing seems to have happened. It was a sort of No-man's-land where few things could happen,—except a revival at the Methodist church, and then, three miles away, a revival at the Baptist church. This was the popular excitement, even if it could not be called an amusement.

If my father had not built the little mill, life would have had a different course for us all; and Heaven knows what it would have been. But the mill held us to the eternal verities.

The question arose about my fourteenth year whether I should give my whole time to the mill and relieve my mother, or whether I should be sent away from home to school. The mill was prosperous, in its small way; and my mother, it turned out later, had never had any doubt,—I must go to Graham's, then the most famous school for boys in that part of the South.

The sons of generals, of colonels, and of other gentlemen filled "the barracks,"—rows of log huts, in each of which four boys lived. The beds were turned up against the log walls during the day to give room. The school had a military organization and a martial spirit. The boys had a military social standard. The son of a general, if he were at all a decent fellow, had a higher rank among them than

the son of a colonel. There was always some difficulty in deciding the exact rank of a judge or a governor, as a father; for there were boys from ten Southern States, "the very flower of the South, sir." The son of a preacher had a fair chance of a good social rating, especially of an Episcopalian clergyman. A Presbyterian preacher came next in rank.

I found myself at a certain social disadvantage. My father had been a Methodist,—that was bad enough; and he had had no military title at all. If it had become known that he had been a "Union man," I used to shudder to think of the suspicion in which I should probably be held.

The subject came to a head one day. Tom Warren, a boy from the city where the Densons lived, had remarked that my father was not in the war; and, in the discussion that followed, Tom intimated that he was a coward. I hit him instantly. In a moment we were pounding each other, and a group had gathered about us.

Colonel Graham appeared. "Stand back," said he, "and see it done fairly;" and the boys made the circle wider.

"What's it about?"

"He said my father was a coward."

"I did n't," said Tom. "You lie."

We clinched again; and, while my ears rang from Tom's blows, I heard the colonel say, "No gentleman will take that."

After we had fought a little longer, the colonel cried "Halt!" in a military tone. We stood before him and saluted.

"Enough,—neither is a coward. Shake hands now."

"I did n't say his father was a coward," bawled Tom, with the blood streaming down his face. "I said he was n't in the war."

We were fighting again, in spite of the colonel. He simply remarked, "Well, I see they'll have to fight it out."

By accident or good luck, I presently threw Tom, and the colonel again called "Halt!" We were commanded to shake

hands. The colonel explained — I was unspeakably grateful to him — that no braver man than my father had ever lived in the state. "He served the Confederacy in a civil capacity."

I was no longer at a social disadvantage. I had proved my own courage, and I had given the colonel an opportunity to vindicate my father's memory in the estimation of the boys. I soon became an officer of the battalion.

But what counted for much more was the thorough fashion in which we were taught Latin, — or so much Latin as a boy may learn at a preparatory school. We had two subjects of study, — Latin and mathematics. A gentleman must know Latin; and, if a man proposed to be capable of thought, he must have a mathematical training. Literature, history, science, — we had none. A man was supposed to read literature himself, if his taste ran in that way. History we might read or absorb. Science, — there was time enough to begin that at college if a man wished to pursue a scientific career.

For the present it was enough that a boy be hardened; it was the simple life reduced to roughness, — he must be a gentleman, he must speak the truth, and he must know his Latin and his mathematics. It must have been regarded as more or less effeminate to read books, other than textbooks; for I cannot recall any reading that I did during those years, except in vacations, when I read much, especially with my cousin, Margaret Denson.

They were eventful years in the great world, of which we knew nothing. We lived in a sort of secluded training-place for Southern gentlemen, and I think that nobody there knew what went on in the outside world. The instructors never told us, surely. We never saw a newspaper. Sometimes there was talk of the carpet-bag government; but our talk was mainly of the war. Legends had already begun to build themselves, as they will in a community that entrusts its history to oral transmission. For instance, the

fortunes of many of our families before the war became enormous, in our talk and in our beliefs; and the bravery of our fathers had set a new standard in human achievement. Brave soldiers there had been before, but none like them.

My last year at the school was my brother's first year, my mother still successfully managing the little mill; for the river ran always, and the cotton bloomed and ripened even under the worst system of culture in the world. My brother knew the mill and all its ways as well as anybody. Almost every day of his vacations he would spend there. It had been his play place; gradually it became his work place. He was born for the mill, as the mill had been built for him. I have heard him say that he was the only boy at Graham's who meant to do such a task as to manage a mill. The rest were going to be lawyers or statesmen (or both), or physicians; and one or two were to follow their fathers and become preachers.

My grandfather was becoming a very old man, but he kept his vigor well; and I spent much of my vacations with him. His constant companion was Uncle Ephraim, who had been his attendant for fifty years. Since my grandmother's death (she fell dead when the second of her sons was brought home from the battlefield, and buried in the garden), he had had Ephraim sleep in a little room next his own bedroom. He discussed everything with Ephraim, for my Aunt Amanda (widowed, too, by the war), it always seemed to me, was regarded by him as too young to talk about many of the subjects that interested him most. These were the only constant members of the household.

And my grandfather, in spite of the terrible losses that he had suffered in the war, did not often speak of it. He was really an old man when it began, and he had done his thinking and formed his opinions long before. He, too, was a Union man. Rather, he belonged to a past epoch. The period of the war seemed a horrid episode to him, but only

an episode. He was born in the presidency of Washington. He had known Henry Clay. All that he ever read he had read before the Civil War was begun. His mind ran back to the times of his early manhood; and old Ephraim, who had been his slave all his life (and was still), linked him to this past time.

Uncle Ephraim was one day entertaining my cousin Margaret and me with stories of half a century before. "Yes 'um," he said, "'t was a fac', — 't ain't jes' no tale. Ol' mars'er, when he was a-courtin' ol' missis, sent me many a time wid a letter twenty mile, jes' to ax' how de young lady was, — his compliment's to her. Dem shore was gret days when de gem'mens paid de ladies deir compliment's twenty mile erway, — dem was compliment's fast and furious."

"And if anybody were to send me 'compliment's' every day or two by a servant twenty miles, I'd like that, too," said my cousin.

"Ya-as ma'am," said the old man; "cose you wud."

Tom Warren, too, used to come to the Old Place. It was an attractive visit for a group of young people in the city to make. My aunt was cheered by their presence. My grandfather and old Ephraim, too, were such a venerable and interesting pair as you could find nowhere else.

And the cotton grew there, also. It was ginned in an old machine that must have been made after the primitive pattern of Eli Whitney; and the old press, that packed it into bales which always came unbound, was as old in design as Pharaoh. But the cotton grew, and kept the Old Place a home of comfortable, mellow life under the good management of the two patriarchs, master and slave. My grandfather was now unable to ride a horse, and Uncle Ephraim drove him everywhere, — to the city, about the plantation, and sometimes a longer distance. And there was nothing within the range of either's knowledge that they had not discussed a hundred times.

My mother wished me to go to the

Methodist college; for events seemed so to shape it, without our aid, that I was to go to college and my brother was, in due time, to manage the mill. Indeed, it would have been practically impossible for him to do anything else; for he had already given his life to it.

The Methodist college was selected by my mother for three reasons. She was a devout woman; the president of the college was a man of the most extraordinary eloquence; and she had a third reason, which she long kept a secret.

When I told my grandfather good-by, as I started to college, the old man said: "My son, train yourself to serve your country. All great men have been public men."

"Yes, suh, dat's so, Mars' Nick," echoed Uncle Ephraim. "In de ol' times, dat was de way it was, — jes' as ol' mars'er says. And dem was gret times."

"You are to be the head of the family," said my grandfather, "when I am gone."

"Yes, dat's so," came the echo. "Yo' pa was de ol'es."

### III

#### A PLACE OF ORATORS

If I have taken too long to tell something of school life in the cotton-belt during the first ten years that followed the war, I beg the reader to remember that the opinions and ideals of many men now active in Southern life — men of fifty years of age or less — were formed by these influences; and I am telling this story of my own experiences mainly to give the reader a key to these men's thought. Two post-bellum presidents of the United States, who were very friendly to the South, but who encountered the bitterest Southern criticism, confessed that they could not understand the Southern people, nor "the workings of their minds." If they had said, "the working of their emotions," they would have expressed their meaning more accurately. And, if these presidents had known of the

forces that shaped boys at the Graham School in the late sixties, and at many Southern colleges in the early seventies, they would have understood.

For the college, when I went there was a hotbed of patriotism. I do not mean that a military or even a Confederate feeling and tradition prevailed, as at the Graham School; but there was an intense Southern feeling, although it did not imply a hatred of the North. It was as if we had all said:—

“The South is whipped, degraded, despised. But we love our land all the more for its misfortunes; and we mean that it shall not be degraded and despised forever.”

If this were a somewhat narrow feeling of patriotism, it was because our knowledge was narrow. Only two boys in college, I think, out of more than a hundred, had ever been as far north as Washington.

The president of the college at that time was a man of extraordinary eloquence, within a certain range of emotions. I have heard, I think, all the best orators in our country who spoke during the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and this man, if my memory be good, surpassed them all in his power to throw his hearers into the heroic mood. But he was hardly heard of outside his state and sect, for the period of his prime was the wartime and the ten years thereafter. So far as the great world of intellectual oratorical activity is concerned,—the world that passed clear judgments on men, and recorded those judgments,—he might as well have lived on Madagascar.

Once—I think only once in his whole life—he went to the indefinite place that we called “the North.” There was a great religious meeting, perhaps a missionary meeting, in Philadelphia, to which he was invited. When his turn to speak came, impressed by the undreamed-of prosperity all about him, such wealth of men and of churches as he had never thought of, he expressed his surprise and his congratulations; and he told of the poverty and

the struggle of his own good people. It was a speech full of patriotic feeling, in a broad way,—one of the first so spoken from the South. Other speakers were to follow. There was a long programme. But the audience rose. Men and women moved forward to shake his hand, to see him, to talk with him; and the meeting was not again called to order that evening.

When he came home, it was on the eve of the annual dinner of one of the literary societies of the college. The two literary societies were by far the most important institutions of college life; and their annual dinners were important occasions. Imperturbed to tell about his trip to “the North,” the president arose and described his experience and his sensations. As he talked, his emotions rose,—his oratory was the direct call of his own emotions to the emotions of his audience,—and he told many things that he had not meant to say,—how rich “the Yankees” were, in what magnificence they lived, how kind they had been to him (they had given him a check for \$200, and he had brought it home and given it to the college); why, in some of their cities they paid their preachers as much as \$5000 a year; he had, in fact, had offers from a church in New York and from a church in a Western city, of a salary even larger. (His salary as president of the college was \$1500, all of which was not paid every year.)

“But, gentlemen,”—and tears came into his eyes as he addressed the table of students who had fifteen minutes before been in a convivial mood,—“I told them that our own land now needed every son she had left. One generation of Southern men lies slain in war. We who must train the next generation would be cowardly to desert them. Our land has need of you, every one, to make its future glorious as our fathers made its past.”

It was not the simple words, not the obvious thought, but the appeal to the heroic that his incomparable voice and manner and his earnestness put into them,

that made this little speech a thing remembered by every lad who heard it. I have never during these thirty years met one of them who was present that did not remember its thrill.

That very night three of us, whose patriotic feeling ran high, swore an oath, kneeling with our hands clasped, to give our lives to our country's service; and that was the beginning of a little patriotic club that has existed in the college ever since.

Next to patriotism, religion was the strongest influence in college. A number of boys were in training for the ministry, and they had the strength of a long ecclesiastical tradition behind them. But they were not, as a rule, among the foremost men in ability. Still, they made the body of "theologues" a strong body. They could not make prayer-meetings fashionable, but they made them respectable. There was a good deal of freedom of opinion about religious subjects. College prayers were not compulsory; but it was bad form not to attend them when the president was at home to conduct them. The professor of mathematics — so a rumor ran — was a freethinker. He was said to have read Darwin and become an evolutionist. But the report was not generally believed; for, it was argued, even if he had read Darwin, a man of his great intellect would instantly see the fallacy of that doctrine and discard it.

I had no natural affinity for the "theologues." I did not like that type of man. Moreover, the parting speech of my grandfather had made a profound impression on me; and it was becoming firmly fixed in my mind that a public career was the most worthy one. But by this time (it must have been my third year in college), my mother's pious secret had come out. She wished me to enter the pulpit. I was harassed by theological doubts. The incessant denunciation of the evolutionists by the preachers made me more and more curious to know what they thought and taught. But I had neither opportunity nor time then to find out. For, as at the

preparatory school, the main business of life was Latin and mathematics, to which was now added Greek, — except for the "theologues," for they, as a rule, omitted mathematics, and had special courses of their own in the "evidences" of something.

One of the many pieces of good fortune that have come to me was to fall under the teaching and to come into the close friendship of the professor of Greek. He was a man of simple, clear mind, and knew no better than to think that Greek was to be read for the literature. I dare say that he would have cut a poor figure among more recent scientific scholars. But he did read, and he took a teacher's profound joy in his pupils who cared for the subject. There were four or five of us, out of twenty or more, who did care for the subject. He had won us by his simple, superb enthusiasm. He conducted his class solely with reference to us four or five. I think that he was often unaware of the existence of the others. We who loved him (and he was an affectionate old man) spent much time at his frugal table and in his library. We read the orators with him, and all the great tragedians, in this private way.

Intellectually, then, college meant to me Greek, Latin, mathematics, and the literary society to which I belonged. There were courses in other subjects, one, I think, in chemistry, but we hardly learned the symbols from the stupid man who taught it, — a professor that the church had put into his chair. There were lectures on "moral philosophy," and so on, and so on. But they did not command the respect even of the boys.

The president's personality gave an additional impetus to the work of the two literary societies, which were simply debating clubs, admirably conducted; and they played an important part in college life. We all wished to have practice in public speaking, which we regarded as the noblest of all the arts. We were all orators; and to be a successful contestant for the main prize offered every year for

the best oration was to win the highest honor in college. Not only did the students set this value on it, the whole community set the same value. Traditions of a winning oration would be handed down year after year.

In the third year of my college life I was elated by winning this prize. Most experiences of the rather dull life — it seems monotonous except for the joy that the old professor of Greek gave me, and the thrill and inspiration of the president's oratory — are forgotten; but I recall very vividly the night of that oratorical triumph. My mother, who had meant to make the long journey to hear me, was too ill to come; and this was a grief to me, and I think to her, for years. But my cousin Margaret and her mother came.

My cousin was now the most beautiful young woman that I had ever seen. That night after the ball (the theological influence was strong enough to forbid a ball at Commencement, but the secular oratorical influence was strong enough to have a mild ball at the time of the winter contest for the great medal), — that night after the ball, when my Aunt Margaret kissed me in her pride, I kissed my cousin and put the medal about her neck. In spite of religious doubts, before I went to bed I knelt and said reverently, "O Lord, I thank thee for a chance to give my life to my country, and for — her." And, with my most sonorous periods still sounding in my memory, I fell asleep.

During my last vacation two events happened that strongly impressed me. A little village had now grown up at our home, and a church had been built there. It was prayer-meeting night, and I went with my mother. The preacher had suddenly been taken ill. Who should read the Scriptures and offer a prayer? One of the old men of the church arose and suggested that I should do so. I am sure that I should have refused if my mother had not sat beside me. Her presence and what I knew to be her wish made it impossible for me to refuse. It was a little

thing, — reading a chapter from the Bible, and making a prayer. But in that community and under those circumstances it was accepted by the people as an announcement that I would become a preacher. My mother's opinion was what bothered me; and I felt sure that she had a renewed hope.

It was during this vacation that I was reading Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* and Strauss's *Life of Jesus*. This was the question that I must settle, and still settle all alone, — whether the orthodox interpretation of the Bible and of the meaning of life was tenable. Huxley's essays were appearing then, and I read them, too.

Those whose early life was not spent in a superheated orthodox atmosphere may see small need of a life-and-death struggle about such a subject. But there are others who will know how profoundly it may torment a young life. One of my contemporaries in college was fighting the same battle alone at about the same time; and he killed himself from sheer despair. Another wandered over the world as long as his little fortune would carry him, seeking light; and, when he found it, he was prematurely old. No liberty ever cost a harder struggle than the liberty that I at last won. But, while the struggle was going on, I felt a sort of treason to my mother; and I understood why many men have killed themselves because of religious doubts.

The other event of that vacation was my grandfather's unexpected action. The old man was now in his tenth decade, with his intelligence still clear. I will try to describe his announcement to me as he made it.

He rang the little bell that he always kept near him when he was in the house. That was the signal for Ephraim.

"Yes, ol' mars'er."

"Find your Mars' Nicholas and fetch him here. I wish to speak with him."

He sat on the porch, and Uncle Ephraim and I were soon standing near him, I in front, the old servant behind him.

"Nicholas, my son, I have not had a chance to speak to your mother. But I wish you to go for a year at least to Harvard College. Do you hear me, Ephraim?"

"Yes, mars', — whar's dat?"

"Or to some such place at a distance, to look at our whole country. We live in a distracted corner of it. Judge Ross often said that to me. The great men of my time traveled."

He stopped a moment. Then he said: "Ephraim, I wish to change my will. When I have seen your mother," turning to me, "I wish to sell the share of the land that will go to your father's estate when I die, and I wish you to travel and study with the money."

"Sell de lan', mars'er?"

"After that you can settle down with some knowledge of our whole country."

"Dere'll be less lan', ol' mars'er, after you sell some."

"Does this plan please you?"

My grandfather dropped his turkey-

wing fan over the banister, and Ephraim went to pick it up, saying to himself:

"Don' like dat sellin' ob de lan'."

"When Mr. Clay was here," — my grandfather said; but Ephraim interrupted him.

"Is he libin' yit?"

"His spirit must live, Ephraim."

"Speerits o' jus' men made parfект," said the old negro.

"As I was saying, the great things now going on in the world are going on elsewhere, not here. The war broke off our thought."

"Glad Mars' Nick gwine whar he want ter go, but I don' like dat sellin' ob de lan'."

And the old man arose by Ephraim's help and mine and walked in to supper.

I was busy wondering what Harvard College could do for me. I knew nothing about it. It was only a name. But it appealed at least to my spirit of intellectual adventure.

(*To be continued.*)

## SOME ASPECTS OF JOURNALISM

BY ROLLO OGDEN

It is, in a way, a form of flattery, in the eyes of modern journalism, that it should be put on its defense, — added to the fascinating list of "problems." This is a tribute to its importance. The compliment may often seem oblique. An editor will, at times, feel himself placed in much the same category as a famous criminal, — a warning, a horrible example, a target for reproof, but still an interesting object. That last is the redeeming feature. If the newspaper of to-day can only be sure that it excites interest in the multitude, it is content. For to force itself upon the general notice is the main purpose of its spirit of shrill insistence, which so

many have noted and so many have disliked.

But the clamorous and assertive tone of the daily press may charitably be thought of as a natural reaction from its low estate of a few generations back. Upstart families or races usually have bad manners, and the newspaper, as we know it, is very much of an upstart. For long, its lot was contempt and contumely. In the first half of the eighteenth century, writing in general was reduced to extremities. Dr. Johnson says of Richard Savage that, "having no profession, he became by necessity an author." But there was a lower deep, and that was journalism.

Warburton wrote of one who is chiefly known by being pilloried in the *Dunciad* that he "ended in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper." Even later it was recorded of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, author of the *Beauties of Shakespeare*, that he "descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper." After that but one step remained,—to the gallows; and this was duly taken by Dr. Dodd in 1777, when he was hanged for forgery. A calling digged from such a pit may, without our special wonder, display something of the push and insolence natural in a class whose privileges were long so slender or so questioned that they must be loudly proclaimed for fear they may be forgotten.

This flaunting and over-emphasis also go well with the charge that the press of to-day is commercialized. That accusation no one undertaking to comment on newspapers can pass unnoticed. Yet why should journalism be exempt? It is as freely asserted that colleges are commercialized; the theatre is accused of knowing no standard but that of the box-office; politics has the money-taint upon it; and even the church is arraigned for ignoring the teachings of St. James, and being too much a respecter of the persons of the rich. If it is true that the commercial spirit rules the press, it is at least in good company. In actual fact, occasional instances of gross and unscrupulous financial control of newspapers for selfish or base ends must be admitted to exist. There are undoubtedly some editors who bend their conscience to their dealing. Newspaper proprietors exist who sell themselves for gain. But this is not what is ordinarily meant by the charge of commercialization. Reference is, rather, to the newspaper as a money-making institution. "When shall we have a journal," asked a clergyman not long ago, "that will be published without advertisements?"

The answer is, never,—at least, I hope so, for the good of American journalism. We have no official press. We have no subsidized press. We have not even an

endowed press. What that would be in this country I can scarcely imagine, but I am sure it would have little or no influence. A newspaper carries weight only as it can point to evidence of public sympathy and support. But that means a business side; it means patronage; it means an eye to money. A newspaper, like an army, goes upon its belly,—though it does not follow that it must eat dirt. The dispute about being commercialized is always a question of more or less. When Horace Greeley founded the *Tribune* in 1841, he had but a thousand dollars of his own in cash. Yet his struggle to make the paper a going concern was just as intense as if he were starting it to-day with a capital (and it would be needed) of a million. Greeley, to his honor be it said, refused from the beginning to take certain advertisements. But so do newspaper proprietors to-day whose expenses per week are more than Greeley's were for the first year.

The immensely large capital now required for the conduct of a daily newspaper in a great city has had important consequences. It has made the newspaper more of an institution, less of a personal organ. Men no longer designate journals by the owner's or editor's name. It used to be Bryant's paper, or Greeley's paper, or Raymond's, or Bennett's. Now it is simply *Times*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, and so on. No single personality can stamp itself upon the whole organism. It is too vast. It is a great piece of property, to be administered with skill; it is a carefully planned organization which best produces the effect when the personalities of those who work for it are swallowed up. The individual withers, but the newspaper is more and more. Journalism becomes impersonal. There are no more "great editors," but there is a finer *esprit de corps*, better "team play," an institution more and more firmly established and able to justify itself.

Large capital in newspapers, and their heightened earning power, tend to steady them. Freaks and rash experiments are

also shut out by lack of means. Greeley reckoned up a hundred or more newspapers that had died in New York before 1850. Since that time it would be hard to name ten. I can remember but two metropolitan dailies within twenty-five years that have absolutely suspended publication. Only contrast the state of things in Parisian journalism. There must be at least thirty daily newspapers in the French capital. Few of them have the air of living off their own business. Yet the necessary capital and the cost of production are so much smaller than ours that their various backers can afford to keep them afloat. But this fact does not make their sincerity or purity the more evident. On the contrary, the rumor of sinister control is more frequently circulated in connection with the French press than with our own. Our higher capitalization helps us. Just because a great sum is invested, it cannot be imperiled by allowing unscrupulous men to make use of the newspaper property; for that way ruin lies, in the end. The corrupt employment has to be concealed. If it were surely known, for example, that Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Ryan, or Mr. Harriman owned a New York newspaper, and was utilizing it as a means of furthering his schemes, support would speedily fail it, and it would soon dry up from the roots.

This give and take between the press and the public is vital to a just conception of American journalism. The editor does not nonchalantly project his thoughts into the void. He listens for the echo of his words. His relation to his supporters is not unlike Gladstone's definition of the intimate connection between the orator and his audience. As the speaker gets from his hearers in mist what he gives back in shower, so the newspaper receives from the public as well as gives to it. Too often it gets as dust what it gives back as mud; but that does not alter the relation. Action and reaction are all the while going on between the press and its patrons. Hence it follows that the responsibility for the more crying evils of journalism

must be divided. I would urge no exculpation for the editor who exploits crime, scatters filth, and infects the community with moral poison. The original responsibility is his, and it is a fearful one. But it is not solely his. The basest and most demoralizing journal that lives, lives by public approval or tolerance. Its readers and advertisers have its life in their hands. At a word from them it would either reform or die. They have the power of "recall" over it, as it is by some proposed to grant the people a power of recall over bad representatives in legislature or Congress. The very dependence of the press upon support gives its patrons the power of life and death over it. Advertisers are known to go to a newspaper office to seek favors, sometimes improper, often innocent. Why should they, and mere readers, too, not exercise their implied right to protest against vulgarity, the exaggeration of the trivial, hysteria, indecency, immorality, in the newspaper which they are asked to buy or to patronize? To a journalist of the offensive class they could say: "You excuse yourself by alleging that you simply give what the public demands; but we say that your very assertion is an insult to us and an outrage upon the public. You say that nobody protests against your course; well, we are here to protest. You point to your sales; we tell you that, unless you mend your columns, we will buy no more." There lies here, I am persuaded, a vast unused power for the toning up of our journalism. At any rate, the reform of a free press in a free people can be brought about only by some such reaction of the medium upon the instrument. Legislation direct would be powerless. Sir Samuel Romilly perceived this when he argued in Parliament against proposals to restrict by law the "licentious press." He said that if the press were more licentious than formerly, it was because it had not yet got over the evils of earlier arbitrary control; and the only sure way to reform it was to make it still more free. Romilly would doubtless have

agreed that a free people will, in the long run, have as good newspapers as it wants and deserves to have.

As it is, public sentiment has a way, on occasion, of speaking through the press with astonishing directness and power. All the noise and extravagance, the ignorance and the distortion, cannot obscure this. There is a rough but great value in the mere publicity which the newspaper affords. The free handling of rulers has much for the credit side. When Senior was talking with Thiers in 1856, the conversation fell upon the severe press laws under Napoleon III. The Englishman said that perhaps these were due to the license of newspapers in the time of the foregoing republic, when their attacks on public men were often the extreme of scurrility. "C'était horrible," said Thiers; "mais, pour moi, j'aime mieux être gouverné par des honnêtes gens qu'on traite comme des voleurs, que par des voleurs qu'on traite en honnêtes gens." And when you have some powerful robbers to invoke the popular verdict upon, there is nothing like modern journalism for doing the job thoroughly. Those great names in our business and political firmament which lately have fallen like Lucifer, dreaded exposure in the press most of all. Courts and juries they could have faced with equanimity; or, rather, their lawyers would have done it for them in the most beautiful illustration of the law's delay. But the very clamor of newspaper publicity was like an embodied public conscience pronouncing condemnation, — every headline an officer. I know of no other power on earth that could have stripped away from these rogues every shelter which their money could buy, and been to them such an advance section of the Day of Judgment. In the immense publicity that dogged them they saw that worst of all punishments described by Shelley: —

— when thou must appear to be  
That which thou art internally;  
And after many a false and fruitless crime,  
Scorn track thy lagging fall.

It is, no doubt, a belief in this honesty and wholesomely scourging power of newspapers which has made the champions of modern democracy champions also of the freedom of the press. It has not been seriously hampered or shackled in this country; but the history of its emancipation from burdensome taxation in England shows how the progressive and reactionary motives or temperaments come to view. When Gladstone was laboring, fifty years ago, to remove the last special tax upon newspapers, Lord Salisbury — he was then Lord Robert Cecil — opposed him with some of his finest sneers. Could it be maintained that a person of any education could learn anything from a penny paper? It might be said that the people would learn from the press what had been uttered by their representatives in Parliament, but how much would that add to their education? They might even discover the opinions of the editor. All this was very interesting, but it did not carry real instruction to the mind. To talk about a tax on newspapers being a tax on knowledge was a prostitution of real education. And so on. But contrast this with John Bright's opinion. In a letter written in 1885, but not published till this year, he said: "Few men in England owe so much to the press as I do. Its progress has been very great. I was one of those who worked earnestly to overthrow the system of taxation which from the time of Queen Anne had fettered, I might almost say, strangled it out of existence. . . . I hope the editors and conductors of our journals may regard themselves as under a great responsibility, as men engaged in the great work of instructing and guiding our people. . . . On the faithful performance of their duties, on their truthfulness and their adherence to the moral law, the future of our country depends."

To pass from these ideals to the tendencies and perplexities of newspapers as they are is not possible without the sensation of a jar. For specimens of the faults found in even the reputable press by fair-

minded men we may turn to a recent address before a university audience by Professor Butcher. Admitting that journalism had never before been "so many-sided, so well informed, so intellectually alert," he yet noted several literary and moral defects. Of these he dwelt first upon "hasty production." "Formerly, the question was, who is to have the *last* word; now it is a wild race between journalists as to who will get the *first* word." The professor found the marks of hurry written all over modern newspapers. Breathless haste could not but affect the editorial style. "It is smartly pictorial, restless, impatient, emphatic." This charge no editor of a daily paper can find it in his heart confidently to attempt to repel. His work has to be done under narrow and cramping conditions of time. The hour of going to press is ever before him as an inexorable fate. And that judgments formed and opinions expressed under such stress are often of a sort that one would fain withdraw, no sane writer for the press thinks of denying. This ancient handicap of the pressman was described by Cowper in 1780. "I began to think better of his [Burke's] cause," he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Unwin, "and burnt my verses. Such is the lot of the man who writes upon the subject of the day; the aspect of affairs changes in an hour or two, and his opinion with it; what was just and well-deserved satire in the morning, in the evening becomes a libel; the author commences his own judge, and, while he condemns with unrelenting severity what he so lately approved, is sorry to find that he has laid his leaf gold upon touch-wood, which crumbled away under his finger." While all this is sorrowfully true,—to none so sorrowful as those who have it frequently borne in upon them by personal experience,—it is, after all, *du métier*. It is a condition under which the work must be done, or not at all. A public which occasionally disapproves of a newspaper too quick on the trigger would not put up at all with one which held its fire too long. And there is, when all is

said, a good deal of the philosophy of life in the compulsion to "go to press." Only in that spirit can the rough work of the world get done. The artist may file and polish endlessly; the genius may brood; but the newspaper man must cut short his search for the full thought or the perfect phrase, and get into type with the best at the moment attainable. At any rate, this makes for energy, decision, and a ready practicality. Life is made up of such compromises, such forced adjustments, such constant striving for the ideal with the necessitated acceptance of the closest approach to it possible, as are of the very atmosphere in the office of a daily newspaper. But the result is got. The pressure may be bad for literary technique but at all events it forces out the work. If Lord Acton had known something of the driving motives of a journalist, he would not have spent fifty years collecting material for a great history of liberty, and then died before being quite persuaded in his own mind that he was ready to write it. The counsel of wisdom which Mr. Brooke gives in *Middlemarch* need never be addressed to a newspaper writer; that he must "pull up" in time, every day teaches him.

Professor Butcher also drew an ingenious parallel between the Sophists of ancient Greece and present-day journalists. It was not very flattering to the latter. One of the points of comparison was that "their pretensions were high and their basis of knowledge generally slight." Now, "ignorance," added the uncomplimentary professor, "has its own appropriate manner, and most journalists, being very clever fellows, are, when they are ignorant, conscious of their ignorance. A fine, elusive manner is therefore adopted; it is enveloped in a haze." To this charge, also, a bold and full plea of not guilty cannot be entered by a newspaper man. If his own conscience would allow it, he knows that too many of his own calling would rise up to confute him. The jokes, flings, stories, confessions are too numerous about the easy and empty as-

sumptions of omniscience by the press. Mr. Barrie has, in his reminiscential *When a Man's Single*, told too many tales out of the sanctum. Some of them bear on the point in hand. For example:

"I am not sure that I know what the journalistic instinct precisely is," Rob said, "and still less whether I possess it."

"Ah, just let me put you through your paces," replied Simms. "Suppose yourself up for an exam. in journalism, and that I am your examiner. Question One: The house was soon on fire; much sympathy is expressed with the sufferers. Can you translate that into newspaper English?"

"Let me see," answered Rob, entering into the spirit of the examination. "How would this do: In a moment the edifice was enveloped in shooting tongues of flame; the appalling catastrophe has plunged the whole street into the gloom of night?"

"Good. Question Two: A man hangs himself; what is the technical heading for this?"

"Either "Shocking Occurrence" or "Rash Act."

"Question Three: *Pabulum, Cela va sans dire, Par excellence, Ne plus ultra.* What are these? Are there any more of them?"

"They are scholarships," replied Rob; "and there are two more, namely, *Tour de force* and *Terra firma*."

"Question Four: A. (a soldier) dies at 6 P.M. with his back to the foe; B. (a philanthropist) dies at 1 A.M.; which of these, speaking technically, would you call a creditable death?"

"The soldier's, because time was given to set it."

"Quite right. Question Five: Have you ever known a newspaper which did not have the largest circulation and was not the most influential advertising medium?"

"Never."

"Well, Mr. Angus," said Simms, tiring of the examination, "you have passed with honors."

**VOL. 98 - NO. 1**

Many cynical admissions by the initiate could be quoted. The question was recently put to a young man who had a place on the staff of a morning newspaper: "Are you not often brought to a standstill for lack of knowledge?" "No," he replied, "as a rule I go gayly ahead, and without a pause. My only difficulty is when I happen to know something of the subject." But no one takes these sarcasms too seriously. They are a part of the Bohemian tradition of journalism. But Bohemianism has gone out of the newspaper world, as the profession has become more specialized, more of a serious business. Even in his time, Jules Janin, writing to Madame de Girardin apropos of her *Ecole des Journalistes*, happily exposed the "assumption that good leading articles ever were or ever could be produced over punch and broiled bones, amidst intoxication and revelry." Editors may still be ignorant, but at any rate they are not unblushingly devil-may-care about it. They do not take their work as a pure lark. They try to get their facts right. And the appreciation of accurate knowledge, if not always the market for it, is certainly higher now in newspaper offices than it used to be. The multiplied apparatus of information has done at least that for the profession. Much of its knowledge may be "index-learning," but at any rate it gets the eel by the tail. And the editor has a fairish retort for the general writer in the fact that the latter might more often be caught tripping if he had to produce his wisdom on demand and get it irrevocably down in black and white and in a thousand hands without time for consideration or amendment. This truth was frankly put by Motley in a letter to Holmes in 1862: "I take great pleasure in reading your prophecies, and intend to be just as free in hazarding my own. . . . If you make mistakes, you shall never hear of them again, and I promise to forget them. Let me ask the same indulgence from you in return. This is what makes letter-writing a comfort, and journalism dangerous." It is a distinction

which an editor may well lay to his soul when accused of being a mere Gigadibs —

You, for example, clever to a fault,  
The rough and ready man who writes apace,  
Read somewhat seldom, think, perhaps,  
even less.

Even in journalism, the Spanish proverb holds that knowing something does not take up any room, — *el saber no ocupa lugar*. Special information is, as I often have occasion to say to applicants for work, the one thing that gives a stranger a chance in a newspaper office. The most out-of-the-way knowledge has a trick of falling pat to the day's need. A successful London journalist got his first foothold by knowing all about Scottish Disruption, when that struggle between the Established and Free churches burst upon the horizon. The editor simply had to have the services of a man who could tell an interested English public all about the question which was setting the heather afire. Similarly, not long since, a young American turned up in New York with apparently the most hopeless outfit for journalistic work. He had spent eight years in Italy studying mediaeval church history, — and that was his basis for thinking he could write for a daily paper of the palpitating present! But it happened just then that the aged Leo XIII drew to his end, and here was a man who knew all the *Papabili*, cardinals, and archbishops; who understood thoroughly the ceremony and procedure of electing a pope; who was drenched in all the actualities of the situation, and who could, therefore, write about it with an intelligence and sympathy which made his work compel acceptance, and gave him entrance into journalism by the unlikely Porta Romana. It is but an instance of the way in which a profession growing more serious is bound to take knowledge more seriously.

It is, however, what Sir Wemyss Reid called the "Wegotism" of the press that some fastidious souls find more offensive than its occasional betrayals of crass ignorance. Lecky remarked upon it, in his

chapters on the rise of newspapers in England: "Few things to a reflecting mind are more curious than the extraordinary weight which is attached to the anonymous expression of political opinion. Partly by the illusion of the imagination, partly by the weight of emphatic assertion, a plural pronoun, conspicuous type, and continual repetition, unknown men are able, without exciting any surprise or sense of incongruity, to assume the language of the accredited representatives of the nation, and to rebuke, patronize, or insult its leading men with a tone of authority which would not be tolerated from the foremost statesmen of their time."

A remedy frequently suggested is signed editorials. Let the Great Unknown come out from behind his veil of anonymity, and drop his "plural of majesty." Then we should know him for the insignificant and negligible individual he is. It is true that some hesitating attempts of that kind have been made in this country, mostly in the baser journalism, but they have not succeeded. There is no reason to think that this practice will ever take root among us. It arose in France under conditions of rigorous press censorship, and really goes in spirit with the wish of government or society to limit that perfect freedom of discussion which anonymous journalism alone can enjoy. Legal responsibility is, of course, fixed in the editor and proprietors. Nor is the literary disguise, as a rule, of such great consequence, or so difficult to penetrate. Most editors would feel like making the same answer to an aggrieved person that Swift gave to one of his victims. In one of his short poems he threw some of his choicest vitriol upon one Bettsworth, a lawyer of considerable eminence, who in a rage went to Swift and demanded whether he was the author of that poem. The Dean's reply was: "Mr. Bettsworth, I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers who, knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that, if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the

author of this paper?" I should tell him that I was not the author; and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettsworth, that I am not the author of these lines."

But the real defense of impersonal journalism lies in the conception of a newspaper not as an individual organ, but as a public institution. Walter Bagehot, in his *Physics and Politics*, uses the newspaper as a good illustration of an organism subduing everything to type. Individual style becomes blended in the common style. The excellent work of assistant editors is ascribed to their chief, just as his blunders are shouldered off upon them. It becomes impossible to dissect out the separate personalities which contribute to the making up of the whole. The paper represents, not one man's thought, but a body of opinion. Behind what is said each day stands a long tradition. Writers, reviewers, correspondents, clientele, add their mite, but it is little more than Burns's snowflake falling into the river. The great stream flows on. I would not minimize personality in journalism. It has counted enormously; it still counts. But the institutional, representative idea is now most telling. The play of individuality is much restricted; has to do more with minor things than great policies. John Stuart Mill, in a letter of 1863 to Motley, very well hit off what may be called the chance rôle of the individual in modern journalism: "The line it [the London *Times*] takes on any particular question is much more a matter of accident than is supposed. It is sometimes better than the public, and sometimes worse. It was better on the Competitive Examinations and on the Revised Educational Code, in each case owing to the accidental position of a particular man who happened to write on it,—both which men I could name to you."

Wendell Phillips told of once taking a letter to the editor of a Boston paper, whom he knew, with a request that it be published. The editor read it over, and said, "Mr. Phillips, that is a very good

and interesting letter, and I shall be glad to publish it; but I wish you would consent to strike out the last paragraph."

"Why," said Phillips, "that paragraph is the precise thing for which I wrote the whole letter. Without that it would be pointless."

"Oh, I see that," replied the editor; "and what you say in it is perfectly true,—the very children in the streets know that it is true. I fully agree with it all myself. Yet it is one of those things which it will not do to say publicly. However, if you insist upon it, I will publish the letter as it stands."

It was published the next morning, and along with it a short editorial reference to it, saying that a letter from Mr. Phillips would be found in another column, and that it was extraordinary that so keen a mind as his should have fallen into the palpable absurdity contained in the last paragraph.

The story suggests the harmful side of the interaction between press and public. It sometimes puts a great strain upon the intellectual honesty of the editor. He is doubtful how much truth his public will bear. His audience may seem to him, on occasions, minatory, as well as, on others, encouraging. So hard is it for the journalist to be sure, with Dr. Arnold, that the times will always bear what an honest man has to say. At this point, undoubtedly, we come upon the moral perils of the newspaper man. And when outsiders believe that he writes to order, or without conviction, they naturally hold a low view of his occupation.

Journalism, wrote Mrs. Mark Pattison in 1879, "harms those, even the most gifted, who continue in it after early life. They cannot honestly write the kind of thing required for their public if they are really striving to reach the highest level of thought and work possible to themselves." If this were always and absolutely true, little could be said for the Fourth Estate. We should all have to agree with James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame:—

Hard is his lot who edits, thankless job !  
 A Sunday journal for the factious mob.  
 With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,  
 He gives to turbulence the day of rest,  
 Condemn'd this week rash rancor to instil,  
 Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will.  
 Alike undone, or if he praise or rail  
 (For this affects his safety, that his sale);  
 He sinks, alas, in luckless limbo set —  
 If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt.

The real libel, however, would be the assertion that the work of American journalism is done to any large extent in that spirit of the galley slave. With all its faults, it is imbued with the desire of being of public service. That is often overlaid by other motives, — money-making, time-serving, place-hunting. But at the high demand of a great moral or political crisis, it will assert itself, and editors will be found as ready as their fellows to hazard their all for the common weal. To show what sort of fire may burn at the heart of the true journalist, I append a letter never before published:—

NEW YORK, April 23, 1867.

"There is a man here named Barnard, on the bench of the Supreme Court. Some years ago he kept a gambling saloon in San Francisco, and was a notorious black-leg and *vaurien*. He came then to New York, plunged into the basest depths of city politics, and emerged Recorder. After two or three years he got by the same means to be a judge of the Supreme Court. His reputation is now of the very worst. He is unscrupulous, audacious, barefaced, and corrupt to the last degree. He not only takes bribes, but he does not even wait for them to be offered him. He sends for suitors, or rather for their counsel, and asks for the money as the price of his judgments. A more unprincipled scoundrel does not breathe. There is no way in which he does not prostitute his office, and in saying this I am giving you the unanimous opinion of the bar and the public. His appearance on the bench I consider literally an awful occurrence. Yet the press and bar are muzzled,—for that is what it comes to,—and this in-

jurious scoundrel has actually got possession of the highest court in the State. and dares the Christian public to expose his villainy.

"If I were satisfied that, if the public knew all this, it would lie down under it, I would hand the *Nation* over to its creditors and take myself and my children out of the community. I will not believe that yet. I am about to say all I dare say — as yet — in the *Nation* to-morrow. Barnard is capable of ruining us, if he thought it worth his while, and could of course imprison me for contempt, if he took it into his head, and I should have no redress. You have no idea what a labyrinth of wickedness and chicane surrounds him. Moreover, I have no desire either for notoriety or martyrdom, and am in various ways not well fitted to take a stand against rascality on such a scale as this. But this I do think, that it is the duty of every honest man to do something. Barnard has now got possession of the courts, and if he can silence the press also, where is reform to come from? . . . I think some movement ought to be set on foot having for its object the hunting down of corrupt politicians, the exposure of jobs, the sharpening of the public conscience on the whole subject of political purity. If this cannot be done, the growing wealth will kill — not the nation, but the form of government without which, as you and I believe, the nation would be of little value to humanity."

This was written to Professor Charles Eliot Norton by the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin. The Barnard referred to was, of course, the infamous judge from whom, a few years later, the judicial robes were stripped. Mr. Godkin's attack upon him was, so far as I know, the first that was made in print. But the passion of indignation which glowed in that great journalist, with his willingness to hazard his own fortunes in the public behalf, only sets forth conspicuously what humbler members of the press feel as their truest motive and their noblest reward.

## AN UNCONVENTIONAL MOURNER

BY AGNES REPLPLIER

NORA sat in her bedroom, sewing. The shutters had been carefully bowed, and only two thin streaks of sunlight slanted brilliantly across the gloom. Nora had pushed her chair close to one of the windows so that she could see her work. She did not see it very well, but of this fact she was unconscious. Her tear-dimmed eyes were fixed upon the piece of linen in her lap; but what they really saw was another darkened room below, where her half-brother lay dead. She would have liked to sit there by his side, to be as close to him as she could for the little time that was left before they carried him to his grave; but she had not dared to proffer her request. He lay alone, save when the undertaker's men passed in and out of the chamber. His young widow was — to use his aunt, Mrs. Pennington's, correct phrase — "prostrated with grief." His children were shut up in their nursery. Every few minutes the doorbell rang. Cards and notes were handed mournfully in. Reporters called for particulars, and were interviewed by Mrs. Pennington in the hall. A dressmaker and her assistant, a milliner and hers, a children's outfitter and hers, came, bearing the panoply of woe. There is a great deal to be done in the three days that elapse between a man's death and his burial; and the exigencies of our advanced civilization have complicated an otherwise simple situation.

Fortunately, Mrs. Pennington was more than able to cope with the melancholy problem. She sat in the library, writing notes on black-edged paper, which — with admirable forethought — she had brought with her that morning to the bereaved household. She knew there would be letters to write, and, as she folded the last sheet into its grief-stricken en-

velope, she congratulated herself on having remembered so important a detail. One good deed suggesting another, she arose, and went softly into the adjoining room. "Florence, dear," she murmured, "if you can spare me for a few minutes, I think I had better run upstairs, and speak to Nora about her mourning. She has been so nervous and restless all day, it is impossible to find out what she needs."

"She needs everything, Aunt Anna," said Mrs. Lennox, lifting her heavy head from its pillow. "Don't think about me, please, but go to her right away. And, dear Aunt Anna, will you remember about the children's black gloves? Sarah will give you their numbers, or, at least, she will hunt up some old gloves that will do for the sizes. And tell her, please, that Jennings will send lustreless silk for Amy's sash. Poor little Amy!" And the mother's voice broke. Her husband had shown an especial tenderness for his first-born daughter.

Mrs. Pennington heaved a sympathetic sigh, and stole quietly away. She passed the death chamber with a step as soft and fearful as a cat's, and mounted the stairs to her niece's room. Her brow wrinkled a little as she neared it. Nora was so "uncertain."

"Dear child!" she said, when she saw the upright figure sitting sewing by the window. "Why do you try to work? You are straining your eyes, and you look so white and tired. Lie down a little while, and let me bathe your head."

"My head does n't ache, thank you, Aunt Anna," said the girl. "It never aches. Neither do my eyes. I am perfectly well."

"You can't be perfectly well, Nora dear," hinted her aunt reproachfully,

"after all you have been through. You are running on your nerves now, and, if you do not spare yourself, they will break."

Nora was silent. She knew she had no nerves, just as she knew she had no headache. She was, in fact, indecently well. Only her heart was sick with grief, and this was a circumstance she was not invited to mention. All day long her mind had traveled backward and forward over those scenes of her life in which her brother had played a part. They were not very many, nor very soul-inspiring. Tom Lennox had been kind to his orphaned half-sister, had looked after her affairs, had gone to see her now and then when she was at boarding-school, had always given her a Christmas present, and had sometimes remembered her birthday; but his calm, fraternal regard had never quickened into livelier interest until the past winter, when his wife had resignedly undertaken the task of introducing the girl into society. In the labors that ensued he had borne a fluctuating part; and gradually there dawned upon his mind an impression that Nora was, in a quiet way, "conversable;" not, of course, as popular as Florence (with whom no one ever conversed), but still a girl who could always harbor an idea, and occasionally advance an opinion. She was like him, too ("Lord! but she's like her father!" was his way of noting the resemblance), and there flowed between them that swift current of inherited sympathies and tendencies of which the backwater is aversion. Above all, the quality of her affection, which he understood; its excess, and the narrow limits of its expression, contrasted pleasantly with his wife's frank rendering of her daily part. The level permanence of marital regard, its moderation and its durability, alternately soothed and appalled him. He wondered sometimes if he had been married ten or twenty years. In pensive moments he pictured to himself the jog-trot of existence extending indefinitely into the future, marked rather by the changing outlines of his

children's lives than by any variations in his own. What had never occurred to him was the possibility of dying at thirty-seven.

"Nora," said Mrs. Pennington gently, "Miss Briggs is coming this evening for her first fittings, and I am having coats sent up from Pierce's on approval. But I wish you would tell me what else you need, so that I can order it for you."

"I don't need anything," said the girl. "I don't need a coat. I have one now."

"One that you can wear?" asked Mrs. Pennington incredulously.

"It's serge. Black serge. I have a coat and skirt. They will do very well, Aunt Anna."

"I wish they were *drap d'éte*," said Mrs. Pennington musingly. "I always think a *drap d'éte* or a Henrietta cloth is most appropriate for deep mourning. But I dare say you can wear serge in rough weather, if it's properly made; and it's a comfort to have something to put on. Poor Florence says she has absolutely nothing. Tom never could endure black. Will you let me see your suit, dear?"

Nora obediently opened her wardrobe, and took out the garment for inspection. Mrs. Pennington uttered a little grieved cry of protest. "My dear," she said, "you did n't think of wearing a dress strapped with taffeta to the funeral! And you can't take the silk off. The spaces will show. But never mind. Pierce will be certain to have something to suit you."

"Aunt Anna," said Nora suddenly and harshly, "what difference does it make whether I wear this coat or another to my brother's funeral? What difference does it make to Tom? What difference to me?"

Mrs. Pennington was conscious of a sentiment which in a less amiable woman might have been termed exasperation. There are few things in this world more annoying than to be suddenly called upon to defend the rationality of time-honored customs. The Hindu priest, when asked by some Rajpoot widow of an inquiring and dissatisfied turn of mind *why* she

should be consumed upon her dead lord's pyre; the Moslem husband whose most cherished wife expresses an inclination to see the world; the devout Brahman whose disciple wonders whether the preservation of his caste is worth the torment it entails, might, one and all, have sympathized with Mrs. Pennington's discomposure. She had studied the subject of mourning from its practical rather than from its abstract side, having put it on fourteen times in the course of a well-spent life, and being more than ready to wear it a fifteenth time — in a modified form — for her nephew. In fact, except when some ill-advised relative expired thoughtlessly in the beginning of a season, just after her winter or her summer gowns had been sent home, Mrs. Pennington rather enjoyed the familiar experience. She was a wealthy woman, and it gave her a reasonable pretext for buying a quantity of new clothes. She was a woman of few interests, and it gave her something to think about, and to do. She was an affectionate woman, and it gave her an expensive method of evincing her regard. Nora's troubled scorn, and the glaring impropriety of her question were doubly shocking to one who had walked so often and so decorously along the crape-bordered paths of grief. She would not permit herself to be angry; but she felt that the occasion was one which called for plainness of speech. "It ought to make a difference to you," she said with grave displeasure. "You would not like people to say you had failed in respect to your brother's memory."

"But, Aunt Anna," protested the girl piteously, "Tom always laughed at such things. I have heard him again and again. It is n't as though I did not know how he felt about them. He used to call a crape veil the luxury of woe; and I told him once I'd never wear one."

"Nora!" said Mrs. Pennington, doubly scandalized by her niece's sudden defiance, and by this ill-timed allusion to a dead man's laughter. Tom, to be sure, had laughed at far too many things in

life. His mirthful eyes had looked with obstinate levity upon their sad significance. Perhaps, having married Florence, laughter was his salvation. In the struggle for readjustment, he had learned the saving value of a jest. But of this Mrs. Pennington could hardly have been expected to take account; and her light-minded nephew had seemed to her at times perilously near the spirit that denies. Now he was dead, and it behooved them all to forget for a while that he had ever laughed at all. We may with propriety allude to a man's merriment, and even repeat his jokes, when he has been buried six months or a year; but before the funeral it is customary to confine our comments to his virtues, his constitution, and his real estate.

As for the veil, that was a matter too sacred for dispute. The poor lady felt that never before had she been called upon to meet so grave an issue, to avert so imminent a disaster. She had shrewdly suspected that Nora would prove troublesome and "notiony;" that she might perhaps prefer broadcloth to Henrietta; and that she would probably forget to provide herself with the right sort of black pins. But that she would want to go unveiled to her brother's funeral, that she would actually propose to appear in public without the proper insignia of female distress, was much, much worse than anything Mrs. Pennington had feared. Come what might, this scandal should be averted. No niece of hers should sin against the sacred conventions of sorrow. She gathered up all her argumentative forces for the combat.

"Nora," she said, "if you were not so nervous and excitable this evening, you would not speak as you do. Of course you will wear a veil. You would be very uncomfortable if you did not. Every one would notice it, and think it strange. A veil, dear, is such a protection in time of grief."

"A protection from what?" asked Nora dully.

"A protection," Mrs. Pennington

repeated, firmly and conclusively. "It shows you are in mourning. And you have no idea how comfortable these light veilings are. If it were the old-fashioned English crape, now, I should not blame you for feeling as you do. It used to drag your bonnet off your head, it was so heavy. If you wore it over your face, it stifled you, and you couldn't see where you were going; and if you wore it thrown back, it stood out like boards, — so stiff and ungraceful. Never fell into soft lines like the French veiling does. You won't find you mind it at all, Nora dear; and, after the first few weeks, you can have it arranged in those broad, flat folds that hang straight down your back. I think they give you height. All you will want over your face then will be one of the short net veils with three little rows of crape. They are rather pretty and becoming."

Nora listened in silence. There trailed dimly through her mind an impression that graceful folds and added height failed to symbolize the cold desolation of her heart. Tom would have laughed, — but Tom lay dead downstairs, never to laugh again. She shivered as she thought of him, and, obeying some sudden impulse, some desire too potent for denial, she raised the window by her side, and pushed back the bowed shutters. A flood of heavenly light, the last brilliant rays of the setting sun, filled the dolorous room, and for one brief instant lifted the girl's soul to divine heights of consolation. It was for one instant only. The next, Mrs. Pennington stepped swiftly forward, and restored the appropriate gloom. There was something in her haste, and in the real horror she evinced, which covered Nora with confusion. Her own action had been involuntary, — a mere instinctive craving for the innocent sunlight; and it shamed her to see her aunt watching her with apprehensive eyes, as though wondering in what direction she would break out next. Why should she give trouble to any one at such a time? After all, what difference did it make? Tom no longer cared, no longer laughed at any-

thing. She would do just as she was bidden, and would wear just what she was told to wear. Only she felt that further discussion of goods and styles would be insupportable. She must escape for a while, and the thought of the children in their nursery came to her as a measure of relief. If they were too young to realize their loss, they were also too young for the conventionalities of regret. She had not heard one of them all day. Perhaps they were wearying of isolation and restraint.

"Aunt Anna," she said, "don't look so worried, please. I would rather not wear a veil; but if you and Florence want me to, why, of course, I will. And I'll put aside this suit, and get whatever you think I need. And now, if there is nothing else to decide, I am going over to the children for a little while. I think I'll bring them here to play. They must be so tired of the nursery."

"Poor little things," sighed their grandmother, her anxious expression relaxing into one of mitigated melancholy. "It may comfort you to have them with you. But don't let them make any noise, Nora. I have tried to keep them quiet all day for their mother's sake."

There was no answer. Nora had slipped away, and was hurrying to the big, low-ceilinged nursery at the back of the house. When she opened the door, she found the chambermaid and the waitress gossiping lugubriously with Sarah, the nurse, and listening with gratifying interest to the intimate details which that functionary was able to impart. They backed respectfully away as Nora entered, glancing at her with an unctuous sympathy which brought the blood burning to her cheeks. They were sorry for her, they were sorry for their mistress, they had kissed Amy until she cried, and had shed a few warm tears over the baby Georgina's head. They were ready at a moment's notice to praise their dead master in fluent superlatives, and they prayed piously, though not very hopefully, for his soul. But the peculiar pleasure which the Celtic mind

takes in the close proximity of a corpse was theirs to enjoy. The hushed and darkened house, the constant presence of the genteel undertaker and his men, the flowing crape on the doorbell, the decorous melancholy of the people who left cards, and, above all, the near prospect of a funeral, filled them with chastened delight. They wagged their heads mournfully when they left the room; and Sarah, to whom the occasion had brought an access of work as well as of dignity, gave a lachrymose sniff as she put Georgina from her knee. The little girl, who was three years old, looked at her aunt with pleased eyes. "Papa's dead," she observed painstakingly.

There was a restless movement at the window, where the oldest child, a boy of eight, stood staring wearily into the yard. It being manifestly impossible to keep the nursery darkened, the blinds were drawn up, and an enlivening vista of back gates was presented to the view. Little Tom, commonly called June, as an abridgement of Thomas Junior, looked frowningly and longingly at these gates. They seemed barren of delight, but they had their charm for him. A boy of his own age came into the adjoining yard, and he rapped with his knuckles on the window pane, vainly seeking to establish communication.

"Don't do that, Master June," said Sarah warningly.

His frown deepened. He rapped again, more softly, and craned his neck to see his vanishing friend.

"June," said Nora, "do you and Amy want to come to my room for a while, and have me read to you?"

Amy scrambled to her feet. She had been dusting the furniture in her doll's house. "I want to play Old Maid," she said. "Aunt Nora, won't you play Old Maid with me?"

"You don't know how to play," said June scornfully. "She thinks she does, Aunt Nora, but she does n't."

"I do," protested Amy, and began promptly to cry.

Georgina looked intently at her weeping sister. Then her round face lengthened, her mouth squared. She had a sympathetic nature, and it was her fretful hour. She began to cry, too.

"Sure, it's tired they are," said the patient Sarah, "being shut up here all the blessed day. Stop cryin' now, me darlings, and go with your aunt. It's your own new hats and coats are coming tonight, and a new black suit for Master June; and to-morrow you'll be going to spend the day with your little cousins, — and that will be getting them out of the way, thank the Lord! The poor innocents!" And she tenderly wiped Georgina's streaming eyes.

But Nora stood staring sorrowfully at the group. She did not understand the nature of children, to whom only the things of childhood count, and she harshly begrudged them their brief period of unconcern. Did June know that he would never touch his father's hand again? Amy, who always held to her purpose, was gathering together, even while she sobbed, a pack of battered toy cards. Her brother shoved her, and the cards fell scattering to the ground. Amy cried louder than ever, but picked them up again. The boy looked into Nora's face with laughing eyes. "We'll have to let her play," he said; "but she really does n't know how." There was something in his amusement and swift surrender which made Nora's heart-strings tighten. Both were so like Tom. She laid his little hand upon her cheek. "Come and play," she said.

It was five weeks after the funeral. Florence had gone to Lakewood, taking Amy and Georgina with her. One of the requisitions of modern mourning is a trip of this character. Our winter resorts are filled with black-swathed ladies, recuperating their shattered forces after the fatigues which the trained nurses have undergone. Florence, every one said, required a change. Nora, being admittedly robust, had preferred to stay at home,

and June had been left with her, so that he could continue to go to school. It was understood on all sides that the boy, who so closely resembled his father, was to be her finest solace. Even Mrs. Pennington accepted this eminently correct conclusion, and Florence had been touchingly sweet about parting with her son for his young aunt's sake. "I must share my consolations with my sister," she said; and every one remarked—truly—that it was just the kind of lovely thing they would have expected dear Florence to do.

Nora alone failed to adjust herself to this graceful fallacy. She knew she was supposed to centre her affections upon her nephew, to find in him at once a balm for her sorrow, and an outlet for her untiring devotion. But her heart rejected the panacea. She was unable to live up to the exquisite sentimentalities of the situation, to play with grace the noble part assigned her. How could a little boy of eight take Tom's place! Tom had been her gilded idol, her sole possession, the one human being whom she had loved all her life, and whose mind had led her mind in pursuit. Because she had no father, nor mother, nor sister; because she had drifted since childhood from one alien hearth to another; because she lacked that blessed gregariousness which might have surrounded her with friends, she had built too much upon this one foundation. What made her grief all the harder to bear was her inability to assume an attitude toward it. There is no such help in life as an attitude, well chosen and well sustained. The Romans knew its value well, and stand clear-cut in history because of their appreciation. Who ever disassociates a noble Roman from his attitude? What else makes Macaulay's <sup>9</sup> lays forever dear to youth?

Mrs. Pennington, for example, conceived that the "sacredness of sorrow"—a phrase to which she was partial—compelled her to retire from public view after the death of a near relative. She discouraged visits of condolence as "in-

trusions" upon this sacredness; she was offended rather than pleased when friends wrote to express their sympathy; and she made it a point of honor never to recognize any one upon the streets. The shutting of herself up with her grief and her new crape was not for her the desolating thing it seemed; for as soon as we can turn our minds from our trouble to our way of bearing our trouble, comfort has entered our hearts. Florence, on the other hand, was brave and cheerful; welcomed the advances of her friends; felt it her duty not to "give way," nor to imperil her health (which was excellent); and had what was prettily described as a smile of "heart-breaking sweetness" whenever her little children loomed upon her horizon. In short, she behaved so beautifully that she could not help knowing how beautifully she behaved, and she would have been more than human had this fact brought her no consolation.

But poor Nora never thought about behavior at all. Even little June's presence failed to give her this useful clue. Her mind fixed itself with terrible intensity upon one fact, and one only: Tom was dead. Like a person in acute physical pain, she took no count of other phenomena in life. Sometimes she tortured herself by recalling his tricks of speech and manner, by trying to remember just how he wrinkled the skin on the bridge of his nose when he was amused, and how he mimicked Amy's self-conscious rendering of her little tepid kindergarten songs. Sometimes she tried to picture to herself the spirit Tom,—Tom divested of his earthly parts, and one with the great army of the blessed. But this was terribly hard. If Tom had ever possessed a spiritual side, he had concealed it from his sister, as from the rest of the world, and she could not now successfully contemplate what she had never known. The clergyman who officiated at the funeral had, it is true, expressed a fond assurance of his late parishioner's eternal bliss; and had even hazarded a description of the sanctified soul wandering in the

paths of Paradise, and looking down with sympathetic interest upon his sorrowing relatives. But then, it was felt by all present that no one had known Mr. Lennox less intimately than his rector. Had Nora been a Roman Catholic, she would have flung herself with fervor into the great business of releasing Tom from Purgatory. She would have followed the habit of a lifetime in praying for the dead, in draining the treasury of grace for a waiting soul, in uniting herself day by day and hour by hour, not with an aloof and illumined saint,—Tom was so remote from sanctity,—but with a dear sinner whom she loved, and whom her love might help. Having been taught not to pray for the dead, her lips were sealed, her heart abstained from invocations. Tom was, of course, happy (what else could she permit herself to think?), but she had no part to play in his well-being. And he had been tolerably happy when alive.

The days dragged on. Nora helped June with his lessons, and gave him as much of her companionship as he wanted, — which was very little. He preferred to be with other boys. If he thought about his father, he preserved the helpless taciturnity of childhood, and never spoke his thoughts. When Mrs. Pennington asked him if he missed his dear mother, he said "yes," like a dutiful little son; but when she pushed the sentiment too far, and added, "And you miss your little sisters, too?" he answered stoutly, "No." He was, in the main, a truthful child, and would not be cajoled into transparent fiction.

Florence wrote the sweetest kind of letters from Lakewood. Every one was so kind to her, she said. Every one respected her grief, and tried to show their sympathy. Amy had been sick for two days, and the loveliest flowers had been sent her. The room was a bower of roses. "It is beautiful to feel, Nora dear, how much real goodness there is in the world, how deep and true is the spirit of kindness. I try hard to meet it half way. I know I

have no right to selfishly nurse my sorrow."

To which Nora replied as best she could: "June won a prize this week for declamation. He recited "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." I am making him say it every evening, so that he will remember it when you get back. Maggie" (the housemaid) "cut her hand rather badly yesterday, and I thought Dr. Warren had better see it, and bind it up. He said it will be all right in a few days. He inquired for you very affectionately. I sent you the stockings for Georgina on Monday."

This was all. She felt the meagreness of every sheet; but the sad days afforded her no finer inspiration.

A week before Florence was expected home, Nora, returning from a round of errands, came face to face with a visitor slowly descending the steps. She recognized her, after a moment's uncertainty, as a young married woman whom she had met a few times, and whose vivacity upon these occasions she had somewhat wistfully admired. Being herself too often inarticulate, she had a natural appreciation of the quick, light word, the soft laughter, the infectious gayety which make the luxury of conversation. She held out her hand with diffidence. "Florence is still away," she said, "at Lakewood. She would have liked to see you, I know. Will you come in and see me, instead?"

Mrs. Hastings seemed poised for flight; but she hesitatingly accepted the luke-warm invitation, and turned back to the house. Nora led the way to the drawing-room, and for a few moments the two young women talked with the painstaking vapidity of people who are pushing resolutely back the one absorbing image in their minds. Mrs. Hastings made perfunctory inquiries about Florence, and Nora explained that her sister-in-law felt much better for her stay at Lakewood, that she had the two little girls with her, that Amy was rather a delicate child, and had been sick for several days. Then she paused, conscious that her visitor was not listening, and that two blue eyes — eyes

so blue they burned — were fixed with urgent scrutiny upon her face. There was a moment's silence. "How dreadfully unhappy you are!" said Barbara Hastings.

Nora quivered. The thrust was so direct. No one had said that in such plain words to her before. No one had looked at her with such blazing eyes. Was it pity she read in them, or exultation, or — despair? She felt the barriers of her soul giving way, and made a final instinctive effort at self-defence. "How do you know?" she whispered.

The blue eyes blurred. If it were pity she saw now in their depths, it was entreaty, too. "How do I know?" faltered Barbara Hastings. "How do I know?" — and then suddenly she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a storm of tears. Such tears! Never in all her life had Nora witnessed anything like this wild abandonment to pent-up passion and grief. She watched the crouched figure, which had lost all its fastidious delicacy of outline, she listened to the loud and strangled sobs, and there swept through her mind some understanding of the restraint which had been imposed upon this laughing young creature, and which had given way like a rotten dyke. She recalled Mrs. Hastings as she had seen her last, a charming and glittering figure standing at the head of brilliantly lit stairs, and deftly parrying Tom's light-hearted praise. "Please, Mr. Lennox, say some of those admirable things over again before Jim," she had urged. "Here he is now, and I want him to know what a lovely wife he's got. He's so slow about seeing it unless some one gives him the clue. And remember, if I die, it's up to you to make him understand what he has lost." And then they had all swept, laughing and chattering, downstairs, and had said a last good-night.

— A last good-night! How short a time ago this was, and how well Nora remembered every trivial word! Her heart contracted painfully as she sat in silence,

waiting until exhaustion should quiet the weeping woman by her side. She did not speak to her, nor touch her. She offered nothing of what is called sympathy. But in her deep and patient silence there was a quality of comradeship which perhaps the other understood. After a long, long while, Mrs. Hastings began to struggle, feebly at first, and then with a stronger effort, for self-control. She uncovered her disfigured face, wiped her eyes, and tried with trembling hands to straighten her hat, and arrange her disordered dress. Then Nora spoke for the first time. "May I lend you a veil?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please, — if you have a thick one," was the matter-of-fact answer, and Nora went upstairs to fetch it, lingering on the way, so as to allow her visitor a few merciful moments for readjustment.

When she came down again, Mrs. Hastings was standing before a mirror, smoothing away, as best she could, the evidence of her tears. She pinned on the veil, and turned to go. Nora held out her hand. What could they say, these two, after such a revelation? The shame and the entreaty which burned in one woman's heart could not be spoken, and neither could an assurance of silence and trust be put into the brutalities of speech. Yet a covenant of some sort was established without the help of words, for Mrs. Hastings gratefully kissed the cold hand she held.

Alone once more, Nora slowly climbed the darkening stairs. She knew that she would never again have any intimate intercourse with Barbara Hastings, who must of necessity avoid her in the future. Whatever possibilities of friendship had existed — and Nora dimly recognized such possibilities — had been destroyed by this hour of unbidden confidence. She felt a poignant pity for a grief as forlorn, as innocent, as unregistered, and as inarticulate as her own; a grief which would never have betrayed itself, had not her unhappiness — which no one else had fathomed — broken down the barriers of

reserve. It was because Mrs. Hastings had looked at her with illumined eyes that the pain in their hearts had spoken. To Nora, whose mind revolved with tireless insistence around a single image,

such pain seemed the one natural thing on earth. She paused as she passed her brother's room, and laid her cheek softly against the closed door. "Tom, dear," she said.

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## WHEN SHE CAME TO GLORY

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

NAY, loose my hand and let me go!  
God's glories pierce and frighten.  
I want my house, my fires, my bread,  
My sheets to wash and whiten.

I liked the dusty roads of earth,  
The brambles and the roaming;  
I liked the flowers that used to fade,  
The small lamp in the gloaming.

The fields of God they blind my eyes.  
Dread is this heavenly tillage.  
I want the sweet lost homeliness  
Of the dooryards of our village.

Where are the accustomed common things,  
The cups we drank together;  
The old shoes that he laced for me,  
The cape for rainy weather?

Dear were our stumbling human ways,  
His words' impetuous flurry,  
His tossed hair, the kind anxious brow,  
The step's too eager hurry.

O tall archangel with such wings,  
Your beauty is too burning!  
Give me once more my threadbare dress  
And the sound of his feet returning.

## IBSEN

BY EDMUND GOSSE

### I

By a melancholy coincidence, each of the two men who represented in the second half of the nineteenth century pure intelligence in its proudest and most independent form ceased, before the close of their mortal life, to enjoy the light of thought. It is probable that both Nietzsche and Ibsen suffered the penalty due to excessive tension of cerebral effort. Each succumbed at last to one of those conditions of decay from which in their maturity each would have rebelled with the greatest arrogance and horror. There is something strangely humiliating to our vanity, something infinitely bewildering to our science, in this paradox, by which the most active is seen to become the most helpless. The evolutions of human energy are past finding out, and our physicians have no formula by which they can explain why the commonplace yokel occasionally lingers to the age of a hundred years, with his intelligence, such as it is, unimpaired, while the authors of *Also sprach Zarathustra* and of *Peer Gynt* sink into senility and silence before their natural strength should be abated. Is it permitted to believe that a certain effort of the will, a certain persistent determination to penetrate and comprehend, does sap the intellectual force? May there be cases in which the eagle's eye, as he gazes at the sun, grows veiled with shadow, while his brain reels into stupefaction? Perhaps the conjecture savors of rhetoric, and before these vast inconsistencies of life we do best to be reverently silent.

It is not necessary, perhaps, in reviewing the career of Ibsen to seek far afield for the sources of his ultimate physical exhaustion. If we consider the whole of

his life-story, we are struck by the element of struggle which colors all but the few triumphant years of it. He was the poet of revolt, and from the earliest expansion of his individuality, he found himself in opposition. Most of us slip pleasantly enough along the tide of life by relinquishing to fashion and habit the majority of the problems which occupy mankind. Even those of us who cultivate a certain originality are content to be original in one limited direction, or within a restricted province of affairs. Few of us could endure the strain of universal opposition to the world around us. During the greater part of his life, Ibsen accepted and endured this strain. He was in the position of a man who finds himself in a lunatic asylum, and whose whole effort is concentrated on preserving his sanity intact in the midst of a world of illusion and absurdity. This is what European society, and in particular Norwegian society, appeared to Ibsen from about 1855 to 1885. He was opposed to everything; he felt himself to be a perfectly normal individual in danger of being swept away by a leaping, foaming flood of falsity and ignorance. He had not merely to try and save a few other individuals from the mass of folly, but he had the infinite strain and anxiety of trying to keep himself from any unintentional conformity with the mass.

It is not to do injustice to his positive value and merit to say that in this excessive tension, this rigidity of revolt, Ibsen betrayed the fact that to him society meant a relatively small and positively provincial segment of the great European body. It is impossible to believe that the struggle would have been so vehement if the fatherland had been France, for instance, or even Italy. It would have been

less in a society still more rudimentary than his own, — such, for instance, as that of Russia. Ibsen was a product of civilization, which Tolstoi was not, but he was the product of an impoverished and remote civilization, of a people suffering from that radical inaptitude for receiving the truth which comes from knowing too much and yet not enough. Before 1870, — when the war in Europe, with its vast reverberations, revolutionized the spiritual life of Norway, — it was a country of timid thoughts and vapid appreciations. There could have been no odder irony than that such a man as Ibsen should come out of such a country as was the unreformed Norway, the country of moral and intellectual twilight, even as we see it portrayed in Welhaven's despairing sonnets. There the spiritual soil was dense and dry; nothing could be done to vitalize it until, as Ibsen said so late as 1879, the plough-share ran deep into its substance, and let in light and air by breaking up the old conventions and smashing the hypocrisies to bits. But what a strain, to the temper and to the heart, to believe one's self created to be the plough to till that harsh field from dawn to dark!

He felt it to be absolutely necessary to put a sensible distance between Norway and himself, and this is the secret of that voluntary exile of so many years, which is such a curious element in Ibsen's biography. Like Dante and Byron and Alfieri, he contemplates his country from a distance, unable to breathe the air of what he counts its moral dejection. Ibsen could not, at the height of his passion, conceive that other spirits, no less free than his, could endure an atmosphere in which he was blighted. "Come out from among them, carissimo!" he wrote from Rome in 1867 to Björnson in Norway; "to be at a distance is to get everything in focus." And he compared the people of Christiania to the inhabitants of Weimar, "Goethe's worst public." He writes in almost exactly the same tone to Magdalene Thoresen, the

aged novelist, and to Kristian Elster, the youthful poet. It is like the cry of an evangelist, warning the few just dwellers in a City of the Plain to come out quickly and be separate. When at last he was persuaded to return to the North, he could not endure being watched by "cold and stupid Norwegian eyes gazing out of the windows" in the streets of Christiania. There is something painfully sensitive, like the wincing of a wounded animal that growls, in Ibsen's attitude to Norway during these long years; and it is curious that, if he is severe in his dramas, he is far more so in his more private utterances, those, namely, in his poems and his letters.

Ibsen was directly hostile to all that made up popular feeling in the third quarter of the century. That was an epoch in which all things were looked for from the State, when the individual was expected to shrink back into the ranks and be lost, when the combinations of polities, the extension of trade, the development and discipline of military systems, were of paramount interest to Europe. In the midst of all this rarification, Ibsen, the most impassioned of individualists, found it impossible to breathe. He wrote to Magdalene Thoresen, in 1868, that nothing but a great national disaster would make Norway a country in which a man could live in happiness. He compared such an one as himself to a hunted creature, fleeing from its enemies and asking for nothing more than a solitary place in which to lie down and die. If he had not Rome to shelter him, he had said in 1865, — Rome with its "unspeakable sense of peace," — Rome "that has no political ambition, no commercial spirit, no military dreams," — Rome where alone on earth "there is beauty and health and truth and quietude," — he knew not where in this troubled Europe he could hide his head and endure the wickedness of men.

Against this he was steadily fighting all the time. When Rome became the capital of Italy, and so no longer a place

for him, Ibsen folded his tents and went over the Alps to Dresden. Here, in his Saxon refuge, he took up, as before, his unceasing battle against all the political and social conditions which were then unacceptable in Norway, carrying on with vigor his self-constituted duty as *stats-satyriskus*, or public hangman, consistently and vigorously lashing those who were in power. In 1872, reviewing what he had accomplished, he admitted a faint satisfaction in having made the political leaders of his country a little ashamed of themselves and Norway not a little ashamed of them. But he was then only on the threshold of his activity; if he had *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* behind him, *Ghosts* and *The Enemy of the People* and *A Doll's House* were still undreamed of. Until, in 1891, he made his peace with Norway, he continued indefatigable in attack. It was the form his patriotism took, the bitterness of one who loves and sees the beloved descending into paths unworthy of her fame and glory.

Like Euripides, with whom it will be found that Ibsen had curious affinities, the Norwegian poet was essentially an "agitator of the people." He was born to stir the pools, to trouble the sleeping waters. But his attitude of revolt was one which was so marked that it could not preclude some manifestations of character which laid themselves open to reproach. If Christiania, in the seventies, had possessed an Aristophanes, a brilliant and unsparing defender of the old ideas in new forms, it is easy to suppose that the emphasis and subtlety of Ibsen would have offered him matchless opportunities of ridicule. The intense personal individualism of the dramatist offered an easy bait to satire, for it expressed itself in a wide variety of ways. A man does not conceive all his contemporaries to be in the wrong, without himself straining, at various points, the code of what is graceful and becoming. The fierceness of Ibsen took all manner of literary forms; it ran the whole gamut between the lofty rage of *Brand's*

sermons, and the shrill note of private pique which animates *At Port Said*. His Muse speaks now like a sibyl and now like a slighted nursery governess. In the world of spiritual matters Ibsen was a martyr, but he was also a tyrant, and he was too confident that everybody else was wrong not to trample upon his opponents when he found they were beginning to agree with him. We shall not do justice to Ibsen, as the supreme poetical "agitator" of his age, unless we give a glance to this aspect of his career.

In the absence of an Aristophanes, the comic press in Scandinavia did what justice it could to certain phases of the character of Ibsen, particularly as it was manifested after his misunderstandings with Norway were at an end, and he had become the cynosure of every curious eye in his daily stroll along Carl Johans-gade. I believe that the caricatures of Ibsen will be eagerly collected one of these days by those who are anxious to comprehend the effect he produced on his contemporaries. He "lent himself," as people say, to caricature, and this is an art which has had brilliant proficients in each of the three Scandinavian countries. Ibsen, glum and surly amid the frenzied plaudits of his admirers at a banquet; Ibsen, dressed in the height, and beyond the height, of fashion, brushing up his whiskers by the help of a top-hat like a mirror; Ibsen, turning his back on a deputation of adoring ladies, leaving them planted, in short, upon their knees; these and a hundred more, in their amusing exaggeration, testified to the violence of his individuality, to the public consistency of his self-esteem. But, above all others, there recurs to my memory a caricature of some fifteen years ago, in a Danish paper, professing to give a picture of the king of Denmark granting an audience to the Norwegian poet. Christian IX, languid, affable, and immensely tall, bends graciously to receive Ibsen, who, represented as not more than three feet high, struts toward him through two files of flunkies, his bushy head set high in air,

and every inch of his body, from the top-most crest of hair to the tips of the tiny varnished boots, vibrating with gratified importance. In these absurd and entertaining designs future critics will find valuable material for completing their investigation into the real nature of this extraordinary man of genius, who felt strong enough, in the might of his enormous self-consciousness, to take the civilization of his country in his teeth, and to shake it as a terrier shakes a rat.

## II

If we set ourselves to see what external circumstances had to do with the development of this unique temperament, we are struck by the unity of the design of Providence. Everything combined to make Ibsen what he became. The forces which surrounded his early years were of a nature to destroy an individuality less vigorous than his, but they led and strengthened him. The spirit of Ibsen threw upon hardship as Mithridates was said to have flourished and grown fat upon poison. In reviewing the life of Ibsen, the first point which strikes us is that he proceeded from a severe puritanical family. The house in Skien, where he was born in 1828, was burned down a few years ago. I once expressed to Ibsen my sympathy for the inhabitants of Skien, thus deprived of their only hostage to immortality. He replied, "Don't pity them for losing my birthplace; they did n't deserve to have it." (Somewhat the same sentiment was expressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, about his own birthplace in Cambridge.) To this house, so properly destroyed, to this town of Skien, so predisposed for humiliation, Ibsen was always a stranger. He left the father and mother whom he scarcely knew, the town which he hated, the schoolmates and schoolmasters to whom he seemed a surly dunce, in his fifteenth year. We find him next, with an apron round his middle, and a pestle in his hand, pounding drugs in a little apothecary's shop in Grimstad.

What *Blackwood's* so basely insinuated of Keats, — "back to the shop, Mr. John, stick to plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes," — inappropriate to the author of *Endymion*, was strictly true of the author of *Peer Gynt*.

Curiosity and hero-worship once took the author of these lines to Grimstad. It is a marvelous object-lesson on the development of genius. For six whole years (from 1844 to 1850), — and those years the most important of all in the moulding of character and talent, — one of the most original and far-reaching imaginations which Europe has seen for a century was cooped up here among ointment-boxes, pills, and plasters. Grimstad is a small, isolated, melancholy place, connected with nothing at all, visitable only by steamer. Featureless hills surround it, and it looks out into the east wind, over a dark bay, dotted with naked rocks. No industry, no objects of interest in the vicinity, a perfect uniformity of little red houses where nobody seems to be doing anything; in Ibsen's time there are said to have been about three hundred of these apathetic inhabitants. Here, then, for six interminable years, one of the acutest brains in Europe had to interest itself in braying ipecacuanha and mixing black draughts behind an apothecary's counter. In a document of extreme interest, which seems somehow to have escaped the notice of his commentators, — the preface to the second (1876) edition of *Catilina*, — Ibsen has described what the external influences were which found him in the wretchedness of Grimstad; they were the revolution of February, 1848, the risings in Hungary, the first Schleswig war. He wrote a series of sonnets, now apparently lost, to King Oscar, imploring him to take up arms for the help of Denmark; and of nights, when all his duties were over at last and the shop shut up, he would creep to the garret where he slept, and dream himself fighting at the centre of the world, instead of lost on its extreme circumference. And here he began his first drama, the opening lines of which, —

"I must, I must; a voice is crying to me  
From my soul's depth, and I will follow it,"—  
might be taken as the epigraph of Ibsen's  
whole lifework. In one of his letters to  
Georg Brandes, he has noted, with that  
clairvoyance which marks all his utterances  
about himself, the "full-blooded egotism"  
which developed in him during  
his years of mental and moral starvation  
at Grimstad. Through the whole series  
of his satiric dramas, we see the little nar-  
row-minded borough, with its ridiculous  
officials, its pinched and hypocritical  
social order, its intolerable laws and  
ordinances, modified a little, expanded  
sometimes, modernized and brought up  
to date, but always there. To the last,  
the images and the rebellions which were  
burned into his soul at Grimstad were  
presented over and over again to his  
readers.

What began in darkness at Skien, and  
went on in humiliation at Grimstad, only  
took fresh forms of distress when he  
broke away in 1850 to Christiania. When  
some one asked him, long afterwards,  
what elements had supported his youth,  
Ibsen answered, "Doubt and despondency,"—*tvil og mismod, tvil og mismod!* This is remarkable as being the exact opposite of the ordinary poetic philosophy, as we find it laid down, for instance, in Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*, where the "happy Child of Earth" collects in youth a store of joy and genial faith, to serve against that inevitable winter when he must be invaded by "solitude, distress, and pain of heart." The idea that the Poet, as a species of dormouse, stores nuts of joy against a chilly day, is common to the optimism of modern literature. Ibsen, préeminently, is not the dupe of it, and it is to a youth of despondency and privation that he felt he owed a manhood of independent vigor. His childhood oppressed by poverty and the absence of affection, his youth by a vain struggle for recognition and the burden of debts, his manhood by solitude in exile and bitter detraction at home,—the lot of Ibsen seems at first sight one of

the least enviable in literary history. But all these deadly troubles proved merely cordials and elixirs upon which his genius flourished, spreading through their darkness into the light and air. It is an instance which may well cause a determinist to question the wisdom of his formula, since, if ever there was presented to us a character which thrrove in unceasing resistance to the motives acting upon it, it was surely that of Ibsen.

In the history of Danish literature, which had up to the close of the eighteenth century been the literature of Norway also, Ibsen found a prototype for many of his revolts against convention and for much of his temper of resistance. This was the encyclopedic genius Holberg, who represents at its highest point of development the Scandinavian mind during the eighteenth century. The relation of Ibsen to Holberg was not unlike that of M. Anatole France to Voltaire. Holberg had striven to create a sentiment of personal freedom in the society of his day. Like Ibsen, he had hated a political liberty which was not the outward and visible sign of a liberty of heart and brain. He held that it was in isolation, in defiance, that a man learned to preserve all that was noblest and best in his individual nature. Between Holberg and Ibsen there lay a hundred years of what was called, and what no doubt deserved to be called, progress of a material and economical kind; but the advance had been made in the interests of the citizen as a unit in the mass, not in those of a man as such. Ibsen was no assiduous reader, and at no time a great lover of books, but he could break off his meditations at any time to reread, with rapture, the rich comedies of Holberg. In that writer he found characteristics which appealed to him as did none others in modern literature. It is unfortunate that this theme can hardly be pursued with much profit to Anglo-Saxon readers, for no interpretation of the works of the great Danish writer has hitherto been attempted in English.

Ibsen agreed with La Rochefoucauld in seeing the love of self to be the fundamental principle of all activity. The long and weary years in Skien, in Grimstad, in Bergen, while they seemed to pass over his character without moulding it in any way, had this eminent result: they emphasized and deepened his extreme intellectual reliance on himself. No one has felt less than Ibsen did the need of having a helper, a spirit of sympathy, walking at his side. When he was twenty-one, on his arrival in Christiania, he formed a close friendship with a peasant-schoolmaster, Aasmund Vinje, who was ten years Ibsen's senior. Vinje, who was a poet of independent merit and a vigorous ironical thinker, was the first person of cultivated intellect whom Ibsen had met. He was a revolutionist, a skeptic, he, too, an "agitator of the people," and it is said that in *Peer Gynt* we have a portrait of him. They became close friends for a while, and the biographers of the greater poet have labored to discover why Ibsen, so youthful, so inexperienced, at the most malleable age, did not succumb to the fascination of Vinje. They overlook the fact that, from the very first, it was impossible for Ibsen to succumb to any influence. He could accompany Vinje, he could enjoy his conversation and his society, but the moment that there was a difference of opinion between them, it was Vinje whose attitude was modified, not Ibsen.

Again, in the very interesting and important matter of Ibsen's lifelong relations with Björnson, a subject of which there was practically nothing comprehensible until the publication of Ibsen's *Letters* in 1904, we see the natural result of the vicinity of a straight line to an undulating one. In private amiability, Björnson is shown to have exceeded Ibsen; his generosity of spirit and of act is charming. But Björnson, forever altering his immediate point of view, forever yielding to new spiritual attractions and grasping at new public aims, crosses and recrosses the path of Ibsen, with the

result that shock upon shock of private emotion follows. It is very interesting — and this matter is sure to occupy more and more closely the attention of literary historians — that both these men, the summits of intellectual attainment in their time and country, had the same desire to analyze and create "a royal soul" in which the ideal of Norwegian manhood should culminate. The place which the idea of a king takes in the works of Ibsen and Björnson is highly interesting to us, who have just seen Haakon VII, amid the frenzied shouts of a nation united as it was never united before, take his seat on the throne of a wholly independent Norway. But Björnson's private friendship with Ibsen throughout all this period of their striving toward a common point depended, with meteorological precision, on Björnson's agreement with Ibsen. Ibsen never budged, never resigned a point. If Pollux started on a new tack, he lost the friendship of his mighty twin; but it was no part of the business of Castor to pursue him on his course, or to persuade him back to unity.

## III

The temperament which we have attempted to indicate, absolutely self-convinced, nourished upon questioning and despondency, led forth slowly into unflinching exposure of what it deems to be error, feebleness, want of consistent activity, is one which is likely in no case to develop quickly, and which, translated into the field of literature, depends for its ultimate reception on the degree to which its attitude is accepted by the most liberated spirits of the next age as being just and honest and wholesome. As late as 1879, Ibsen, no whit moved to suppose that his own position was a false one, still despaired of the redemption of Norway. His words are striking enough to awaken the most indifferent. To a generation absolutely wrapped up in moral and religious Podsnapery, to whom a new thought

could no more penetrate than a breeze of spring to a Lapp through his skins and his oils, Ibsen says: "So long as a nation considers it more important to build chapels than theatres, so long as it is more willing to support a mission to the Zulus than to endow an art-museum, so long we perceive that it lies bound hand and foot by dark monkish traditions of the Middle Ages, which stifle its breath and render null its very being." Any notion of levity suggested by the prominence given here to theatres will be removed at once if we consider that the stage was regarded by Ibsen, all through his career, not as a means of entertainment in any trivial sense, but as the platform from which most popularly and vividly and convincingly a man of genius can proclaim the ethical faith which is in him.

Here, again, how close is the likeness to Euripides! To the ordinary poet-dramatist, as to Sophocles, the scene of a romantic play is miraculous and remote, drowned in a haze of imagination. But to the author of *An Enemy of the People*, as to the author of *Orestes* or *Hercules Furens*, the actual conditions of the world about us take a full poetic gravity, without ceasing to be absolutely modern, and if the appeal to moral truth is more direct, more poignant, more "agitating," in the theatre than in the conventicle, it is the former and not the latter which calls for public encouragement and support. And the poet must definitely say so, even though his words sound scandalous.

The agitation produced by *Brand* and by *Peer Gynt*, however, had scarcely amounted to scandal, and at the worst there was a large and influential body of readers in the North who approved of the direct appeal to the conscience of the country which was made in those famous lyrical dramas. Ten years and more passed, during which time Ibsen was gradually accepted as an enthusiastic poet of reform, who might "go too far" in his outspoken diatribes, but whose heart was in the right place. I myself, in 1872 and later, heard this opinion ex-

pressed in Norway by country pastors and people of that class, who read *Brand* with a shudder and *Peer Gynt* and *Love's Comedy* with a somewhat exasperated smile, but who supposed that these were the wild oats of a dramatist who would settle down, and be as other successful dramatists are. But this tame kind of acceptance did not disarm Ibsen in the slightest degree. He thought that the sleeper had turned in his slumber and had muttered, but that he had gone to sleep again. The complacency of Scandinavian thought maddened him, whether to himself it might happen to come bringing blessings or curses. The lesson of *Brand* was taken as being a religious, and even a Protestant one; it leveled itself down to an exhortation to Norse ministers of religion to be more zealous, and less engaged with their personal comfort. And all Norwegians, who were not in orders, smiled, and said that the lesson was well deserved.

It seemed to the satirist that he had failed. He said that it was a mere accident that his hero was a priest; he might just as well have been a politician or a sculptor. (We may note, in passing, that, long afterwards, he dealt precisely with sculptors and with politicians.) He even thought of taking Galileo as a subject, and of making him die sooner than admit to a hypocritical world that the sun goes round the earth. He thought of Holberg, as he always did in an intellectual crisis, and dreamed of a new *Erasmus Monatanus*. In some way or other he must rouse the slumbering conscience, by some fierce imaginative pang, some stab of the pen into the very vitals. He made several efforts to show that he made no truce, that he was still carrying war into the enemy's quarters, and these efforts produced their measure of "agitation." But nothing stabbed home, nothing forced the army of obscurantism to pause in its measured retreat, and face him, if only for a moment, with a shriek of rage and pain, so completely as *Ghosts*.

The production of this amazing play

marks a crisis in the history of the modern drama. For the first time, the most indulgent were obliged to perceive that Ibsen's aim was not to produce a more or less satirical entertainment, but to stagger the national conscience by presenting to it an absolutely momentous dilemma. It is needless to revive the memory of the sensation *Ghosts* produced, the half-heartedness with which even Ibsen's best European admirers were inclined to receive it, the terrific clatter of a blind and foolish press. If we want a sign of the progress liberty of discussion has made since 1882, we may simply compare what responsible criticism says of *Ghosts* today with what it said then. But the curious thing is that Ibsen himself, who had been surprised at the comparative calmness with which his ever-growing public had accepted *Julian the Apostle* and *A Doll's House*, was taken aback by the scandal which *Ghosts* created. He paused for a moment, as one pauses if a gun is fired at one's ear, but in a moment he had recovered his equanimity. He rejoiced to find that he had not exaggerated the moral decrepitude of the masses. Even Björnson failed him, but he did not care. He wrote to Brandes: "Björnson says, the majority is always right. And as a practical politician he is bound to say so. But it is inevitable that I should say, the minority is always right." His audacity had divided from the dwindling company of the wise all those "men of stagnation" who thought to avoid coming to any logical conclusion by attaching themselves, in their moral mediocrity, to the safe and central party who called themselves Liberals. He was rid of them at last; *Ghosts* had sent them twittering to their hiding-places, and the poet sat down to write what is perhaps the very strongest of all his studies of life, his magnificent *Enemy of the People*. Here, with more complete lucidity than anywhere else, and under the most transparent of allegories, is written down Ibsen's attitude to the world of selfish reservation and vain pretense that he saw

around him. Stockmann is Ibsen himself, in the guise of a fierce monk of the Thebaid, as he strides into the lassitude of Alexandria with a goatskin round his loins.

The theme of *Brand* had been the necessity of renunciation in every sincere human effort after an absolute moral idea. That humanity was sure to fail, the poet saw, but he still thought that it might fail nobly. But as he advanced in experience, his pessimism grew upon him. He came to the conclusion that the moral effort is bound to fail, basely pressed out of place by the omnipresence of conventionality. In *A Doll's House*—and there is no passage in Ibsen's writings which shows a more cruel insight into the weakness of mankind—the central ethical interest surrounds the attitude of Helmer before and after the arrival of the letter in which Krogstad abandons his persecution of Nora. Here Ibsen displays, with irresistible skill, the powerlessness of a modern man to accept moral ideas solely on their own merits. When Helmer is assured that his own reputation is not to suffer, instantly, almost automatically, his anger falls, and his indignation with the erring Nora ceases. It has not been the offense itself, but the social punishment, which has affected him. This is an exposure of the vulgarity of individuals; in *The Enemy of the People* we see gibeted the grosser vulgarity of crowds. Finally, *The Wild Duck*, that mysterious and singular poem, seems to involve the whole race, the reforming minority with the stagnating majority, in one savage denunciation of the degeneracy of man.

From that point, twenty years ago, there came a softer influence over the genius of Ibsen. With *Rosmersholm* there appeared the element of symbol, in which, while retaining to the full the strenuous examination of conscience, the severity of the test was a little reduced, and an element of the purely poetic admitted. It should never be forgotten that Ibsen is primarily a poet by profession. The

works of his early manhood are matchless in the profusion of their melody and the ingenuity of their versification. But in writing the five great prose dramas at which we have just briefly glanced, actual æsthetic beauty seemed to the author of no avail, and he abandoned it. In the five subsequent masterpieces (and even in *When we Dead Awaken*, which is a work of physical decadence) the element of beauty is restored. It is most evenly suffused, perhaps, in *The Lady from the Sea* and *Master-Builder Solness*; but the last act of *John Gabriel Borkman*, and the entire symbolism on which *Rosmersholm* and *Little Eyolf* rest, are full of it. *Hedda Gabler* remains, where it is not paradoxical to see beauty rather in the exquisite, the almost perfect, technical harmony of the construction, than in anything in the subject matter of the piece itself.

Throughout his career, Ibsen was accused of encouraging ugliness, both in the subjects and in the manner of his work. This charge has, I think, to be faced, and is not met by a mere negative. The truth seems to me to be this. In his earlier works, for a judgment on which some knowledge of the Dano-Norwegian language is indispensable, Ibsen cultivated formal beauty to the height of his skill. The play called *The Banquet at Solhaug*, which he published in 1856, has never been translated into English, and is entirely unknown to those who cannot approach the original. It is essentially a youthful and a hyper-romantic production, so full of youth that the dialogue breaks into rhymed dancing measures as if against its will. There are characters in it who cannot appear on the stage but the metre leaps into rhyme at their approach. This is not an Ibsen to which the charge of ugliness can be attached. Nor is there any feature of the sagas-dramas more notable than the sculptural beauty of the prose in which they are written, nor of the trilogy which began in *Love's Comedy* more prominent than the nimbleness of fancy and the adroit variety of appropriate metrical effect.

But there came a moment when Ibsen felt constrained to abandon the principles of æsthetic beauty. The reasons which led him to take a step which seemed so suicidal were clearly set forth in a now famous letter, addressed to myself (January 15, 1874). He explained that he wished to divest himself of every rag of the old ideal romanticism, to descend to the common speech of mortals, and leave the gods to talk verse on their Olympus. His view is now generally understood, and needs not to be repeated here. He desired to come close down to average human nature, and everybody admits that by doing so he obtained for his work enormous advantage in vitality, novelty, and sharpness of touch. We should all have been inestimably the losers if he had taken the foolish advice I gave him in 1874, and had written *Julian the Apostate* in blank verse. His new theory was amply justified by his success. At the same time, it is to miss the point of his sacrifice to argue that nothing was relinquished. If we speak merely of beauty, — beauty of form, beauty of fancy, beauty of symbol, — there was a sacrifice which, to a poet so exquisitely organized as Ibsen was, must have been immense. The charge of ugliness, if it is brought against *Ghosts* and *The Wild Duck*, has to be admitted. These dramas have admirable qualities, but beauty is not among them.

But in the dramas of his third period, the lost element of beauty triumphantly reappeared. Ibsen did not return to verse, and undoubtedly he was wise. His lyrical faculty had probably declined with age, while his peculiar prose was an instrument which he had now learned to practice upon to perfection. There were no metrical ornaments in the later plays, but the poet contrived to flood them with an atmosphere of beauty. *The Lady from the Sea* seems drowned in a golden blaze of afternoon light, like a Cuyp; *Little Eyolf* is set against a background of woodland and water, as dark and lustrous as a Ruysdael. It was as though the dramatist felt that his harshest work of

mere diagnosis was over, that he had taken the blunt facts of physiology enough into consideration. His life's work would not be fully performed unless he made a second appeal to the imagination, and salved some of the wounds which he had made by his satire. So he permitted his real nature as a poet to reassert itself, and symbolic charm resumed its place in his work; thus, as future criticism cannot fail to perceive more and more clearly, rounding that work to its final orbic fullness.

## IV

Having accustomed ourselves to regard Ibsen as a disturbing and revolutionizing force, which met with the utmost resistance at the outset, and was gradually accepted before the close of his career, we may try to define what the nature of his revolt was, and what it was, precisely, that he attacked. It may be roughly said that what peculiarly roused the animosity of Ibsen was the character which has become stereotyped in one order of ideas, good in themselves but gradually outworn by use, and which cannot admit ideas of a new kind. Ibsen meditated upon the obscurantism of the old régime until he created figures like Rosmer, in whom the characteristics of that school are crystallized. From the point of view which would enter sympathetically into the soul of Ibsen and look out on the world from his eyes, there is no one of his plays more valuable than *Rosmersholm*. It dissects the decrepitude of ancient formulas, it surveys the ruin of ancient faiths. The curse of heredity lies upon Rosmer, who is highly intelligent up to a certain point, but who can go no farther than intelligence. Even if he is persuaded that a new course of action would be salutary, he cannot move,—he is bound in invisible chains. It is useless to argue with Rosmer; his reason accepts the line of logic, but he simply cannot, when it comes to action, cross the bridge where Beate threw herself into the torrent.

But Ibsen had not the ardor of the fighting optimist. He was one who "doubted clouds would break," who dreamed, since "right was worsted, wrong would triumph." With Robert Browning he had but this one thing in common, that both were fighters, both "held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better," but the dark fatalism of the Norwegian poet was in other things in entire opposition to the sunshiny hopefulness of the English one. Browning and Ibsen alike considered that the race must be reformed periodically or it would die. The former anticipated reform as cheerily as the sower expects harvest. Ibsen had no such happy certainty. He was convinced of the necessity of breaking up the old illusions, of the imperative call for revolt, but his faith wavered as to the success of the new movements. The old order, in its resistance to all change, is very strong. It may be shaken, but it is the work of a blind Samson, and no less, to bring it rattling to the ground. In *Rosmersholm* all the modern thought, all the vitality, all the lucidity belong to Rebecca, but the decrepit formulas are stoutly entrenched. In the end it is not the new idea which conquers; it is the antique house, with its traditions, its avenging vision of white horses, which breaks the too-clairvoyant Rebecca.

This doubt of the final success of intelligence, this obstinate question whether, after all, as we so glibly intimate, the old order changeth at all, whether, on the contrary, it has not become a Juggernaut-car that crushes all originality and independence in action,—this breathes more and more plainly out of the progressing work of Ibsen. Hedda Gabler condemns the old order, in its dullness, its stifling mediocrity, but she is unable to adapt her energy to any wholesome system of new ideas, and she sinks into mere moral dissolution. She hates all that has been done, yet can herself do nothing, and she represents, in symbol, that hateful condition of spirit which cannot create, though it sees the need of creation, and

can only show the horror which its sterility awakens within it by destruction. All Hedda can actually do to assert her energy is to burn the manuscript of Lövborg and to kill herself with General Gabler's pistol. The race must be reformed or die; the Hedda Gablers who adorn its latest phase do best to die.

We have seen that Ibsen's theory was that love of self is the fundamental principle of all activity. It is the instinct of self-preservation and self-amelioration which leads to every manifestation of revolt against stereotyped formulas of conduct. Between the excessive ideality of Rebecca and the decadent sterility of Hedda Gabler comes another type, perhaps more sympathetic than either, the master-builder, Solness. He, too, is led to condemn the old order, but in the act of improving it he is overwhelmed upon his pinnacle, and swoons to death, "dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing." Ibsen's exact meaning in the detail of these symbolic plays will long be discussed, but they repay the closest and most reiterated study. Perhaps the most curious of all is *The Lady from the Sea*, which has been examined from the technically psychological view by a learned French philosopher, M. Jules de Gaultier. For M. de Gaultier the interest which attaches to Ibsen's conception of human life, with its conflicting instincts and responsibilities, is more fully centred in *The Lady from the Sea* than in any other of his productions.

The theory of the French writer is that Ibsen's constant aim is to reconcile and to conciliate the two biological hypotheses which have divided opinion in the nineteenth century, and which are known respectively by the names of Cuvier and Lamarck: namely, that of the invariability of species and that of the mutability of organic forms. In the reconciliation of these hypotheses Ibsen finds the only process which is truly encouraging to life. According to this theory, all the trouble, all the weariness, all the waste, of moral existences around us comes from the

neglect of one or other of these principles, and true health, social or individual, is impossible without the harmonious application of them both. According to this view, the apotheosis of Ibsen's genius, or at least the most successful elucidation of his scheme of ideological drama, is reached in the scene in *The Lady from the Sea*, where Wangel succeeds in winning the heart of Ellida back from the fascination of the Stranger. Certainly, in this mysterious and strangely attractive play Ibsen insists more than anywhere else on the necessity of taking physiology into consideration in every discussion of morals. He refers, like a zoölogist, to the laws which regulate the formation and the evolution of species, and the decision of Ellida, on which so much depends, is an amazing example of the limitation of the power of change produced by heredity. The extraordinary ingenuity of M. de Gaultier's analysis of this play deserves recognition; whether it can quite be accepted as embraced by Ibsen's intention may be doubtful. At the same time, let us recollect that, however subtle our refinements become, the instinct of Ibsen was probably subtler still.

In 1850, when Ibsen first crept forward with the glimmering taper of his *Catilina*, there was but one person in the world who fancied that the light might pass from lamp to lamp, and in half a century form an important part of the intellectual illumination of Europe. The one person who did suspect it was, of course, Ibsen himself. Against all probability and common sense, this apothecary's assistant, this ill-educated youth, who had just been plucked in his preliminary examination, who positively was, and remained, unable to pass the first tests and become a student at the university, maintained in his inmost soul the belief that he was born to be "a knight of thought." The impression is perhaps not uncommon among ill-educated lads; what makes this case unique, and defeats our educational formulas, is that it happened to be true. But the impact of Ibsen with the

social order of his age was unlucky, we see, from the first; it was perhaps more unlucky than that of any other great man of the same class with whose biography we have been made acquainted. He was at daggers drawn with all that was successful and respectable and "nice" from the outset of his career until near the end of it.

Hence we need not be surprised if in the tone of his message to the world there is something acrimonious, something that tastes in the mouth like aloes. He prepared a dose for a sick world, and he made it as nauseous and astringent as he could, for he was not inclined to be one of those physicians who mix jam with their julep. There was no other writer of genius in the nineteenth century who was so bitter in dealing with human frailty as Ibsen was. By the side of his cruel clearness the satire of Carlyle is bluster, the diatribes of Leopardi shrill and thin. All other reformers seem angry and benevolent by turns; Ibsen is uniformly and impartially stern. That he probed deeper into the problems of life than any other modern dramatist is acknowledged, but it was his surgical calmness which enabled him to do it. The problem-plays of Alexandre Dumas *filis* flutter with emotion, with prejudice and pardon. But Ibsen, without impatience, examines under his microscope all the protean forms of organic social life, and coldly draws up his diagnosis like a report. We have to think of him as thus ceaselessly occupied. Long before a sentence was written, he had invented and studied, in its remotest branches, the life-history of the characters who were to move in his play. Nothing was unknown to him of their experience, and for nearly two years, like a coral-insect, he was building up the scheme of them in silence. Odd little objects, fetishes which represented people to him, stood arranged on his writing-table, and were never to be touched. He gazed at them until, as if by some feat of black magic, he turned them into living persons, typical and yet individual.

The actual writing down of the dialogue was swift and easy, when the period of incubation was complete. Each of his plays presupposed a long history behind it; each started, like an ancient Greek tragedy, in the full process of catastrophe. This method of composition was extraordinary, was perhaps unparalleled. It accounted in measure for the coherency, the inevitability, of all the detail, but it also accounted for some of the difficulties which meet us in the task of interpretation. Ibsen calls for an expositor, and will doubtless give occupation to an endless series of scholiasts. They will not easily exhaust their theme, and to the last something will escape, something will defy their most careful examination. It is not disrespectful to his memory to claim that Ibsen sometimes packed his stuff too closely. Criticism, when it marvels most at the wonder of his genius, is constrained to believe that he sometimes threw too much of his soul into his composition, that he did not stand far enough away from it always to command its general effect. The result, especially in the later symbolical plays, is too vibratory, and excites the spectator too much.

One very curious example of Ibsen's minute care is found in the copiousness of his stage directions. He has been imitated in this, and we have grown used to it; but thirty years ago it seemed extravagant and needless. As a fact, it was essential to the absolutely complete image which Ibsen desired to produce. The stage directions in his plays cannot be "skipped" by any reader who desires to follow the dramatist's thought step by step, without losing the least link. These notes of his intention will be of ever-increasing value as the recollection of his personal wishes is lost. In 1899, Ibsen remarked to me that it was almost useless for actors nowadays to try to perform the comedies of Holberg, because there were no stage directions and the tradition was lost. Of his own work, fortunately, that can never be said. Dr. Verrall, in his brilliant and penetrating

studies of the Greek tragedians, has pointed out more than once the "undesigned and unforeseen defect, with which, in studying ancient drama, we must perpetually reckon," namely, the loss of the action and of the equivalent stage directions. It is easy to imagine "what problems Shakespeare would present if he were printed like the *Poetae Scenici Gracci*," and not more difficult to realize how many things there would be to puzzle us in *Ghosts* and *The Wild Duck* if we possessed nothing but the bare text.

## v

The body of work so carefully conceived, so long maintained, so passionately executed, was far too disturbing in its character to be welcome at first. In the early eighties the name of Ibsen was loathed in Norway, and the attacks on him which filled the press were often of an extravagant character. At the present moment, any one conversant with Norwegian society, who will ask a priest or a schoolmaster, an officer or a doctor, what has been the effect of Ibsen's influence, will be surprised at the unanimity of the reply. Opinions may differ as to the attractiveness of the poet's art or of its skill, but there is an almost universal admission of its beneficial tendency. Scarcely will a voice be found to demur to the statement that Ibsen let fresh air and light into the national life, that he roughly but thoroughly awakened the national conscience, that even works like *Ghosts*, which shocked, and works like *Rosmersholm*, which insulted, the prejudices of his countrymen, were excellent in their result. The conquest of Norway by this dramatist, who reviled and attacked and abandoned his native land, who railed at every national habit, and showed a worm at the root of every national tradition, is amazing. The fierce old man lived long enough to be accompanied to his grave "to the noise of the mourning of a nation," and he who had almost starved in exile to be con-

ducted to the last resting-place by a parliament and a king.

It must always be borne in mind that, although Ibsen's appeal is to the whole world, — his determination to use prose aiding him vastly in this dissemination, — yet it is to Norway that he belongs, and it is at home that he is best understood. No matter how acrid his tone, no matter how hard and savage the voice with which he prophesied, the accord between his country and himself was complete long before the prophet was silent. As he walked about, the strange, picturesque old man, in the streets of Christiania, his fellow citizens gazed at him with a little fear, but with some affection, and with unbounded reverence. They understood at last what the meaning of his message had been, and how closely it applied to themselves, and how much the richer and healthier for it their civic atmosphere had become. They would say, as the soul of Dante said in the *Vita Nuova* :—

è costui  
Che viene a consolar la nostra mente,  
Ed è la sua virtù tanto possente,  
Ch' altro pensier non lascia star con nui.

No words, surely, could better express the intensity with which Ibsen had pressed his moral quality, his *virtù*, upon the Norwegian conscience, not halting in his pursuit till he had captured it, and had banished from it all other ideals of conduct. No one who knows will doubt that the recent events in which Norway has taken so chivalric, and at the same time so winning and gracious, an attitude in the eyes of the world owe not a little to their being the work of a generation nurtured in that new temper of mind, that *spirito nuovo d'amore*, which was inculcated by the whole work of Ibsen.

It is natural, of course, that other nations should be oblivious of, or indifferent to, this peculiar national quality. In Sweden, for example, although he was early read there, and although he made special studies of the Swedish forms of life, he was never greatly appreciated.

He remarked, in 1872, that it was difficult for Danes and Norwegians to put themselves in a line with Swedes, whose degree of social development was so much less mature than theirs. His only real friend in Sweden was the great poet, Carl Snoilsky, long an exile, like himself. Ibsen's conquest of Danish culture was much more rapid; it was in Copenhagen, indeed, that he was earliest appreciated, and his name stood there for that of a great poet long before it was recognized in Christiania; from the publication of *Brand* onwards there was no longer any question about Ibsen's eminence among thoughtful and cultivated Danes, led throughout by the intelligent criticism of Georg Brandes. Among the Continental peoples other than Scandinavian, it was Germany that fell the soonest under Ibsen's spell. He had been accustomed to visit the north of that country from as early as 1852, and he had considerable familiarity with German customs. As a Scandinavian, the action of Prussia towards Denmark had, indeed, been odious to him, but he enjoyed German modes of life, and when the Franco-German war broke out, "I spent that great time in Dresden," he said afterwards, "to the advantage, on many points, of my apprehension of world-history and human existence." German criticism was not much occupied with him, until 1878, when *The Pillars of Society* was played in Berlin, and attracted the enthusiasm of the young. This enthusiasm, however, wavered before the storm of disfavor awakened by *Ghosts*, which managers tried for three years, without success, to present to an indignant public. The year 1887 is named as that in which German prejudice finally gave way to admiration, and Ibsen's position was secure in Germany. The feeling for his works grew until it took ludicrous forms; there appeared shoals and flights of translations, each less graceful than the other, till at last (August 31, 1892), we find Ibsen bemoaning loudly, "Alas! alas! I have far more German translators than I wish for."

In Germany, in Russia, in Holland, in Italy, Ibsen has for fifteen years past been recognized as one of the settled forces of literature. Even in France his genius is universally admitted. We must, of necessity, give a moment's attention to the different fate which has attended him in the Anglo-Saxon world. Thirty-five years have passed since Ibsen's name was first mentioned in an English newspaper, and his reputation in England and America has undergone strange vicissitudes. His clearness of delineation, his extraordinary skill in the building up of a play and in the conduct of dialogue, his force and vitality, have, somewhat grudgingly and without genial sympathy, been accepted by Anglo-Saxon criticism as facts which cannot be gainsaid. But the British public has never loved him, and his plays are seldom acted in our theatres. In our attitude toward Ibsen, we are practically at issue with the rest of the cultivated world. We admit his existence, because we cannot help doing so, but we belittle it, and we resist it as much as we possibly can. There is no doubt that this is one of the many points in which the Anglo-Saxon world stands opposed to all the rest of Europe, and to fathom the causes of it, it would be necessary to go into international questions which are not fitted to the present discussion.

Two reasons, however, may be suggested for the curious grudge which English-speaking criticism, of the second order, continues to bear against Ibsen. One is that his moral anger, his violent appeal to the conscience, are with difficulty understood by those who have grown up in the atmosphere of Anglo-Saxon optimism. Americans and Englishmen are alike in this, that they admit with extreme difficulty the idea that their national characteristics are capable of improvement. That a poet should want to diagnose the diseases of "God's own country," when it is obvious that there can be no diseases there, seems so preposterous as to rob the satire of interest.

No one could successfully attack the conventions of either of the Anglo-Saxon nations except under the disguise of gross national flattery, such as Mr. Rudyard Kipling practices, because in no other way could he secure any attention. The Germanic and Scandinavian races are less confident of their virtues, and more amenable to reflection, and they will sit through a performance of such a drama as *The Wild Duck*, asking themselves how it affects their inner nature, and what message it has to their souls. The American or English audience merely says: "What funny people! Do you suppose they are intended to be funny?"

The other possible reason is allied to the first. It is that by a long-confirmed habit, based upon our manners, the Anglo-Saxon world really tolerates the theatre only as a place of physical entertainment. This is the indignity which Puritanism has succeeded in fixing upon the stage.

The time is passed when fanaticism was able to close the playhouse altogether, or even to make it a sort of disgrace to be seen attending it. The most respectable people may now go to the play, but there lingers this result of Puritan prejudice, that nothing seen at the play can be, or ought to be, grave or intellectual. Accordingly, as none but dolls can be depended on to betray no mental or moral emotions, the Anglo-Saxon world has decided that its stage shall be inanimate; the figures which move on it shall always be puppets, — romantic, social, pantomimic, pathetic, what you will, but always puppets, — figures in whom is not the dangerous breath of life. Countries in which such a convention holds can never have a general apprehension of what the majestic, sinister, and powerfully vitalized dramatic art of Ibsen means to nations which have not enjoyed the advantages of Puritan paralysis.

## THE IGNOMINY OF BEING GROWN-UP

BY SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHIERS

My greatest intellectual privilege is my acquaintance with a philosopher. He is not one of those unsocial philosophers who put their best thoughts into books to be kept in cold storage for posterity. My philosopher is eminently social, and is conversational in his method. He belongs to the ancient school of the Peripatetics, and the more rapidly he is moving the more satisfactory is the flow of his ideas.

He is a great believer in the Socratic method. He feels that a question is its own excuse for being. The proper answer to a question is not a stupid affirmation that would close the conversation, but another question. The questions follow one another with extreme rapidity. He acts upon my mind like an air pump. His

questions speedily exhaust my small stock of acquired information. Into the mental vacuum thus produced rush all sorts of irrelevant ideas, which we proceed to share together. In this way there comes a sense of intellectual comradeship which one does not have with most philosophers.

For four years my philosopher has been interrogating Nature, and he has not begun to exhaust the subject. Though he has accumulated a good deal of experience, he is still in his intellectual prime. He has not yet reached the "school age," which in most persons marks the beginning of the senile decay of the poetic imagination.

In my walks and talks with my philosopher I have often been amazed at my

own limitations. Things which are so easy for him are so difficult for me. Particularly is this the case in regard to the more fundamental principles of philosophy. All philosophy, as we know, is the search for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. These words represent only the primary colors of the moral spectrum. Each one is broken up into any number of secondary colors. Thus the Good ranges all the way from the good to eat to the good to sacrifice one's self for; the Beautiful ascends from the most trifling prettiness to the height of the spiritually sublime; while the True takes in all manner of verities, great and small. In comparing notes with my philosopher I am chagrined at my own color-blindness. He recognizes so many superlative excellences to which I am stupidly oblivious.

In one of our walks we stop at the grocer's, I having been asked to fill the office of domestic purveyor. It is a case where the office has sought the man, and not the man the office. Lest we forget, everything has been written down so that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, — baking-powder and coffee and a dozen eggs, and last and least, and under no circumstances to be forgotten, a cake of condensed yeast. These things weigh upon my spirits. The thought of that little yeastcake shuts out any disinterested view of the store. It is nothing to me but a prosaic collection of the necessities of life. I am uncheered by any sense of romantic adventure.

Not so with my philosopher. He is in the rosy dawn of expectation. The doors are opened, and he enters into an enchanted country. His eyes grow large as he looks about him. He sees visions of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in all their bewildering, concrete variety. They are in barrels and boxes and paper bundles. They rise toward the sky in shelves that reach at least the height of the gloriously unattainable. He walks among the vales of Arcady, among pickles and cheeses. He lifts up his eyes wonderingly

to snowy Olympus crowned with Pillsbury's Best. He discovers a magic fountain, not spurting up as if it were but for a moment, but issuing forth with the mysterious slowness that befits the liquefac-tions of the earlier world. "What is that?" he asks, and I can hardly frame the prosaic word "Molasses."

"Molasses!" he cries, gurgling with content; "what a pretty word!" I had n't thought about it, but it is a pretty word, and it has come straight down from the Greek word for honey.

He discovers another work of art. Surprising pictures, glowing in color, are on the walls. These are cherubs rioting in health, smiling old men, benignant matrons, radiant maidens, all feasting on nectar and ambrosia. Here and there is a pale ascetic, with a look of agony on his emaciated face.

"What makes that man feel so bad?" asks my philosopher, anxious to extract a story from the picture. It seems like an inadequate explanation to say that he is only a martyr to his own folly in not getting the right kind of breakfast food.

For one thing, my philosopher has a great physical advantage over me when it comes to seeing things. His eyes are only two feet ten inches from the ground, while mine are some five feet ten. Three feet do not count for much when we are considering astronomical distances, but they make a great difference in the way things seem. There is a difference in the horizon line, and the realm of mystery begins much nearer. There is no dis-enchanting bird's-eye view of the counter with all things thereon. There are alluring glimpses of piled-up wealth.

There particularly is the land of the heart's desire in a square glass-covered case. There are many beautiful things in the store to be admired from below; but one supremely beautiful and delectable object is the crowning glory of the place.

The artist who spends his life in attempting to minister to dull adult sensibilities never created a masterpiece that

gave such pure delight as the candy dog which my philosopher spies.

"See the dog!" It is, indeed, a miracle of impressionist art. It is not like the dogs that bite. It offers itself alluringly to the biter,—or rather to one who would leisurely absorb it. Even now there is a vagueness of outline that suggests the still vaguer outlines it will have when it comes into the possession of a person of taste.

This treasure can be procured for one copper cent. My philosopher feels that it is a wise investment, and I thoroughly agree with him. However much the necessaries of life may have advanced in price, the prime luxuries are still within the reach of all. We still have much to be thankful for when with one cent we can purchase a perfect bliss.

It is all so interesting and satisfactory that we feel that the visit to the grocer's has been a great success. It is only when we are half way home that I remember the yeastcake.

Sometimes my philosopher insists upon my telling him a story. Then I am conscious of my awkwardness. It is as if my imagination were an old work-horse suddenly released from its accustomed tipcart and handed over to a gay young knight who is setting forth in quest of dragons. It is blind of both eyes, and cannot see a dragon any more, and only shies, now and then, when it comes to a place where it saw one long ago. There is an element of insincerity in these occasional flights which does not escape the clear-eyed critic. It gets scared at the wrong times, and forgets to prance when prancing is absolutely demanded by the situation.

When my philosopher tells a story, it is all that a story ought to be. There is no labored introduction, no tiresome analysis. It is pure story, "of imagination all compact." Things happen with no long waits between the scenes. Everything is instantly moulded to the heart's desire.

"Once upon a time there was a little

boy. And he wanted to be a cock-a-doodle-doo. So he was a cock-a-doodle-doo. And he wanted to fly up into the sky. So he did fly up into the sky. And he wanted to get wings and a tail. So he did get some wings and a tail."

Physiologists tell us that the trouble with advancing years is that the material which in youth went directly to building up the vital organs is diverted to the connective tissue, so that after a time there gets to be too much connective tissue and too little to connect. When the imagination is in its first freshness, a story is almost without connective tissue. There seems hardly enough to hold it together. There is nothing to take our minds off the successive happenings. If it is deemed desirable that a little boy should be a cock-a-doodle-doo, then he is a cock-a-doodle-doo. All else is labor and sorrow.

As a listener my philosopher is no less successful than as an improviser. He is not one of those fickle hearers whose demands for some new thing are the ruination of literary art. When he finds something beautiful it is a joy to him forever, and its loveliness increases with each repetition. In a classic tale he is quick to resent the slightest change in phraseology. There is a just severity in his rebuke when, in order to give a touch of novelty, I mix up the actions appropriate to the big bear, the little bear, and the middle-sized bear. This clumsy attempt at originality by means of a willful perversion of the truth offends him. If a person can't be original without making a mess of it, why try to be original at all?

With what keen expectancy he awaits each inevitable word, and how pleased he is to find that everything comes out as he expected! He reserves his full emotion for the true dramatic climax. If a great tragedian could be assured of having such an appreciative audience, how pleasant would be the pathway of art! The tragedy of Cock Robin reaches its hundredth night with no apparent falling off in interest. It is followed as only the finest critic will listen to the greatest

actor of an immortal drama. He is perfectly familiar with the text, and knows where the thrills come in. When the fatal arrow pierces Cock Robin's breast, it never fails to bring an appreciative exclamation, "He's killed Cock Robin!"

Of the niceties of science my philosopher takes little account, yet he loves to frequent the Museum of Natural History, and is on terms of intimacy with many of the stuffed animals. He walks as a small Adam in this Paradise, giving to each creature its name. His taste is catholic, and while he delights in the hummingbirds, he does not therefore scorn the less brilliant hippopotamus. He has no repugnance to an ugliness that is only skin deep. He reserves his disapprobation for an ugliness that seems to be a visible sign of inner ungraciousness. The small monkeys he finds amusing; but he grows grave as he passes on to the larger apes, and begins to detect in them a caricature of their betters. When we reach the orang-outang he says, "Now let's go home." Once outside the building, he remarks, "I don't like mans when they're not made nice." I agree with him; for I myself am something of a misanthropoid.

There is nothing unusual about my philosopher. He is not a prodigy or a genius. He is what a normal human being is at the age of four, when he is still in possession of all his faculties. Having eyes he sees with them, and having ears he hears with them. Having a little mind of his own, he uses it on whatever comes to hand, trying its edge on everything, just as he would try a jackknife if I would let him. He wants to cut into things and to see what they are made of. He wants to try experiments. He does n't care how they come out; he knows they will come out some way or other. Having an imagination, he imagines things, and his imagination being healthy, the things he imagines are very pleasant. In this way he comes to have a very good time with his own mind. Moreover, he is a very little person in a very big world, and he is

wise enough to know it. So instead of confining himself to the things he understands, which would not be enough to nourish his life, he manages to get a good deal of pleasure out of the things he does not understand, and so he has "an endless fountain of immortal drink."

What becomes of these imaginative, inquisitive, myth-making, light-hearted, tender-hearted, and altogether charming young adventurers who start out so gayly to explore the wonder-world?

The solemn answer comes, "They after a while are grown-up." Did you ever meditate on that catastrophe which we speak of as being "grown-up"? Habit has dulled our perception of the absurd anti-climax involved in it. You have only to compare the two estates to see that something has been lost.

You linger for a moment when the primary school has been dismissed. For a little while the stream of youthful humanity flows sluggishly on between the banks of a canal, but once beyond the school limits it returns to nature. It is a bright, foaming torrent. Not a moment is wasted. The little girls are at once exchanging confidences, and the little boys are in Valhalla, where the heroes make friends with one another by indulging in everlasting assault and battery, and continually arise "refreshed with blows." There is no question about their being all alive and actively interested in one another. All the natural reactions are exhibited in the most interesting manner.

Then you get into a street car, invented by an ingenious misanthropist to give you the most unfavorable view possible of your kind. On entering you choose sides, unless you are condemned to be suspended in the middle. Then you look at your antagonists on the opposite side. What a long, unrelenting row of humanity! These are the grown-ups. You look for some play of emotion, some evidence of curiosity, pleasure, exhilaration, such as you might naturally expect from those who are taking a little journey in the world.

Not a sign of any such emotion do you discern. They are not adventuring into a wonder-world. They are only getting over the ground. One feels like putting up a notice: "Lost; somewhere on the road between infancy and middle age, several valuable faculties. The finder will find something to his advantage."

I have no quarrel with Old Age. It should be looked upon as a reward of merit to be cheerfully striven for.

Old age hath still his honor and his toil.  
Nor do I object to the process of growth.  
It belongs to the order of nature. Growing  
is like falling,— it is all right so  
long as you keep on; the trouble comes  
when you stop.

What I object to is the fatalistic way in which people acquiesce in the arrest of their own mental development. Adolescence is exciting. All sorts of things are happening, and more are promised. Life rushes on with a sweet tumult. All things seem possible. It seems as if a lot of the unfinished business of the world is about to be put through with enthusiasm. Then, just as the process has had a fair start, some evil spirit intervenes and says: "Time's up! You've grown all you are to be allowed to. Now you must settle down,— and be quick about it! No more adolescing; you are adults!"

**Poor** adults! Nature seems to have *been* like an Indian giver, taking away the **gifts** as soon as they are received,—

The gifts of morn  
Ere life grows noisy and slower-footed thought  
Can overtake the rapture of the sense.

The extinction of the early poetry and romance which gave beauty to the first view of these realities has often been accomplished by the most deliberate educational processes. There are two kinds of education,— that which educates and that which eradicates. The latter is the easier and the more ancient method.

Wordsworth writes:—

Oh, many are the poets that are sown  
By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine.

But with this broad-sowing of the highest gifts it is astonishing how few come to maturity. I imagine that the Educational Man with the Hoe is responsible for a good deal of the loss. In his desire for clean culture he treats any sproutings of the faculty divine as mere weeds, if they come up between the rows.

If the Educational Man with the Hoe is to be feared, the Educational Man with the Pruning Shears is an equal menace.

There is an art, once highly esteemed, called topiary. The object of topiary when carried to excess was to take a tree, preferably a yew tree, and by careful trimming to make it look like something else, say a peacock standing under an umbrella. Curious effects could be produced in this way, leafy similitudes of birds and animals could be made so that the resemblance was almost as striking as if they had been cut out of gingerbread.

The object of educational topiary is to take a child, and, by careful pruning away of all his natural propensities, make of him a miniature grown-up. It's an interesting art, for it shows what can be done; the only wonder is why any one should want to do it. If you would see this art at its best, turn to Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*, a book much admired in its day. Frank to begin with was a very likable little boy. If he was not made of the "sugar and spice and all things nice" that little girls are made of, he had all the more homely miscellaneous ingredients that little boys are made of. The problem of the careful father and mother was to take Frank and reduce him in the shortest possible time to the adult frame of mind. To this end they sought out any vagrant fancies and inquisitive yearnings and wayward adventurousness, and destroyed them. This slaughter of the innocents continued till Frank's mind was a model of propriety.

It was hard work, but there was a satisfaction in doing it thoroughly. The evening meal was transformed into a

purgatorial discipline, and as he progressed from course to course Frank's mind was purified as by fire.

Here is one occasion. There was a small plumcake, and Frank was required to divide it so that each of the five persons present should have a just share. Frank began to cut the cake, but by a mistake cut it into six pieces instead of five.

This miscarriage of justice sent dismay into the hearts of his parents. They felt that he was at the parting of the ways. It was a great moral crisis, in which his character was to be revealed. What would Frank do with that sixth piece of cake? Perhaps — horrible thought! — he might eat it. From this crime he was saved only to fall into the almost equal sin of unscientific charity. In order to save trouble he proposed to give the extra piece to his father, and when questioned he could give no better reason than that he thought his father liked cake.

"What right have you to give it to any of us? You were to judge about the size of the pieces, and you were to take care that we each have our just share. But you are going to give one of us twice as much as any of the others."

Justice triumphed. "Frank took the trouble to think, and he then cut the spare bit of cake into five equal parts, and he put these parts by the side of the five large pieces and gave one of the small pieces to each person, and he then said: 'I believe I have divided the cake fairly now.' Everybody present said 'yes,' and everybody looked carefully at each of the shares, and there appeared exactly the same quantity in each share. So each person took a share, and all were satisfied."

That is to say, all were satisfied except Frank's mother. She was afraid that the family meal had not yielded its full educational value.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, "as you have divided the cake so fairly, let us see how you will divide the sugar that was upon the top of the cake, and which is now broken and crumbled to

VOL. 98 - NO. 1

pieces in the plate. We all like sugar; divide it equally amongst us."

"But this will be very difficult to do, mamma, because the pieces of sugar are of such different sizes and shapes. I do not know how I shall ever divide it exactly. Will it do if I do not divide it quite exactly, ma'am?"

"No," said his mother, "I beg you will divide it quite exactly."

Frank gathered his fragments into five little mounds, and after carefully measuring their height, declared that they were equal.

"They are of the same length and breadth, I acknowledge," said the father, "but they are not of the same thickness."

"Oh, thickness! I never thought of thickness."

"But you should have thought of it," said his father."

At length Frank, seeing that there was no other way to satisfy the demands of distributive justice, went to the closet, and brought forth a pair of scales. "By patiently adding and taking away, he at last made them each of the same weight, and everybody was satisfied with the accuracy of the division."

This habit of accuracy, developed in the family meals, saved them from the temptation of wasting time in flippant conversation.

Miss Edgeworth's most striking plea for grown-up-edness versus childish curiosity was elaborated in her story of Frank and his orrery. Frank had read of an orrery in which the motions of the planets were shown by ingenious mechanism. Being a small boy, he naturally desired to make one.

For several days he almost forgot about his Roman History and Latin Grammar and *The Stream of Time*, so absorbed was he in making his orrery. He had utilized his mother's tambour frame and knitting needles; and wires and thread held together his planets, which were made of worsted balls. It was a wonderful universe which Frank had created — as many great philosophers before him

had created theirs—out of the inner consciousness. When it had been constructed to the best of his ability, the only question was, would his universe work,—would his planets go singing around the sun, or was there to be a crash of worlds? Frank knew no other way than to put it to the test of action, and he invited the family to witness the great experiment. He pointed out with solemn joy his worsted earth, moon, and planets, and predicted their revolutions according to his astronomy.

But the moment his father's eye rested upon it all, he saw that it was absurd.

His father "pointed out the defects, the deficiencies, the mistakes,—in one word, the absurdities,—but he did not use that offensive word, for he was tender of Frank's feelings for his wasted work."

"Well, papa," said Mary, "what is your advice to Frank?"

"My first advice to you, Frank," said his father, "and indeed the condition upon which I now stay and give up my time to you is that you abide steadily by whatever resolution you now make, either quite to finish or to quite give up this orrery. If you choose to finish it you must give up for some time reading anything entertaining or instructive; you must give up arithmetic and history."

"And the *Stream of Time* and the lists?" said Mary.

"Everything," said his father, "to the one object of making an orrery,—and when made as well as you possibly could with my assistance make it, observe that it will only be what others have repeatedly made before. . . . Master Frank will grow older, and when or why or how he made this orrery few will know or care, but all will see whether he has the knowledge which is necessary for a man and a gentleman to possess. Now choose, Frank."

Frank seized the orrery. "Mary, bring your work basket, my dear," said he.

"And he pulled off one by one, deliberately, the worsted sun, moon, earth and

stars and threw them into the work basket which Mary held. Mary sighed, but Frank did not sigh. He was proud to give his father a proof of his resolution, and when he looked around he saw tears, but they were tears of pleasure, in his mother's eyes.

"Are you sure yet that I can keep to my good resolution?"

"I am not quite sure, but this is a good beginning," said his father.

The aim of all this discipline was to make Frank just like his father. Now I am not saying anything against Frank's father. He was a real good man, and well-to-do. Still, there have always been so many just like him that it would n't have done much harm if Frank had been allowed to be a little different.

I can't help thinking how different was a contemporary of his, Michael Faraday. Faraday had n't any one to look after him in his youth, and to keep him from making unnecessary experiments. When he felt like making an experiment he did so. There was n't any one to tell him how they would come out, so he had to wait to see how they did come out. In this way he wasted a good deal of time that might have been spent in learning the things that every educated Englishman was expected to know, and he found out a good many things that the educated Englishman did not know,—this caused him to be always a little out of the fashion.

He let curiosity get the better of him, and when he was quite well on in years he would try to do things with pitch-balls and electric currents, just as Frank tried to do things with worsted balls before his father showed him the folly of it. Some of his experiments turned out to be very useful, but most of them did n't. Some of them only proved that what people thought they knew was n't so. Faraday seemed to be just as much interested in this kind as in the other. He never learned to mind only his own business, but was always childishly inquisitive, so he never was so sure of things as was Frank's father.

Still, it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and if a person can't be like Frank's father, it would n't be so bad to be like Faraday.

Frank's father would have been shocked at Faraday's first introduction to the problem of metaphysical speculation. "I remember," he says, "being a great questioner when young." And one of his first questions was in regard to the seat of the soul. The question was suggested in this way. Being a small boy and seeing the bars of an iron railing, he felt called upon to try experimentally whether he could squeeze through. The experiment was only a partial success. He got his head through, but he could n't get it back. Then the physical difficulty suggested the great metaphysical question, "On which side of the fence am I?"

Frank's father would have said that that was neither the time nor the place for such speculation, and that the proper way to study philosophy was to wait till one could sit down in a chair and read it out of a book. But to Faraday the thoughts he got out of a book never seemed to be so interesting as those which came to him while he was stuck in the fence.

When Frank learned a few lines of poetry, he asked to be allowed to say them to his father.

"'I think,' said his mother, 'your father would like you to repeat them if you understand them all, but not otherwise.'"

Of course that was the end of any nonsense in that direction. If Frank was kept away from any poetry he could n't altogether understand, he would soon be grown-up, so that he would n't be tempted by any kind of poetry, any more than his father was.

I am sure Frank's father would have disapproved of the way my philosopher takes his poetry. His favorite poem is "A frog he would a-wooing go," — especially the first quatrain. His analysis is very defective; he takes it as a whole. He

likes the mystery of it, the quick action, the hearty, inconsequent refrain.

A frog he would a-wooing go —

Heigh ho! says Rowley —

Whether his mother would let him or no —

With a rowly-powly, gammon and spinach.

Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

This to him is poetry. Everything is lifted above the commonplace. The frog is no cousin to the vulgar hoptoad whose presence in the garden, in spite of his usefulness, is an affront. He is a creature of romance; he is going a-wooing, — whatever that may be; — he only knows that it is something dangerous. And what a glorious line that is, —

Whether his mother would let him or no.

It thrills him like the sound of a trumpet. And great, glorious Anthony Rowley! It needs no footnote to tell about him. It is enough to know that Rowley is a great, jovial soul, who, when the poetry is going to his liking, cries "Heigh ho!" and when Rowley cries "Heigh ho!" any philosopher cries "Heigh ho!" too, just to keep him company. And so the poem goes on "with a rowly-powly, gammon and spinach," and nobody knows what it means. That's the secret.

Now I should not wish my philosopher always to look upon "A frog he would a-wooing go" as the high water mark of poetical genius; but I should wish him to bring to better poetry the same hearty relish he brings to this. The rule should be, —

Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both.

When I see persons who upon the altar of education have sacrificed digestion, appetite, and health, I cannot but feel that something is wrong. I am reminded of an inscription which I found on a tombstone in a Vermont churchyard: —

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit  
The only son of Amos Toot.

Behold the amazing alteration  
Brought about by inoculation:  
The means employed his life to save  
Hurled him, untimely, to the grave.

Sometimes the good housewife has chosen carefully every ingredient for her cake, and has obeyed conscientiously the mandates of the cookbook. She has with Pharisaic scrupulosity taken four eggs and no more, and two cups of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, and a pinch of baking powder, and a small teacupful of hot water. She has beaten the eggs very light and stirred them in the flour only a little at a time. She has beaten the dough and added granulated sugar with discretion. She has resisted the temptation to add more flour when she has been assured that it would not be good for the cake. And then she has placed the work of her hands in a moderately hot oven, after which she awaits the consummation of her hopes. In due time she looks into the moderately hot oven, and finds only a sodden mass. Something has happened to the cake.

Such accidents happen in the best of attempts at education. The ingredients of the educational cake are excellent, and an immense amount of faithful work has been put into it, but sometimes it does not rise. As the old-fashioned housekeeper would say, it looks "sad."

It is easier to find fault with the result than to point out the remedy; but so long as such results frequently happen, the business of the home and the school is full of fascinating and disconcerting uncertainty. One thing is obvious, and that is that it is no more safe for the teacher than for the preacher to "banish Nature from his plan." Of course the reason we tried to banish Nature in the first place was not because we bore her any ill-will, but only because she was all the time interfering with our plans.

The fact is that Nature is not very considerate of our grown-up prejudices. She does n't set such store by our dearly-bought acquirements as we do. She is more concerned about "the process of becoming" than about the thing which we have already become. She is quite capable of taking the finished product upon which we had prided ourselves and using

it as the raw material out of which to make something else. Of course this tries our temper. We do not like to see our careful finishing touches treated in that way.

Especially does Nature upset our adult notions about the relations between teaching and learning. We exalt the function of teaching, and seem to imagine that it might go on automatically. We sometimes think of the teacher as a lawgiver, and of the learner as one who with docility receives what is graciously given.

But the law to be understood and obeyed is the law of the learner's mind, and not that of the teacher's. The didactic method must be subordinated to the vital. Teaching may be developed into a very neat and orderly system, but learning is apt to be quite disorderly. It is likely to come by fits and starts, and when it does come it is very exciting.

Those who have had the good fortune in mature life to learn something have described the experience as being quite upsetting. They have found out something that they had never known before, and the discovery was so overpowering that they could not pay attention to what other people were telling them.

Kepler describes his sensations when he discovered the law of planetary motion. He could not keep still. He forgot that he was a sober, middle-aged person, and acted as if he were a small boy who had just got the answer to his sum in vulgar fractions. Nobody had helped him; he had found it out for himself; and now he could go out and play. "Let nothing confine me: I will indulge my sacred ecstasy. I will triumph over mankind. . . . If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I cannot help it." In fact, Kepler did n't care whether school kept or not.

Now in the first years of our existence we are in the way of making first-rate discoveries every day. No wonder that we find it so hard to keep still and to listen respectfully to people whose knowledge is merely reminiscent. Above all, it is difficult for us to keep our attention fixed on

their mental processes when our minds make forty revolutions to their one.

There, for instance, is the Alphabet. Because the teacher told us about it yesterday she is grieved that we do not remember what she said. But so many surprising things have happened since then that it takes a little time for us to make sure that it's the same old Alphabet this morning that we had the other day. She is the victim of preconceived ideas on the subject, but our minds are open to conviction. Most of the letters still look unfamiliar; but when we really do learn to recognize Big A and Round O, we are disposed to indulge our sacred ecstasy and to "triumph over mankind."

If the teacher be a sour person who has long ago completed her education, she will take this occasion to chide us for not paying attention to a new letter that is just swimming into our ken. If, however, she is fortunate enough to be one who keeps on learning, she will share the triumph of our achievement, for she knows how it feels.

There is coming to be a greater sympathy between teachers and learners, as there is a clearer knowledge of the way the mind grows. But even yet one may detect a certain note of condescension in the treatment of the characterlessness of early childhood. The child, we say, has eager curiosity, a myth-making imagination, a sensitiveness to momentary impressions, a desire to make things and to destroy things, a tendency to imitate what he admires. His mind goes out not in one direction, but in many directions. Then we say, in our solemn, grown-up way: "Why, that is just like Primitive Man, and how unlike Us! It has taken a long time to transform Primitive Man into Us, but if we start soon enough, we may eradicate the primitive things before they have done much harm."

What we persistently fail to understand is that in these primitive things are the potentialities of all the most lasting satisfactions of later life.

Browning tells us how the boy David felt when he watched his sheep:—

Then fancies grew rife  
Which had come long ago on the pasture, when  
        round me the sheep  
Fed in silence — above, the one eagle wheeled  
        slow as in sleep;  
And I lay in my hollow and mused on the  
        world that might lie  
'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip  
        'twixt the hill and the sky:  
And I laughed, — "Since my days are ordained  
        to be passed with my flocks,  
Let me people at least, with my fancies, the  
        plains and the rocks,  
Dream the life I am never to mix with, and  
        image the show  
Of mankind as they live in those fashions I  
        hardly shall know."

All this is natural enough, we say, in a mere boy,—but he will outgrow it. But now and then some one does not outgrow it. He has become a man, and yet in his mind fancies are still rife. They throng upon him and crave expression. The things he sees, the people he meets, are all symbols to him, just as the one eagle which "wheeled slow as in sleep" was to the shepherd lad the symbol of a great unknown world. That which he sees of the actual world seems still to him only a strip "'twixt the hill and the sky,"—all the rest he imagines. He fills it with vivid color and absorbing life. He peoples it with his own thoughts.

We call such a person a poet; and if he is a very good poet, we call him a genius; and, in order to do him honor, we pretend that we cannot understand him, and we employ people to explain him to us. We treat his works as alcohol is treated in the arts. It is, as they say, "denaturized," that is, something is put into it that people don't like, so that they will not drink it on the sly.

Yet all the time the plain fact is that the poet is simply a person who is still in possession of all his early qualities. Wordsworth gave away the secret. He is a boy who keeps on growing. He is

One whose heart the holy forms  
        Of young imagination have kept pure.  
Where others see a finished world, he

sees all things as manifestations of a free power.

Even in their fixed and steady lineaments  
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
Expression ever varying.

This ebbing and flowing mind with its ever-changing expression is the charm of early childhood. It is the charm of all genius as well. Turn to Shelley's *Skylark*. The student of Child Psychology never found more images chasing one another through the mind. The fancies follow one another as rapidly as if Shelley had been only four years old. Frank's father would have been troubled at the lack of business-like grasp of the subject. What was the skylark like? It was

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.  
Then again, it was

Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight.

It was

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought.

It was like a high-born maiden, like a rose, like a glow-worm, like vernal showers. The mind wanders off and sees visions of purple evenings and golden lightnings and white dawns and rain-awakened flowers. These were but hints of the reality of feeling, for

All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth  
surpass.

We know of religion — or at least we have often been told — that it is found in the purest ideal in the heart of a child, and that it consists in nurture and devel-

opment of this early grace through all the years that may be allotted. The same thing is true of all that concerns the ideal life. The artist, the reformer, the inventor, the poet, the man of pure science, the really fruitful and original man of affairs, — these are the incorrigibles. They refuse to accept the hard-and-fast rules that are laid down for them. They insist upon finding time and room for activities that are not conceived of as tasks, but as the glorious play of their own faculties. They are full of a great, joyous impulse, and their work is but the expression of this impulse. They somehow have time for the unexpected. They see that which

Gives to seas and sunset skies  
The unsupnt beauty of surprise.

The world is in their eyes ever fresh and sparkling. Life is full of possibilities. They see no reason to give up the habit of Wonder. They never outgrow the need of asking questions, though the final answers do not come.

When to a person of this temper you repeat the hard maxims of workaday wisdom, he escapes from you with the smiling audacity of a truant boy. He is one who has awaked right early on a wonderful morning. There is a spectacle to be seen by those who have eyes for it. He is not willing out of respect to you to miss it. He hears the music, and he follows it. It is the music of the

Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young  
And always keep us so.

## THE SHORT STORIES OF ALICE BROWN

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON

THE standing of short stories in the literary market is peculiar. Editors of periodicals clamor for more; publishers of books shrink from accepting any. Editors know that readers enjoy them; publishers proclaim that buyers of books do not. Are they both right? Is the public indeed so inconsistent as to like a thing, delectable in itself, only when served in a particular way?

I do not think so, for the truth is that collections of good short stories may have a satisfactory commercial success. Indeed, the whole apparent disagreement between the editor and the publisher is no more than this: the editor can sell poor short stories, and the publisher cannot. Thus, the editor can take B's thin little tale, clap to it three or four others as varied as possible, flank it with interesting articles, trick it out with illustrations,—make it in short, a part of that agreeable lottery, the popular magazine,—and dispose of it to the public. But when B takes a dozen or so of his harmless fictions to the publisher and gets them (if he can) printed as a book, what happens? Between the covers, as between two mirrors, his insignificant personality repeats itself in a monotonous and diminishing perspective. His nullity is only too many times exhibited, and the disconcerting truth appears that the magazines in which he figured were bought not because of him, but in spite of him. I spoke of the magazine as a lottery: well, B is one of the blanks. Of course his book will have no sale.

B, and perhaps his publisher, may conclude from this that short stories will not sell in book form; but the inference is rash. For, as a matter of fact, they will and do. Poe, who never wrote a novel, unless the *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*

may be called one, is, I believe, still read. Kipling, who has failed as a novelist, nevertheless has a certain vogue as a writer of short stories. Miss Wilkins was enjoyed, even in the days of *A Humble Romance*. Miss Jewett has a modest popularity not based upon her novels. The name of any one of these writers on the cover of a magazine would sell copies. They are not blanks in the lottery. And when their work is collected, it still is saleable. For people like a good story, even when short. Has it not paid to dig *Wandering Willie's Tale* out of the novel where it lies hidden, and print it separately?

But there is another grade of storyteller, not so good as these, but better than the unfortunate B. It is his case which the publisher has in mind when he speaks slightlyingly of the market for short stories. For he recognizes that, whereas the novel in book form, even when mediocre, has a certain advantage over the novel running as a serial, the volume of short stories must be of superior merit to compete with the stories in the magazines. He knows, too, that whereas a novel may be clumsily constructed and still be popular, and even valuable, the short story cannot live through "popular quality" alone, but absolutely requires the artist. Often enough he will find it wise to decline a volume of short stories really superior in literary merit to the novel he might accept.

Two pleasing implications which lie in all this are precisely the reason for the foregoing exposition. The first is that the short stories which get into book form have survived an exceptional scrutiny, and are consequently more likely to be of exceptional merit; the second is that their popular success (if they win it) means, as

the vogue of a novel does not, that they have solid artistic merit. Clearly, then, the writer whose short stories are widely read is worthy of critical attention. Such a writer is Miss Alice Brown.

Personally I have for the New England dialect tale a partiality which, I think, must be shared by all Yankees whose childhood was spent in the country. There lies my danger. The pleasure which I take really in my own memories I may wrongly attribute to the author who evokes them. For this reason I have a better chance to see a writer, simply as a writer, clear and whole, when I can turn to specimens of his work less likely to awaken unliterary, if pleasurable, associations. I find Miss Brown divested of this dangerous charm in her latest collection of short stories, *High Noon*.

The book proves her to be an artist. The term is not absolute (if it were, would we so often qualify it with "true" or "accomplished"?), and I do not raise the question of degree. I wish to say merely that the stories reveal a person who is guided by definite artistic ideals, and that consequently there is behind the story-teller a critic. Our first business shall be to disengage the critic. Doing so will help us to understand the story-teller.

For this task, the title, *High Noon*, is helpful. With the legend — "one instant only is the sun at noon" — which accompanies and explains it, it is not only a comment upon life, but a justification of the short story. For each tale aims to do what the short story is fitted to do supremely well, — to show the single moment in a human life for which everything that went before was a preparation and of which everything that comes after is a consequence. If a writer were to choose only such moments as subjects, he would never have one not easily confined within the limits of his chosen form, and he would never write a tale not full of interest and significance. To make such a choice is practically to comply with Poe's dictum that the short story should aim to convey a single predetermined effect.

For singleness of purpose is the one absolute requisite for successful use of the form; it is the one thing which must be demanded of the short story, the only thing without which excellence is impossible. So, in choosing single crucial moments in human lives, Miss Brown shows an orthodox appreciation of the artistic possibilities (and limitations) of the form. So far she is a sound critic.

She is sound, also, when she declares that the short story should be "perfect of form, sonnet-like in finish," — that is, if her somewhat vague phrase means, as I think it does, "sonnet like in definiteness of form, and perfect in finish," and if, further, I may venture to interpret "perfect in finish" as relating to style, and including mastery of the single word and distinction of imaginative phrase. That such may be her ideal of style is, at any rate, shown by other remarks which are to be culled from the book. As to the word: "Ambrosial," says one of her characters, "is such a good word, majestic, large, a word dressed in purple!" Here is evidence of that sheer delight in sonorous vocables — O Mesopotamia! — which is the sure sign of the artistic literary temper. As to the phrase: Another character, after saying that "every look" (of people whom she might meet) "would glaze my shame," adds, "Isn't that a good phrase? Do you know enough about phrases, you child, to see how good that was?" The child's opinion is not given, — tactfully, if it coincides with mine; but the quotation clearly shows the author's feeling: she would always have her phrases beautiful. If anything more were required to indicate this devotion to word and phrase, there is the only work of literary appreciation which, so far as I know, Miss Brown has ever done — a thin volume written in collaboration with Miss Guiney (herself a devotee of the phrase), on Stevenson, the praise of whom is fervid.

The story-teller practices, on the whole with much success, what the critic preaches. Miss Brown's sense of form is

keen and true. She attains her effect with excellent economy and adroitness. Clumsiness of construction, extravagance of material, vagueness of point, are sins of which she is rarely guilty. If her sense of propriety in style were as unerring, there would be little of which, from an artistic point of view, there could be just complaint. Here the trouble is that she frequently misses her own ideal.

I believe that among masters of style — different though they may be as Swift from Sir Thomas Browne — there are no bad models; but I am sure that when an author whom nature intended for the school of Swift stubbornly attends the school of Browne, disaster is sure to follow. Such has been the evil of the spell of Stevenson: he has led men out of their natural paths to follow him. Now if, with all his native gifts and all his "sedulous aping" of the masters, he produced not a real, but a stage pageantry of words, what can lesser men be expected to do? They will write not the beautiful word, but the freakish one; not the illuminating phrase, but the strained conceit; and every sentence will, in Miss Brown's words, "glass their shame."

Miss Brown seems to me to have committed such a blunder in the choice of her ideal as I have indicated. She seeks with grim determination the word which is a color, the phrase which is a jewel. But tenacity of purpose (though grim) is not adequate to this especial achievement. One sighs when he reads of "moon-fed" nights, or of words which "index" cruel certainty; one is irritated when he finds that "this was no new pageantry of a mobile brain" means only that a woman is sincere; one regrets the inadequate rewards sometimes falling to strenuous effort when he hears a wife anxious to coax a reluctant husband into society described as "striving to train his natal (*sic*) honesties for social courts," or hears a woman answer a lover pleading for frankness, that each must live "in little citadels of rose-colored reserve." Miss Brown has herself doubtless laughed at

the elegant poet who, to avoid the commonplace "gun," spoke of the "deadly tube;" but are her phrases better? She has a sense of humor, rippling and abundant enough at times; but it is like those disappearing streams which force the traveler across weary stretches of arid sand before they gush again, full and fresh and sweet as ever. Surely it has vanished when she writes such passages as this: —

"Love! He saw in it the roseate apotheosis of youth, announced by chiming bells, crowned with unfading flowers, the minister to bliss. He followed it through stony paths marked by other blood-stained tracks up to the barren peaks of pain. Was it the same creature, after all, rose-lipped or passion-pale, starving with loss or drunken with new wine? Was it the love of one soul accompanying him through all, or was this his response to the individual need, and only a part of the general faithfulness to what demands our faith?"

This looks like Rossetti strained through Wilde and served as prose by some one who does not know what it is; but whatever it may be, it was clearly intended to be lyrical; and quite as clearly it fails. It is of this failure that I complain, and not of the attempt to be poetical; for a writer may adopt whatever style he prefers, if only he can use it so as to charm the reader. But the obligation to please points to this,—that an author should not strive willfully for effects beyond his reach, but, squaring his ambition with his gifts, should write in the style which they best adapt him to employ with ease and grace. As Miss Brown can, and generally does, write simple, flexible English, wearing its modest adornment of apt figure and vivid word, such paragraphs exasperate like finding paper chrysanthemums where one is seeking real violets.

This false lyricism springs partly, as I said, from unwise emulation of admired authors, and partly, as I think, from the somewhat hysterical way in which she feels her favorite subject. This is the

woman whom love has in any way disappointed. Miss Brown is notably preoccupied with the jilted. Of the thirty-six short stories in her three collections, ten deal directly, a still larger number indirectly, with some variety of American Dido. But she has sympathy also for the woman whose sorrows, if not so obvious, are quite as real. I mean the *femme incomprise*. The term denotes to her mind the entire sex. In *High Noon*, she says implicitly, if not explicitly, that the masculine ideal, the reasonable woman, does not exist. The most humdrum, even the most happily married, have unsatisfied needs, subtle jealousies. All have standards of husband-like or loverly conduct which, hopeless of comprehension, they never make known, but by which it is the law of their nature to judge. It is the tragedy of their lives, their common lot, that men never understand, never divine.

Miss Brown is not content merely to state the problem; she solves it. She has a gospel of love, which she preaches continuously. This consolation, this remedy, is her personal message to her sex, the great message of her books. It is summed up in a speech which I will quote. Rosamund, a love-lorn girl, is talking to a woman "betrayed and lost to herself and to the world,—a poor, besmirched creature like Rossetti's Jenny" (she is as like her as Hester Prynne!), who wishes a "comforting thought." "Love," says Innocence, "is greater than any circumstance or any expression. And love is not taking: it is giving. If he has betrayed you, pray night and day for him that he may learn what love really is. We must give and give. Oh, what difference does it make whether we have or whether we are denied?" Loving, that is, like virtue, should be its own reward.

Let me amplify a little. Love is independent of the will. Once it descends upon a woman, it holds her for life,—it is her whole existence. Upon man, however, its power is fitful,—it is a thing apart. The woman may have an unfaith-

ful lover; she certainly will have an imperfect one; and she should expect no better. Her reward lies in loving; she is lucky to have so strong and interesting an emotion. If her lover is imperfect, she must pity him for the defect of nature which makes him so; if she finds that he loves not her but another, she must rejoice that the great boon has come to him, even at her cost.

Though I am masculine and unsympathetic, this statement is, I hope, fair. That it is so I cannot, in an article on the short stories, cite the novels to prove; but ponder "Nancy Boyd's Last Sermon" (it is Miss Brown's, but not, I trust, *her last*), or the logic of "Natalie Blayne." This doctrine of total surrender to the man is for our days curiously Eastern and reactionary; but as discussion of its value is outside the plan of my article, I have only to add that her earnestness about it leads to vexatious monotony of subject, to incorrect character-drawing, and to emotional excrescences which need the knife. This is inevitable. It always occurs to a writer who seeks to impose a moral upon life rather than to extract the moral within it.

Reviewing a volume of short stories is comparable to the circus feat of riding twelve horses at once. To simplify my task, then, let me analyze one typical story, by way of giving concrete illustration to these general remarks. Almost any one of the dozen tales in *High Noon* might be chosen for this representative purpose. "Rosamund in Heaven," in which appears the disgraced bluestocking ineptly likened to Rossetti's Jenny,—

"Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea," might be taken as presenting the state of mind proper to women whose love is unrequited, as showing Miss Brown's idea of how to be happy though unmarried. But Rosamund's consolatory remarks have already been quoted, and the story is otherwise uninteresting. "A Book of Love" would serve for the same reason; or, for that and its clever situation, "A Meeting in the Market Place." In this tale a fatal but not disabling

malady permits a woman to step from her "little citadel of rose-colored reserve," and talk frankly (for once!) with a man who had forsaken her society for fear she was falling in love with him (a variety of masculine chivalry which, I notice, always rouses the wrath of ladies); but Miss Brown uses the piquant occasion merely to give as dialogue what she has often enough given as comment, and misses its dramatic values. Again for the same reason, the choice might fall on "The Map of the Country" (it is the *pays du tendre*), but all of these stories are inferior to three others, which also treat the favorite theme. These are "Natalie Blayne," "A Runaway Match," and "The Miracle." This last is tempting. Although the heroine has the annoying habit of speaking of her baby as a "man-child," and although a sense of humor (obviously absent in the lady) would have saved the situation,—if I may be permitted a bull,—before it arose, the story seems to me (I hope not because the woman is in the wrong; she it was who tried to train her husband's "natal honesties for social courts") a strong piece of work, the emotion of which has its warrant in life. The moral, however, seems to be (it is pretty elusive) that if you marry a bear you must live in his den, and fails to illustrate her principal message. Nor is "A Runaway Match,"—a stolen frolic of a pair, once boy and girl lovers, one of whom is and the other is about to be married,—although charming, sufficiently representative. Thus we reach "Natalie Blayne," which is thoroughly characteristic, and to which, moreover, could I escape incredulity as to the mental state of the heroine, I should accord nearly whole-souled liking.

Old Madam Gilbert is ill of a mysterious disease. The puzzled doctor admits that she is "slipping down hill." She "lay high upon the pillows in the great south room, where the sun slept placidly on the chintz-covered chairs and old-fashioned settings. Her delicate profile looked sharp, and the long black

lashes softened her eyes pathetically. Her gray hair went curling in a disordered mass up from the top of her head like a crown. She was a wonderful old creature, with a beauty full of meaning, transcending that of bloom and color." One hand was lying "in ringed distinction" outside the sheet.

Like the doctor, the distressed husband, old Ralph Gilbert, lacks intuition, and is helpless. Evidently the case requires a woman. Diana is summoned.

"Diana, entering the room, dwarfed them both by her size, her deep-chested, long-limbed majesty, her goddess-walk. She was a redundant creature in all that pertains to the comforts of life. She looked wifehood and motherhood in one. Her shoulder was a happy place for a cheek. Her brown eyes were full of fun and sorrow. Her crisping hair was good for baby hands to pull. She went swiftly up to Madam Gilbert, and touching her very gently, seemed to take her into her heart and arms.

"'You lamb,' said she."

These two descriptions show Miss Brown nearly at her best and almost at her worst. That of Madam Gilbert, except in the phrase "ringed distinction," is simple and unaffected. But that of Diana! When I first read the story I carried the impression through several pages that Diana was a colored person. She is not: she is Madam Gilbert's niece.

Moreover, she has humor, common-sense, resourcefulness, and the master quality,—intuition. To her Madam Gilbert confides the secret of her illness,—it is Natalie Blayne. That name—the tripping first syllables, the dignified close—is an example of Miss Brown's artistic adroitness. Nothing could better suggest the romantic charm which the reader must be made to feel in this "other woman." It is itself nearly the whole story.

When Madam Gilbert was first engaged to Ralph, she unluckily spoke of Natalie Blayne.

"'Natalie Blayne!' said your uncle; 'Natalie Blayne!' Madam Gilbert sat up

in bed, and her voice rang out dramatically. Diana saw that she was forgotten, and that the other woman was acting out a scene which had played itself in her memory many a time. 'Do you know her?' said I. His eyes grew very bright. His face changed, my dear. 'Natalie Blayne,' said he, 'I saw her for an hour, a year and a half ago. She came into Judge Blayne's office, and he sent me out with her to find columbines in the meadow. I liked her better at first sight than any woman I ever saw!'

This was indiscreet of Mr. Gilbert, for his betrothed had a theory about "true mates." This theory needs to be brought into relief, for it is not peculiar to Madam Gilbert, but is part of Miss Brown's philosophy of love, and explains the extent of that "giving" which she says is imperative. As one has only to read this story to see, it means "give the other woman;" true mates must not be kept apart, — no matter what the cost to the conventionalities, or to other human hearts. The teaching reminds one oddly of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. Madam Gilbert acted in strict accord with this doctrine. Inferring from Ralph's too warm expressions that not she, but Natalie Blayne, was his true mate, she proposed to break the engagement.

Hearing the next day, however, that Natalie had married, she decided that she would try to make up to Ralph the loss of his true mate. But marriage brought her no ease. Between her and her husband stood Natalie Blayne. She knew that when Ralph should meet Natalie in the next world, he'd say, "Why, here you are, my mate!"

Even worse was in store! Natalie becoming a widow, the conscientious wife faced the knowledge that she was in the way, not only in the next world, but in this. The prompt remarriage of her rival seemed, however, to leave her free to claim Ralph, at least for this life. But no! Madam Gilbert, after forty years of wedded happiness, has heard that this troublesome creature, once more a widow,

has returned to the village. Her presence makes the old lady ill. She has n't, as she says, the spirit to meet the situation now. "I hardly had it years ago; but now I'm an old woman. I realize it, my hair is white. See how big the veins are in my hands."

If it occurs to her that her husband, older than she, is no Romeo, or that Natalie is now no Juliet, she deems it of no consequence. True mates must wed, and she must abdicate. Ralph, whether he knows it or not, must still love Natalie; Natalie's two marriages are simply her effort to find the true mate whom accident has prevented her securing in Ralph. Like the girl in Goldsmith's lyric, the superfluous Madam Gilbert decides that her only art is to die.

Up to this point, — and indeed to the end, — the somewhat complicated plot is presented with a clearness and neatness which do honor to the author's technique; but to my masculine apprehension the situation as finally presented seems grotesque. Miss Brown, however, although she sees its humor, and indeed freely presents the humorous view, is convinced not merely that her heroine's monomania is possible, but that it is probable, and finds nothing unsympathetic about it. She clearly intends the story to be like Diana's brown eyes, — "full of fun and sorrow."

To me thus far there is not much of either; but in this respect, as in others, the tale now undergoes a marked change. The plot is brought to the necessary *impasse* when Madam Gilbert swears Diana to secrecy; and it is then worked out in true comedy spirit to a conclusion at once ingenious, unexpected, and natural. If Diana cannot speak, she can act, and she has her humorous plan. "Little darts had awakened in her eyes and played about her mouth," is Miss Brown's way of saying that she smiled. She invites Natalie to call. Since Madam Gilbert is ill, Uncle Ralph has, of course, to receive the visitor. The result of the interview is awaited by the despairing invalid

and the confident schemer in the upper chamber. After a proper interval, Diana interrupts the tête-à-tête, and Ralph hurries to his wife's side.

"There, there!" he soothed her. "You lie down. Diana'll be up in a minute, as soon as that woman knows enough to go."

Madame Gilbert, anxious not to separate "true mates," urges the old man to go downstairs again.

"Go down? I won't. Her tongue is hung in the middle. She talks a blue streak."

"But Ralph, it's Natalie Blayne!"

"I don't care if it's old Judge Blayne himself. She's a bore."

"Dear, how does she look?"

"Well enough, I guess. Too much rigged out for a widow. Sheep dressed lamb fashion."

"But Ralph, should n't you have known her? Does she remind you—Oh, you remember Natalie Blayne!"

"Why, yes, of course I do. The old judge sent me to the depot to meet her, or something. How he used to rope me in. . . . But I should have said that girl had brown hair and brown eyes, something like yours, dear, only not so pretty. This one's hair is copper color. I dare say she does some ungodly thing to it."

When Diana returned to the room, Madame Gilbert said crisply: "You lay out my clothes, — I'm going to get up to dinner."

Observe that with the pungent Yankee talk of Uncle Ralph humor and naturalness begin to blow through the story like salt breezes through a fevered town. Remember that the man and woman in "A Runaway Match," although the lacquer of the city is upon them, are country folk, and that they become as pleasing as Baldwin apples so soon as they get back to the country village, the red schoolhouse, and the bobsled of their youth. Then say if it is not significant of more than my personal taste that, of the three stories in *High Noon*

which I think the best, two approach the New England dialect tale. At any rate, I must record my impression that when Miss Brown drops her sophisticated people, wholesomeness, simplicity, and truth, like beautiful children, come flocking as if to welcome a traveler home. If my theory of her work is correct, that is what should be expected. For I see in her two persons. First, she is the child of the country. Born in the little village of Northampton in New Hampshire, living as a girl on a farm, she shows in her stories of country life the precision of detail which belongs to childhood memories. Second, she is the thinker. Preoccupied with problems of life and love which she feels (if she does not analyze) strongly, she shows in her tales of city folk a desire rather to express her ideas than to represent life. And if the question is asked why her speculations should dominate one kind of story rather than the other, the answer is at least easy that the countryside is so much more real to her that any false touch there must quarrel with a sensitive and well-stored memory. The contrast is, of course, not between black and white, but between black and gray. Although the wholesome reality of country life lays upon her a repressive hand, her peculiarities run through all her work. Why should they not? Plainly, she thinks her philosophy more important than her faithful report of rustic life: plainly she is still touched with the easily divined mood of the ambitious girl who years ago rebelled against rural narrowness and longed for—Boston!

Yes, easily divined; for rebellion produces disdain of one's surroundings, and here disdain is visible. Scrutinize her gallery of miniatures of village oddities,—really extensive when one remembers that all her work of this kind is scattered, yet contained in two small volumes. The likenesses are, indeed, admirable. Consider that of Josiah Pease, contemptible old man, master of spiteful innuendo. Consider those of Nance Pete and Sim-eon, old reprobates whom the minister's

daughter in "Bankrupt" (she is bankrupt of love) has to hire to go to church. Or again, consider, in "A Second Marriage" (a particularly good story), that of Ann Doby's rebellious son, who, outraged by his mother's loquacity, refuses himself to talk at all. The few pages animated by these worthies live and breathe. But note: no character of the kind of which these are such excellent examples is ever protagonist; and note, moreover, that, although Miss Brown is too good an artist not to give her oddities logical relation to the plot, they are still slightly extraneous, more real, perhaps, than their surroundings. I suspect, perhaps unjustly, that they are drawn from life. At any rate, I read in the interesting history of Northampton that queer characters once abounded there,—among others one easily mistaken for the original of Nance Pete. Now this extraneousness leads to a suspicion, which reflection upon the whole body of the rural tales strengthens to a semblance of conviction, that her attitude toward her country folk is not wholly sympathetic, that her humor has a point of malice. The people whom I have cited have, in particular, an air of being "trotted out" to entertain the company, of supplying the "comic relief." She thinks of them as such a rebel as I have indicated would certainly have thought of them. Reference to the points of view of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett makes this start out like invisible ink under heat. Miss Wilkins abounds in oddities, but instead of mocking them she makes them tragic exemplars of that strange psychology of the will which used so to dominate her thought. Can any one doubt what she would have done, for example, with Ann Doby's son? Miss Jewett, with her tenderness, her predilection for beautiful characters, would not have described these people at all. She has no such portraits in her gallery. To put the difference succinctly: Miss Jewett is an aristocrat; Miss Wilkins is a democrat; Miss Brown cannot take the point of view

of Miss Jewett, and she has lost that of Miss Wilkins.

I think that the only rustics for whom her sympathy is complete are those who have sentimental troubles; who embody, that is to say, her pet problem, and can speak her personal philosophy. Of such are the protagonists,—lovelorn maidens and wives with super-subtle requirements in point of emotion and of masculine understanding. And upon their lips is ever the doctrine that love means passive acquiescence in masculine maltreatment.

But if one wishes to see these things in the rural tales, he must be on the alert. The disdain is not obtrusive, and the passionate ladies, subdued to the reality of their surroundings, walk the path of nature, with only an occasional flirt of their skirts beyond its borders.

The reader will like Letty in "A Stolen Festival;" for, although a specimen of the *femme incomprise*, she is charming and—natural. He will recognize Nancy Boyd (she of the "Last Sermon") as a type of the passionate woman, and regard her philosophy of love as an individual vagary. Finally, he will sincerely feel the pathos of the position, and the beauty of character, of the misprized Dorcas in "Bankrupt." For in none of these people is the modesty of nature exceeded. And the skill in story-telling which I hope my abstract of "Natalie Blayne" was good enough to reveal, loses its whilom air of somewhat summoned adroitness. None of these stories seems, like "Natalie Blayne," a *tour de force*.

They appeared in *Meadow Grass*, the book which made Miss Brown's reputation; and it contains even better work than they. There are in it three tales so good that I am tempted to rank them with any but the best of Miss Jewett's work. "Heman's Ma" is the familiar comedy of patient man shaking off the yoke of tyrant woman, but told with sprightly variation of incident, with zest, with humor, with truth. "Joint Owners in Spain," more unusual in plot, is the tale of two "contrary" old crones forced

to live in a single room in an Old Ladies' Home. It is diverting to find that the fiery Mrs. Blair is no match for Miss Dyer with her aptitude for tearful concession. "My land!" she exclaims. "Talk about my tongue! Vinegar is nothing to cold molasses, if you have to wade through it." "Uncle Eli's Vacation" is a little masterpiece of which I reserve the pleasure of speaking.

*Meadow Grass* was published in 1895. Preceded only by *Fools of Nature*, a first novel of indefinite promise which concerned a group of fantastic Bohemians, this volume of country tales revealed a different and better side of her talent, and seemed to announce a worthy collaborator in the fields tilled by Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett. It was followed by a thin volume of poems and a book of travel, harmless diversions which did not necessarily mean that she was resolved on seeking other harvests. So when, in 1899, *Tiverton Tales* was published, one observer at least was pleased to think that the expectations aroused by *Meadow Grass* were changed for certainties, and that a permanent provider of a kind of fiction which he enjoyed had taken her place in the world. For *Tiverton Tales* bettered the achievement of the earlier book. To the three stories of uncommon charm in *Meadow Grass* it added five: "A March Wind," distinguished by that living portrait of Josiah Pease; "A Stolen Festival," wherein shines Letty, the charming; "The Way of Peace," pathetic study of a lonely woman's pleasure in heightening her resemblance to her dead mother; "Honey and Myrrh," tragedy of a starved sense of beauty, and "A Second Marriage," the psychology of which is profoundly true. Yet, although the book is more satisfying than its predecessor, it may be searched in vain for a perfect tale like "Farmer Eli's Vacation." As I regard this as Miss Brown's best achievement, I make an abstract of it to set against that of "Natalie Blayne."

Although Eli has lived these many years within easy driving distance of the ocean,

he has not seen it: he has never carried out his one darling plan, cherished since boyhood, of going to the shore and camping out for a week. Now, on the eve of departure, he hesitates. "It's a good deal of an undertaking," he hints to his wife. "I dunno's I care about goin'."

But the morning brings courage. The pleasant picture of the start is drawn with a few deft strokes:—

"At length, the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked very slender beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs with tails like banners: they were all impressed by a sense of the unusual.

"Well, good-by, Luke," Mrs. Pike called, over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside the gate, he pulled up.

"Whoa!" he called, and Luke lounged forward. "Don't you forget them cats! Git up, Doll!" and this time they were off."

The all-day drive is charmingly described,—the dusty road, the August sunshine, the elderberries and the goldenrod. And there are homely bits of talk, such as make the particular joy of those who know the life and like its savor. One is Eli's comment on some poor land: "There's a good deal o' pastur' in some places, that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together." Another is the reflection with which Mrs. Pike, conscious of curious glances, justifies her gypsying: "Well, they need n't trouble themselves. I guess I've got as good an extension-table to home as any on 'em."

Miss Brown picks her incident to show Eli's state of mind upon the road with a sure instinct for the typical. The travelers stop for luncheon where there is a well of cool, delicious water. Eli refuses to like it. "Turrible flat water," he calls it. The others protest. "But Eli shook his head and ejaculated 'Brackish, brackish!'" Now, loyalty to the water on his

own farm is a sure mark of the countryman: at home, he brags of it, abroad, he pines for it.

When they reach the ocean, Eli refuses to look; but his tactful daughter at length persuades him to a headland "where the water thundered below and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet." Then he looked upon the sea. "He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness." But later, when his wife asks him if the sight meets his expectations, all the phrase he can find is a gently spoken "I guess it does."

That night he does not sleep. The next morning he is up very early, and finds his daughter watching the sunrise.

"Hattie," he said in a whisper, "don't you tell. I'm goin' home, I'm goin' now." And he does.

Late in the afternoon he reaches home.

"What's busted?" asked Luke, swinging himself down from his load of fodder-corn, and beginning to unharness Doll.

"Oh, nothing," said Eli, leaping from the wagon as if twenty years had been taken from his bones. "I guess I'm too old for such jaunts. I hope you did n't forget them cats."

This unpretentious story has everything that it should have, — delicate firmness of construction, simple, vivid style, pathos blent with humor, truth. These qualities unite to make of the somewhat comic homesickness of an old farmer a beautiful symbol of the deep human feeling of attachment to the soil, and of Eli a universal type.

My mind lingers sadly over this story, for it may be the last of its kind. The New England dialect tale is passing. There are readers, I suppose, who will not shudder at the news, but its mourners will nevertheless be many. At its best it gave a great deal of pure literary pleasure, — it has examples certain to survive as minor classics, — and to us New Englanders it gave also the pleasure, sweet and keen, which comes when friends exchange intimate talk of the old home. What it has meant to the exiles, — to

those New Englanders of the cities who have left country homes, and to those other New Englanders who have gone West and still West, until, as Fiske reminds us, there is a new Salem and a new Portland on the shore of the great western sea, — it is easy, and pathetic, to imagine.

But its disappearance cannot be questioned. In 1890, as every one remembers, not only were Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins doing their best work, but there was also a host of lesser writers busy at the same general task. What is the case to-day? Miss Jewett is temporarily silent; Miss Wilkins no longer writes in the vein of *A Humble Romance*; Miss Brown, their most promising pupil, seems to care not greatly for her country folk. And the crowd of lesser people, where are they? It happens that I have a wide knowledge of the swarm of writers struggling to the light. In the whole of it, I cannot think of five people who are dealing with New England country life.

Nor is this, as I should like to think, the mere freakish veering of literary fashion. It is rather that the life itself has changed. Can any one born later than the fifties write the New England dialect tale as these authors understand it? Even then the lure of fat farms, of adventure, of gold, was turning the steps of the young men toward the enchanted West. Our exodus had begun, and the new Salem and the new Portland had long been visible to him on Pisgah. The journeying host increased with the years. Then came the war, demanding its thousands of the young and brave. When it was over, the throngs once again crowded the Western trails. While our writers were still young, New England had become the home of spinsters and decrepit men, as the stories, like mirrors, unconsciously reveal. And while the vacant places were filling with French Canadians, Irish, Scotch, Italians, Finns, Portuguese, the railroad was baring the hills and creating the factory town. Thus died that New

England of which the Puritan minister said with truth: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness."

Of course, the life changed with the new conditions, the foreign population. Ourselves as children could know the whole range of rural society; why not, when all who formed it were our kin; when even the most powerful, the most cultivated of us could find his own name honorably if rudely worn on some rough country side? Thus intimate, thus sym-

pathetic, we could write the stories,—if we had the gift.

But now, in this day of the hill town, of the still worse railroad town, of the segregation of the more prosperous in cities and in "summer colonies," how can the young folk know the country Yankee, even if here and there one still survives? No, what seems the passing of a literary fashion is more: it is another sign of the passing of a race from the home which gave it birth. For further stories of that race we must look to the West.

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## AN AMERICAN VIEW OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

BY RAY MORRIS

GIVEN, a railway system which earns each year just about what it earned the year previous, while the capital charged against it is each year materially greater; how are dividends always to be paid at the "usual rate?"

This is a problem which can be worded in many ways; it is subject to much twisting and turning about, while local conditions may greatly modify either or both of the main premises. But the central fact of it is confronting every British railway manager, and will not down; he has always the skeleton in his closet, and is fortunate if he can keep it hidden. It is not the purpose of the present paper to deal with statistics, but rather to show some of the broad tendencies of British railway transportation in their relation to the situation on this side of the Atlantic, and with especial reference to interesting differences in practice. Suffice it, then, to say, at the outset, that the average capitalization of the British lines, as reported by the Board of Trade, stands at some \$273,000 per route mile, while that of our lines is approximately \$67,000 a mile.

Taken by themselves, these figures are meaningless. We are comparing single-

track lines thrown across the Kansas plains, unfenced and unsigned, with four-track roadways, splendidly built and safeguarded, leading into the heart of London. As our country grows up to its transportation system, the capital account will swell by leaps and bounds, and, in truth, expenditures during the last twenty years have been out of all proportion to the increases in route-mileage. We have fairly entered into the period when the characteristic of railway progress is the betterment and enlargement of existing facilities, rather than the opening of new territory with hastily constructed lines. But the fresh budget of capital expenditure charged each year against American railways is bringing constantly increasing returns; the money buys new tools, which enlarge the output of the plant. In England, unfortunately, this is not true. The 23,000 miles of railway in the British isles cover the country like the filaments of a cobweb; every traffic centre is splendidly served already, and not much new is to be hoped for. Gross earnings increase each year, it is true; but they increase very slowly, while the railway properties, built for all time, three

quarters of a century ago, by engineers who had the hardihood to assume that their designs could not be bettered, cannot now be adapted to economical working, but must be carried as best may be, with their terrific burden of capital cost.

To put the matter in a word, the English managers, for the past fifty years, have been capitalizing maintenance in order to pay their dividends. They do not call it capitalizing maintenance. Theoretically, the strict up-keep of the line is paid for out of earnings, and the new capital goes into permanent betterments, larger and more powerful locomotives, heavier bridges, and many other items that leave the company with new assets to set against the new liabilities. But it is only too evident that, in the face of the sharp and ever-present competition in all quarters, these capital costs do not bring new traffic, — for there is not much new traffic to be brought, — but only serve to retain the existing business, and to keep it from falling into the hands of rival companies. British railways do not suffer from competition in rates; but they are gradually being bankrupted by competition in facilities.

At the bottom of the difficulty lies the sacredness of the dividend. Broadly speaking, American railways were built on the proceeds of bond issues; much, if not most, of the original stock was put on the market as a speculative venture, and when the load of capital became too great for the property to bear, the bondholders took possession, wiped out the stock, and reorganized on the best basis they could. Dividends were paid when it seemed expedient; not because the stockholders were deemed to have any particular right to them. The best American railway practice to-day not merely maintains the property out of earnings, in the British sense of the word *maintain*, but puts it in such shape that it can continue to hold its place in its own competitive territory without new capital costs. After that, a generous surplus is carried forward, and

then the balance of the earnings is available for dividends.

But British railways have no bonds; there are simply three classes of stock, debenture, preference, and ordinary, receiving dividends in the order mentioned, and profits are shared almost to the last penny, — a great company, earning twelve million pounds sterling, carrying forward perhaps £25,000 as the year's surplus.

For example, the balance carried forward as surplus by the Great Western Railway for the half year ending June 30, 1904, was equal to only one twenty-fourth of the common-stock dividend requirements for the same period. The dividends, that is to say, absorbed 96 per cent of surplus net earnings, after a scanty charge for maintenance. Dividends on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1904 absorbed only about 64 per cent; on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern they absorbed less than 40 per cent. Moreover, the English road includes its entire surplus carried forward in the sum available for dividends; while both of the American roads have tremendous accumulated surpluses from past years which they do not so include. The accumulated surplus of the Pennsylvania at the time of its last report amounted to nearly twenty-five millions; the Lake Shore had nearly seventeen millions; the Great Western (England) carried forward \$125,000 as its sole reserve.

Just as the British railway carriage started from the stage coach, and has never gotten far away, so the dividend system is based on the practice of the little manufacturing concern whose three owners repair the roof out of surplus earnings, and divide the cash balance at the end of the year. But the proprietors of the manufacturing concern are on the ground; if they are confronted with competition they can intelligently take counsel among themselves and agree to spend some of their profits in new facilities. Not so the thousands of railway shareholders. The standard of dividends set

by the company may have been extravagantly high at the outset, so that it is maintained at great sacrifice by starvation of the property; but that does not interest them; they want their five per cent, or four, or three and one half per cent on an investment made in times of greater profits, and they look sharply to the chairman and his board for it. American charges are flexible, for the dividend — which is not a charge at all — can always be reduced or suspended entirely. But the whole system of British railway capital, based upon a small but regular return, as against the speculative returns in this country, depends on the dividend, and is extremely inflexible. So the capital has piled up, and must continue to pile up until earnings vanish. Our railroads took their hardships and deprivations in their youth; the English lines, after years of great prosperity, are looking forward to certain poverty in their old age.

It has often been said that British railway traffic had the characteristics of a retail business, while American railway traffic was analogous to a wholesale business. The extent to which this is true can scarcely be realized by the tourist; the difference is fundamental, and the conditions under which the lines are worked are as wide apart as the two continents. Some of the British lines have recently complained bitterly of the serious inroads into their passenger revenue made by tramways working within a radius of, say, three miles from the cities, — a traffic that the American manager never had, and does not want. The extreme minuteness, if the term may be so used, of the British merchandise business, tends to destroy all comparisons with American freight-carrying. As a result of these things, visiting railway officers in either country, newly come from the other, are perplexed and dismayed rather than enlightened by what they see. The British manager on a visit to America sees faulty permanent way-construction, locomotives built to be "scrapped" after seven or

eight years' service, unpunctual passenger trains, and a great proportion of the country's mileage abounding in grade crossings and worked without block signals. On the other hand, the American manager in England sees a freight traffic that has degenerated into a parcels business, and a network of lines, extravagantly built and extravagantly worked, handicapped by an official formalism that reaches all branches of the service alike, while the capital account hangs over the lines like a black cloud, certain some day to descend in a storm that will wipe out many time-honored values.

British railways do not have presidents, and there is nobody on the official roll whose authority exactly corresponds to that of the American chief executive. The chairman, often titled and usually a layman, finds it his chief duty to preside over semi-annual meetings and to answer the extremely pertinent questions put to him by the proprietors, — for every British shareholder feels the weight and dignity of his proprietorship, and may not be gainsaid. To make, for the moment, a technical distinction, the characteristic organization of a British railway is departmental; the characteristic American organization is divisional. That is to say, we are prone to make each operating division of the road a separate entity, ruled by its superintendent, who reports to the general superintendent of all divisions. On most of the larger systems there are a group of vice-presidents, each responsible for a main branch of the business, but reporting in turn to the president, while they give the division superintendents, who are the operating units, as free a hand as possible. Our general managers are little more than full-powered general superintendents.

But in the British departmental organization, the branches of the business proceed in parallel lines that do not converge in any central authority. The British general manager is the operating head; but the locomotive-chief gets about the same salary, and theoretically reports to

no one but the non-technical directors; while main questions of policy and finance are taken away from the general manager by the board. The chief traffic-manager has a position almost, though not quite, as independent as the locomotive-chief. The result is that the general manager, whose duty it is to move the traffic, may or may not be able to haul the trains he wants to; it depends on the locomotive-chief whether he can or not; and the locomotive-chief, desirous of making a fine record of working economy for his engines, does not always care to overwork them for the sake of enabling the general manager to make a good record of another sort. British railways often seem to obey the Scriptural injunction not to let the right hand know what the left hand is doing.

The departmental system is also in part responsible for the official formalism, the dignity with which each department hedges itself about, as illustrated, in a measure, by the multiplication of clerical positions. That there is not enough work to occupy all the assistants, secretaries, and clerks is most obvious, and the amount of unnecessary correspondence that these persons carry on suggests government service. It is a common saying that any patient clerk can be sure of a comfortable berth if he bides his time and takes pains not to be so active in the performance of his duties as to alarm his immediate superior.

Yet in spite of these very patent defects which so seriously affect the economies of working, the fact must not for a moment be lost sight of, that the public service rendered by the British lines, the convenience to the traveler and the shipper, are far in excess of anything to be found in this country. The British Isles are absurdly small when compared with our vast areas, and this of course simplifies the operating problems; there are no snowdrifts to delay schedules, no sections of crudely built track awaiting perfection, and the locomotives are never far from their home shops. Yet, even with allow-

ance for these advantages, both freight and passenger traffic are habitually handled with a regularity and certainty that deserve the highest degree of praise. In any large terminal in England the number of passenger trains that arrive either exactly on time or a minute or two ahead is far greater than that of trains even the least overdue; five minutes is usually a safe margin for an important connection. At Finsbury Park, a suburban station just outside London, trains pass on an average of one every two minutes night and day, yet this tremendous traffic is handled with clock-like precision. This punctuality, moreover, is not confined to the passenger service, and, in comparison with this country, it is in freight-working that it is the most marked.

Our freight roughly divides itself into two main classes, — "time" freight that is urgent, and "dead" freight that can wait; and on our larger systems it requires careful systematizing and the constant attention of a large staff to keep these classes separate and to insure that the "time" freight is not delayed. The way we do it is interesting, and varies only in detail among almost all the large lines. Certain stations are designated as time-freight way-billing points, and each of these stations has a telegraphic name, as, for example, "MA" for Minneapolis. Each station also has a set of numbers, — a large point like Minneapolis would have about six hundred, — and the cars of time freight "originating" there are numbered consecutively up to the limit, — MA 1, MA 2, etc., — after which the numbering reverts to MA 1 again. The superintendent of car-service — by whatever name he may be locally called — receives daily a telegraphic report of every time-freight car on the road, designated in this way, and frequently keeps a graphic record of his charges. Stretching across his wall will be a great board with the names of the stations in consecutive order upon it; and stiff wires support smaller boards, representing the trains of time freight, which are moved along as their progress

is reported from passing points, just as Lloyds' stations report ships at sea. Each one of these small train-boards contains separate plugs, or slips of wood, on which are marked the symbols of each car. If at any time a fast-freight car is reported "set out" at any station from any cause whatsoever, its symbol-bearing plug or slip is removed from the board representing the train, and is left at the proper place. Thus the car-service superintendent has a continuous graphic record, not only of every time-freight train, but of every time-freight car on the road. The necessity for this is apparent on a system like the Great Northern (U. S. A.), where the fastest through freight trains are a week on the road between St. Paul and the coast.

The English method of handling fast freight is so different from this in its whole conception and environment,—at once so much more expeditious and so much more costly,—that there is no common ground for a comparison. As far back as 1885, when Hadley wrote his *Railroad Transportation*, he showed that freight could be received in London late in the afternoon and be delivered at the consignee's door, anywhere south of Scotland, the next morning. The main features of this service have not been changed much in the last twenty years; but it has been polished by competition to a wonderful degree of perfection as regards facilities, although the cost of it, both to the railways and to the shippers, remains an unfailing source of astonishment to the American manager.

One of our great Eastern roads sends out four fast freight trains daily from New York; the London and North-Western sends out twenty-eight daily! Moreover, the English company cannot despatch these trains at its convenience, throughout the twenty-four hours, for the freight does not come in until late in the afternoon, and it must inevitably be delivered before working hours the next morning. So the trains must be worked on what is practically a passenger sched-

ule, and to accomplish this they must be light. The standard train for this kind of traffic is made up of twenty-four or twenty-five little ten-ton wagons, and in the face of the conditions which have to be met, three tons of paying freight per wagon is considered good loading. That is to say, there must be a locomotive and a train crew for about every seventy tons of fast freight!<sup>1</sup> Incidentally, it may be noted that a single locomotive and train crew handle two thousand tons of paying freight, when grain is moving, on the New York Central; while this record is considerably exceeded by coal haulage over portions of the Pennsylvania system.

Through stress of competition, practically all kinds of freight are hauled in this extravagant manner in British practice, excepting only coal, pig iron, brick, and articles that belong in a similar classification. As a result, the business methods of the provincial shopkeepers have been arranged to fit the conditions. A Leeds tailor carries only a small stock of cloth, his customers ordering by sample. If the order is received by four o'clock in the afternoon, the tailor can telegraph the number of the sample to London and receive the cloth by the time he opens his shop in the morning. The purchaser of goods that weigh fifty pounds or so does not feel the freight charge, and gets a service unequaled in any part of the world; but the habitual shipper finds his freight bills extremely high, since the average rate received by the railway companies on the goods moved by these fast trains is not far from a sovereign a ton. It is only fair to say that this rate, besides providing for rapid movement, also includes collection and delivery; but it has remained practically unchanged throughout the last twenty-five years, while every one who has followed the recent arguments against Federal rate-regulation in

<sup>1</sup> As I pass my proofs I learn that the London and North-Western has increased its maximum fast-goods trains to thirty-six cars, carrying about one hundred tons of paying freight.

this country must have been struck with the great decreases in our own freight rates during a similar period. So far as freight movement is concerned, it is a safe generalization to say that advances in the science of transportation have been applied in this country primarily to the reduction of costs; in England to the improvement of facilities.

The odd part about the extraordinarily rapid movement of British freight is that the shipper, viewed as an average person, is not much interested in it. Of course some commodities must move fast or not at all. Meat traffic from Liverpool to London — "dead meat," as the English describe it, with their wondrously definite habit of mind — must positively reach the city prior to six in the morning, for the reason that the trains are run around from the main lines north of the city to the east-side markets on the tracks of the Metropolitan and District underground lines, and these tracks must be cleared for the early morning passenger traffic. But the great bulk of the traffic — chinaware, groceries, bicycles, birdcages, and what-not — is far less urgent than would appear; several railway managers have told me that only the tiniest proportion of their shippers were really much concerned about over-night deliveries. If the competing railways could agree among themselves to reduce the number of trains, and consolidate into economical loads the traffic that could wait, there would be no real dissatisfaction, and the saving would be tremendous. But this is just the sort of agreement that will never be made, because the fast trains are the only weapon left to competition. "Besides," says the English manager, "I would rather move the traffic in the present wasteful manner and get a sovereign a ton for it, than consolidate my trains and face the appeals for a lower rate." And, in a country where there is no potential traffic awaiting stimulation, he is right.

If I were asked to name the characteristics which, from the standpoint of the

casual traveler, make British railways most unlike American railways, I should reply unhesitatingly, hedges, and the Board of Trade. Each of these terms is somewhat symbolic, as used. The hedges, perfectly trimmed and laid out like the boundaries of a model garden, suggest the neatness and careful exactitude that pervade the service. They may fairly be made to stand for the politeness of the employees, the "railway servants," as well; for one does not expect to find rude servants in an old-fashioned garden. The traveler does not see the Board of Trade, but he is surrounded on all sides by its handiwork, and watched over by its inspectors. Specifically, the Board of Trade as a British railway characteristic stands for the broad masonry station platforms, the overhead bridges from the up-line to the down-line, the absence of grade crossings, the efficient system of block signaling, and the careful inspection and report that follow even the most insignificant accident. More broadly, it denotes the great British Public Opinion, that may be inefficient, but is always honest and courageous, and carries an influence — whether it expresses itself in the shareholders' meeting or in the columns of the *Times* — which has no parallel in this country. Nor does public opinion, or public serious-mindedness, stop with the proprietors and the critics; the humblest railway guard feels his responsibilities, and respects the traditions of law and order to an extent that is simply astonishing. He may be stupid; he usually is; but his fidelity to the book of rules and to his own small but essential share in railway working seems to belong to a different race of individuals from the American trainman, with alertness and carelessness well mingled in his make-up.

The Board of Trade is a branch of the government, and its railway department is concerned almost solely with public safety. It views public safety broadly; it will not permit any new line to be opened for traffic until its inspectors have passed on it; and the inspectors require com-

pliance with almost countless arbitrary requirements that entail a tremendous expense on the railway company, and have, in considerable part, no real bearing on safety. Many of these requirements are traditional rather than expedient; if railways were to be built *de novo* in the year 1906 it is certain that the Board of Trade would be immensely shocked, if not insulted, at the suggestion that a 100-ton locomotive should rely on wheel flanges less than one and a half inches deep to keep it on the rails, at a speed of seventy miles an hour. But the traveler who is not a shareholder has no occasion to worry over excessive safety, and he can feel assured that every British railway on which he is permitted to travel has passed a rigid examination at the hands of one of the most critical examining bodies in the world.

The Railway Department of the Board of Trade has four principal inspectors, who are retired army officers,—at present three lieutenant-colonels and a major. These gentlemen naturally had no railway experience prior to their appointment; in fact, the very circumstance of their army career indicates the impersonal, non-partisan service which is expected of them. Without technical skill, except that which they have acquired in the prosecution of their duties, they stand for dignity and absolute integrity, as representatives of the government. One inspector personally investigates every accident, every new line which it is proposed to open for traffic, every installation of a new type of signal, and the like, and receives testimony much like a circuit judge, except that the proceedings are informal. In due course of time he presents his report, quoting the important testimony, and adding conclusions and recommendations of his own which have practically the force of statute, because of the power possessed by the Board to require compliance on the part of the companies. The reasons gravely alleged by the Board as the cause of a wreck often fail to convince; the remedies sug-

gested may do nothing more than reiterate the need of care in train-working; but the limelight is turned squarely on all the operating methods and physical conditions contributory to the accident, and any real evils that may be discovered are dealt with in no uncertain manner.

For example, at the famous Hall Road accident, on the electrified portion of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the whole system of facing-point switches throughout the country was under trial, although the primary cause of the accident was an order to proceed, wrongly given, by a signalman. The country was aroused by the accident; but the Board of Trade went about its investigation without haste or hysteria, and laid the entire blame where it belonged,—on the mental confusion of the signalman. The American press as a whole can be relied on always to assume, tacitly or sonorously, that a serious railroad accident is due to "corporate greed," implying that if the shareholders cared to spend what they should, they could bring about a condition of perfection that would make accidents unheard of. The British press does not share this attitude of mind, because it places perfect confidence in its Board of Trade. When the inspectors of the Hall Road disaster fully exonerated the facing-point switch from the charge that it was accessory to accidents in general, the press had no more to say on this point. It is easy to imagine the heroic stand which our sensational papers would have taken in such a discussion. They would have formed their own conclusion months before the Board of Trade hearings were finished, exonerating the poor signalman,—and incidentally publishing his portrait,—placing all blame on the directors, and appealing to high Heaven and President Roosevelt for a law requiring the abolition of facing-point switches.

The British observer is naturally surprised to see that our safety measures are enforced primarily by the newspapers; he is scandalized to learn that the cause of some of our worst accidents is never

known, and hence that preventive measures do not follow. For example, the Mentor wreck, on the Lake Shore, is still unexplained, after incomplete and unscientific examinations made by coroners' juries and the inefficient State Railroad Commission. Two things, however, have always worked to hinder really useful work by any national railroad commission in this country: the separate state government system, and the fact that internal communications played so vital a part in the development and in the prosperity of the land that public opinion, at the outset, was not at all critical. What was wanted was railroads; if they could be safe railroads, so much the better; but this was not the essential thing. The early lines across the plains, with all their crudities, were so infinitely superior to pack trains, both in efficiency and in safety, that their shortcomings were not judged harshly. Now we have awakened to the fact that a preventable accident is a criminal thing, and we hold our railroads in low esteem because they cannot at once alter their physical structure to conform to our point of view. It is fair to say, however, that we very greatly need an institution with inspection powers like those of the British Board of Trade, but with expense ideas tempered to the wide difference in situation.

To revert from the Board of Trade to the hedge characteristic of British lines: the baggage system, plus the cab arrangements, never fails to delight an American. He never knows, and never can be made to know, what there is in the system that offers the slightest hindrance to the professional collector of other people's baggage; he is fully convinced that the porter would place on his hansom any bag he designated as his own, without a moment's hesitation. In a country where checks are not used in ordinary baggage handling, the entire system rests on the simple affirmation, "This is my bag." Yet the claim-departments of British railways find that theft of baggage from station platforms is practically a negligible

item in their accounting. From the standpoint of the ordinary traveler, the British method is incomparably superior to ours. A four-wheeler in London costs a shilling for the first two miles. Add a few odd pence for each piece of baggage carried outside, and construe the distance liberally, and you may arrive at the station, with all your paraphernalia, for a ridiculously small sum. English visitors to New York habitually dine in tweeds on the night of their arrival, because the expressman, who lightly guarantees immediate delivery of their belongings, finds it more convenient to call the following morning.

The Englishman travels with two kit-bags, a hat-box, an ulster, and a rug, and never carries any of these things himself. He marvels at the hidden resources of the American dress-suit case, not understanding the stern necessity that requires us to provide apparel for the day in such form that we can manage it without relying on the porter or the expressman. It has always seemed to me that the polite porters who swarm about English railway stations were, in the last analysis, responsible for the abominable coldness of the trains; for without the porter's assistance the traveler could not manage his ulster and his rug, and would be unable to regard a railway journey as akin to a drive in an open carriage. Our trains are overheated, and we remove superfluous outer garments when we travel; English trains are really not heated at all, and the traveler must dress as he would dress on board ship.

Taking into consideration all the differences, great and small, it is hard to say with conviction that the railway system of either country offers any marked advantage over the other in the comfort it affords the traveler. England is a land of short distances; and, speaking of the lines as a whole, they subordinate their freight business to their passenger business. In this country we unhesitatingly subordinate the passenger traffic. As a result, the English service offers many more short-distance trains, which run with infinitely

greater punctuality. But the long-distance traffic, — that is to say, the service between England and Scotland, — lacks many comfort-giving features to which we are accustomed. The traveler in the fall and winter months is likely to be chiefly concerned by the coldness of the trains, mentioned above. He is also expected to remain in one place throughout the journey; there is no library car at the front of the train, no observation smoker at the rear. In recent years an excellent dining-car service has been maintained on the best trains; but dining-cars are still somewhat of a specialty, rather than an essential feature of a through train. As an alternative there is the basket lunch, — a cold chicken, lettuce salad, bread, butter, and cheese, designed to be eaten from the lap. Personally, I am inclined to think that an American dining-car affords more nourishment and considerably more variety than does a basket lunch; but this is a moot point. The dining-car at least gives the traveler a chance to move about, and to substitute oak and rattan for plush. The English dining-car, when found, is so thoroughly satisfactory that it may rest quite exempt from the criticism of a reasonably philosophic traveler.

The same is true of the British sleeping-car, which, like the diner, is a recent development, but is now always to be found on the Scotch night expresses. Each passenger has a narrow compartment to himself; there are no upper berths, and there is an individual washstand in the compartment. If the journey begins

at bed-time and ends at getting-up time, the traveler will be thoroughly comfortable; but if he is bound to a point not reached by his rising hour, — Aberdeen, for example, — he must needs make up his own berth and remain in his compartment; the cars are not convertible into day coaches, and he must be content with a basket breakfast, likewise eaten from the berth.

The upshot of a comparison between English and American railways is that each country has provided itself with the system that, broadly considered, answers its own needs the best, and that, when all circumstances are taken into account, neither has much to learn from the other. Certain great defects stand out in each; English railway financing and American railway carelessness are both deserving of censure. Yet these defects are quite explainable in their outgrowth from the physical conditions at hand, and they are not amenable to any off-hand remedy. Likewise, certain points of especial attractiveness, such as the English baggage system and the punctuality of trains, and the American luxury of through travel, have arisen from a complicated set of local circumstances, and could not be transplanted unless all the circumstances were transplanted as well. Most forcible of all is the impression gained by such a study that the essential belief, the very creed and doctrine of one country, as regards the economics of its railway working, may not be so much as discussed in another, where the same ultimate problem is gotten at in a wholly different way.

## THE MUSIC-MAKERS

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

It was not because its rich heart failed that the Hinterland was abandoned; the reason was simply its mountainous isolation from the railroads, which could not, after all, be induced to come that way. For the same reason it was bought from the gold-seekers by a man who was seeking something else.

He lived in the manager's house (though by no means as the manager had lived); he let the shaft fill up with water and the hoist decay; he put the silent stamp-mill to uses for which it had not been intended. When its white beams grew dim it was as full of shadows as an ancestral garret; but its corruption was more of rust than of moth, and it gloomed in sudden abysses unknown to attics the most far-reaching. It was a building of many stories, with the floors left out. There were platforms and galleries and bits of staging where steep stairs paused and went breathlessly on. Among sleeping wheels and sagging belts and crowd of beams the stamps hung, ranked like the pipes of a great organ.

The bottom of the mill was floored, and heated by a stove. It was in some sort furnished, and had an air of detachment from the gaunt heights above it. On the rough table there was apt to be an incongruous choice of books and papers. There could be no doubt of the unusualness of a piano in such surroundings; but this one was the better suited to their scale for being a concert grand.

Early on a summer morning the man who had bought the Hinterland for solitude sat at the keys, governing them masterfully. He seemed to listen less to what he played than to sounds in the tangled gloom above him. There were two voices up there, hooting and calling to each other with joyful inconsequence and much

awakening of sound among the rafters. The man hushed his chords, and gave with precision the single notes of Siegfried's horn. At this signal the young shouters, boy and girl, presented themselves in cat-like descent of the stairs. Their surefootedness was part of a beauty singularly dependent upon absolute form. They were straight-haired, narrow-eyed, sunburned without mercy; but faultlessly slender, with clear, interested faces. It proved the power of the type that in each a reminder of the other was welcome,—the resemblance between them was their final charm.

The man at the piano smiled as they dropped from the last flight beside him. He kept a breathing of chords beneath his hands. His utterance was deliberate.

"I wonder if you are ever likely to grow up. It is hard to give you credit for your twenty years."

"That's only because we've been singing so badly," said the girl with affectionate impertinence. "Last week you were talking about the 'mouths of babes.' Take Kit before me, won't you? Poor little Clara's tired."

"There are going to be occasions when she'll have to sing whether she is tired or not."

"Yes," said Clara comfortably, "but this is not one of them;" and she stretched herself out on the floor. Her skirts clung to her long slenderness. Both her clothes and her brother's showed an unmistakable cut and style, but elimination was evidently their principle of dress. They carried it so far as to the wearing of sandals,—no compromise called by that name, but the sandal of the Greek, bound with a thong between the toes upon feet accustomed to exposure.

The man at the piano had threatening

gray brows and a splendid, unyielding old face. He looked down at Clara, and she relinquished her position of insubordinate rest, and went up the steps of the first platform. This was but the height of a stage above the floor, of loose boards sloping back to the wall of stamps. With a defiant yet business-like appearance of being under fire, Kit and Clara faced their teacher at this elevation, and by turns sent a solitary young voice through the mill. For young voices they were unusual, and they showed a master's training; but their early finish seemed rather to emphasize in each a certain disappointing quality; they tantalized with a hint of power that was not fulfilled. One could not name the lack.

There were lapses from his standard, however, which the teacher found no difficulty in naming. His dispraise rose into despairing figures of speech.

"Kit!" he groaned. "Am I to sit here, after all these years, and *hear you breathe!* Give me those notes unveiled! Keep your breath behind them, man! Clear! clear!"

It needed imagination to detect a stain on Kit's pure tones; his teacher's irritation may have been roused in part by a subtler insufficiency. With an expression of relief, he turned back the pages of his music, and said, "Now. Together!"

On the platform the two singers eyed each other soberly; the notes of the accompaniment lingered to include them, and they sang in unison. It was the fitting of lock and key. These voices had been made upon the same day, and tuned to an indivisible third. They had rushed together, and out of them had risen one voice; but it was rich from the hearts of two. It was more, for the suggested charm which had failed in either one woke in their union and caught the listener's breath.

To the singers this awakening of power brought a delicious freedom, a happy self-consciousness that became them like a smile, though no smile could find its way to their earnest faces. The teacher did not look at them. In the searching

support of his accompaniment one might almost fancy a caress, but he said nothing.

The singers slipped down from their stage. The young man crossed to the table, and turned over some manuscript scores, his eyes interpreting them as the less musically educated read print. The girl stood by the old musician with a little appeal in her attitude.

"Not good, Uncle Gregory?" she questioned.

He faced round at her abruptly. "I've not given you much praise to work on lately? Is that it?"

Clara's mouth was tremulous. "We don't want praise to work on, but we want it when we have worked," she said. "The opera is yours, Uncle Gregory, but Kit and I belong to the opera, and you ought n't to make us sing in the dark."

Gregory Borgne smiled to himself. "It's a good place to sing. Madame Mantegna would say, 'Learn by the footlights, and you'll be able to sing there.' I say, 'Learn in the dark, and you will never notice the footlights.' But she believes in hard work at the bottom. She will tell you whether you can sing or not."

"What does she know about it that you don't know?"

"She has the standards of the world, my dear. You don't suppose they are made up here in the mountains?"

Clara leaned against his shoulder and fingered the keys. "We may not be makers of standards, but we're makers of music, Uncle Greg. Tell me, was n't that music we made just now?"

"Ah, we did n't make it 'just now.'"

"But are n't the years beginning to tell?"

The old musician laid his hand over the fingers on the keys. "It would not be strange if something had happened to my standards. Clara, how do you think it makes a man feel to hear the music that he put his heart and brain into, sung as he heard it in his dreams,—no, as he never even dreamed it,—sung—sung as

you and Kit sang it 'just now?'" With sudden tears in his eyes, he rose and strode out of the mill-room.

Clara turned to her brother. "You were reading. Did you hear?"

"I heard," said Kit, "and I saw. But we've always known he cared like that underneath, even when he 'poured out his indignation' on us."

"The indignation was generally mutual," said Clara reminiscently.

"But he never used to think of whether other people would care. Now he does."

"It's only certain people. And we'll make them care."

Kit frowned thoughtfully. "I believe he will die of it if we don't. It's partly the opera and partly us, and we're so wound up together"—

"Oh, Kit, we must. Let's believe that we can."

"I believe," said Kit (evidently the result of conscientious thought), "that there is something queer about our voices."

Gregory Borgne had tasted early success as a composer, and it had not satisfied him. It may have been due to his nature, or to the nature of the success. There was abundant homage, and one repeated criticism,—that his music was cold. "As they interpret it,—certainly," Gregory would say; and then, with his gentle insolence: "I have heard none yet who could sing my songs. There is more than coldness in restraint."

Though the quality of his music might be undetermined, the high restraints of character were written unmistakably on Gregory's face. If in middle life he became to some extent a hermit, none attributed it to coldness. Those who visited him at the Hinterland carried from there an almost reverent memory of their host, and of his mountains and the music-broken silence.

Such a memory came home to his younger brother, Christopher Borgne, in the day when his children were made motherless, but not through the dignity of death. In the midst of the disillusioning society which was his choice, he was

as much the idealist as Gregory. There was in his social pride something analogous to his brother's musical conscience, and in both there was a large hope in humanity which sometimes makes intolerance for the failure of the individual. When Christopher Borgne took steps to cut out of his life the woman who had dishonored him, he would have wished to annihilate all memory, to cleanse his thoughts of one face. His children looked at him with her eyes, and he put them out of his sight till the years should deepen over what they recalled.

He entrusted them to Gregory, with loving, bitter words. "Shut them up in your mountains, Greg. Feed them on your cold music. Make them good. If any one can, you can do it."

In addition to his head being somewhat in the clouds, Gregory was humbly mistrustful of himself as a guardian. The twins were at first left largely to Jeanne, his remarkable Swiss housekeeper, and she was equal to the charge. It was a happy life for children. The mountain slopes were free and far about them; their playhouse was the echoing mill. Jeanne's maternal overanxiousness was not always companionable; but Paul, her husband, was indulgent, a teller of fairy-tales, and master of the horses, the cow, and the pigeons.

Between Gregory and the children there existed a mutual awe, which was both deepened and bridged on the day when they were found to have a boundless plaything in common. It was almost frightening to Gregory to find how utterly he could music-charm their restless young bodies, how instantly call a light and stillness into their stormy little faces. He turned from the music of the intricate and misunderstood, and played with the music we all understand, to please two babies. But it did not hurt his work. He set their Greek fables to lucid melodies, and they called them "The Hero Songs." As he smiled and fashioned them, he little knew that they were the germ of his great music allegories, to which later the

world denied the name of dramas, but over which it dreamed and wept.

If Kit and Clara brought youth into Gregory's music, his music fairly ran in their veins. They lived, moreover, on the same nourishment,—nature at her loveliest, the books that Gregory loved, the friends he admitted to his fortress. During certain years there was a tutor, one year a governess; but they were chosen ones, and, under the spell of the place, almost reluctantly instructive. There were letters from without. The father who would not see his children tasked his clever brain in writing to them. Clara's godmother, a brilliant Frenchwoman, was a guarded correspondent. These were distinct influences. The outside world came to them; but sifted and strained and exquisitely edited, as it comes to the deaf and blind. Yet by the same fate the great windows of expression were generously opened to them. Either the safety of outlets in an isolated life, or pleasant memories of his student days in Vienna, induced Gregory's resolve that his charges should have the freedom of other languages than their own. They spoke, in fact, three,—French, German, and music; the first two with inaccurate facility, the last with a young eloquence that came in time to be the meaning of life for Gregory.

When their voices began to mature, the extraordinary correspondence between them came to light, and it haunted him like a sign. Humanly, it seemed to him a mystic birth-bond, and an answer to the question in his brother's ruined life. But it was as an answer to the eternal question of darkness in the world that he built around it the greatest of his music allegories. The inseparableness of joy and sorrow, of good and evil, was surely a theme grand enough to be sung once more. He took the simple story of Pluto and Proserpine, and bereft it of one dominant feature. His Pluto was not the bearded, iron king,—only a stern young death-angel, with life's hand in his.

The inspiration and the work of Greg-

ory's manhood culminated in his *Proserpine*, and Kit and Clara breathed its power till, even in their careless teens, they half understood. It was instinctively, and through no word of Gregory's, that they connected it somehow with the blot in their family past. When he construed it for them, it was in large generalities, as: "If sorrow come over your life, my Clara, you will go into the depths of it, and then you will be queen of it, like Proserpine. If you find sin about you, trust in your own strength, and then be worthy of your own trust." He quoted: "'Among the dead she breathes alone.' The sinful are only dead,—dead to life's meaning. They will not hurt you."

To Kit, who was not troubled with self-distrust, he preached: "Believe in others. Snatch your Proserpine from her daffodil fields, and take her into the deeps with you. If she disappoint you, believe in her still, and you will see her dry her childish tears and meet your kingly faith with a queen's calm."

These sayings were not directly applicable, but they mingled with the rich music, the haunting libretto of *Proserpine*, to create an atmosphere which deepened about the boy and girl. Only they were too hard-worked to realize it.

Gregory had concluded that he had a message to the world, and that the world must hear it. The children of his training should startle its banality with his music on their lips,—the music that was made for them, nay, made of them; that bound their mated voices in coiling fugue and strong duet, and veil on veil of meaning. A stage should be stripped of its silly trappings to make a setting for these singers of the mill, and the great orchestra that had played his symphonies and left him cold should stir his heart as it rose to bear their voices.

In the meantime no professionals could have been more sternly under training. Gregory had taught them to work, and he spared neither them nor himself. When Clara's thinness gave him compunctions, he spoke of her to the usually anxious

Jeanne, who answered briefly: "I've seen her the same from hard riding. It's no matter at her age." She longed to say to the white-haired guardian that at his it did matter.

Certain of Gregory's musical associates had heard his pupils sing, and, unable to analyze the charm that confused them, had smiled and talked about the magic of the mountains. Now at last that friend from among the famous professionals was coming, of whom Gregory said teasingly to the children, "Madame Mantegna will tell you whether you can sing or not."

What Madame Mantegna said was that they could not act.

Even the standards of the world differ, however. Another of its ambassadors, while professing to have no knowledge of voices, was skeptical of these two on the risky ground that he had never seen a singer yet who could act, and these youngsters could. He was a decorator by profession; by vocation, according to his own blithe assurance, a scene-painter. His views on the subject were peculiar, and he never yet had put them into practice; but they coincided with Gregory's, as did also his theories of acting. He combatted Madame Mantegna on the subject.

"It is extraordinarily like nature, of course, but it is n't: nature would break down and be self-conscious. It's an art as broad as a philosophy of life, and it's been rubbed into them for years. Not trained? They are trained within an inch of their lives, — and then trained not to show it. That's acting!" Madame Mantegna's great laugh would embrace his assertion that Gregory Borgne was "no mere musician. He's a giant. He writes his own librettos, and, I tell you, he has trained his own singers."

The enthusiast approached Kit on the subject, and his opinions were confirmed, though with a comical irritation at the unmusical point of view.

"Of course we've been taught to act! If you don't move properly and keep quiet between times, it interferes with the

dignity of things. But it's not the acting, Mr. Vinton, it's the music that we're doing it for!"

At the bottom of Kit's disgust was probably Vinton's ill-disguised joy in the personal appearance of the actors. He pleaded his ignorance of music. "I'm not even sure what your voice is called. Is it a tenor?"

"It's half a voice," growled Kit. "Clara has the other half;" — which remark was more illuminating to Vinton than one more courteous and technical would have been.

Kit withdrew, and grumbled to Clara. "He's the most frivolous person! I suppose artists get like that from only looking at the outside of things."

"I don't know," Clara considered. "He saw the mill in the early morning when it's all shadows, and he said he could n't make us a better Hades than that. I said we used it for the Elysian Fields, too, and he said he supposed that in the end they were made of the same things. That sounded like Uncle Gregory."

Madame Mantegna relinquished none of her lifelong convictions, but she set them aside with a magnificent generosity. From a friendly interest in the furthering of Gregory's project she arrived at accepting even with enthusiasm the rôle of Ceres. In all the music allegories the second part is given to the soprano (Clara's voice was low), but this is only one of their unconventionalities.

"I long for their publication!" Mantegna would exclaim. "They are heavenly beautiful! But no more dramatic than an étude, — *Proserpine* the least so. Why did you not choose *Pandora*, or *The Man with One Sandal*?"

Gregory shook his head. "*Proserpine* is of the same blood as its singers. And it is the story of life's two voices."

"Ah, yes! That meaning you find in the children's."

"And you?"

"Ah!" she would laugh. "There is no mystery. They can sing!"

But there was something that kept the restless Mantegna fascinated, and loyal to the incredible little opera.

Kit and Clara stood in no particular awe of this celebrity. Her rhapsodies of colloquial French amused them. They rather disapproved of her manner,—her effusiveness toward Gregory, who never appeared to notice it, and toward themselves, making them mirthfully uncomfortable. But on her professional side they understood and admired her. She was glorious, they said, when she sang. If her acting was to them affected, they recognized it as simply a different school of training; and she was vast and motherly, said the slender, loose-belted Clara, "as Ceres ought to be."

When Mantegna had returned to the city, when the last month at the Hinterland was passing, that cool adherence to the work in hand which had been trained into Kit and Clara began to give way before a sense of culmination in their lives. One drowsy noon they sat in the frame of a big mill window, eating bread and milk with singers' appetites. Below them there was an alarming drop into treetops, and a dusty, empty road which wound away into a little ravine and disappeared. Beyond it —

Line after line of hills,  
Blue after blue.

Kit regarded the prospect gloomily. "How long since the dust in that road has been stirred up?" he demanded.

Clara was too hungry to be figurative. "Since Paul rode over it last night with the mail," she said.

"I suppose," mused Kit, "the prophets do come from the wilderness; and the oracles were in the mountains. But I should like to think crowded thoughts for awhile."

"Kit, what are you talking about?"

"I was thinking of the things Uncle Gregory says. He mixes them up with everything else so you don't notice at the time, but afterwards you remember. He says the city gives you the law of life in thousands and thousands of words, and

they're so different from each other you don't see that they belong to a law at all. The mountains, he says, give it in only a few words, and the same ones day after day until you learn. And then he says"—

"And then," smiled Clara, "he says, 'Don't forget what the mountains taught, when you hear the city saying it another way.'"

"Yes."

"I guess the city is going to test more than our voices, Kit."

There was a strong look in Kit's face. He remarked, under his breath, "I should rather bet it was! Well, Uncle Greg has taught us the law. It won't be his fault if we forgot."

"I don't see why it should be harder among other men and women. They are trying not to forget, too."

"Some of them don't try."

Clara gave a little hurt sound.

"Some of them have forgotten long ago. Some of them never even knew. That's what *Proserpine* means."

"Kit! It means a great deal more than that. But, at least, you would like to sing among them, would n't you, — the multitude?"

"My dear girl, I should like to live among them."

"Ah, you are restless!" smiled Clara.

Her next remark confessed to something akin.

"I hope father won't write again this month. His letters make one feel excited, and think of outside things when one ought to be working."

"Probably he will, though. He must have ours by now, and know all about the opera. Will he come and see us, d' you suppose? In the characters of other people I should think he might."

There was a pause. Allusion to the broken family always silenced them to each other.

Kit poured milk into his bowl. "These important voices must be fed," he observed.

"Uncle Gregory has written, too," said

Clara. "And, do you know, I think he is disturbed,—that he's not sure of father's approval."

"It's late now for disapproval."

The same thought was in Gregory's mind that night, as he paced the hill before his house, passing and repassing the little, dark windows behind which his charges slept. There was a light in his study. Opened upon the overture to *Proserpine* lay the letter from his brother that was wringing his heart. Fragments of it repeated themselves to him through hours of thought.

. . . "I was all but resolved to see them again. Perhaps my only hesitation was a feeling that, having shrunk from responsibility, I had not earned the right to share its fruits, to claim them at the end of difficult childhood. But it seems it is to end before the footlights. . . . I asked that they be kept out of temptation. You have chosen a road that inevitably leads into it. I thought of your music as the crowning beauty in the life you could give them. You have sacrificed them to it. I forgot that genius was inhuman. . . . You kept faith with me for a while, my brother; their letters prove it. For that I thank you. Take the reward of your care. But I forget: you have taken it already. Well, enjoy it at its fullest. You will have no word of interference, or of anything else, from me. You have made my children fatherless."

Gregory wrestled with these phrases till far into the dawn. It was, in fact, too late to turn back now. If his letter had conveyed so little of his project's deeper meaning, to abandon the opera would not restore his brother's faith, or make him believe his children nobly reared. There was but one language in which Gregory could explain,—that of the music his brother cursed. He longed to say to him, as it was said by Philip of old, "Come and see."

Grief held back to give room for one slim hope,—that perhaps, unbidden, he would come.

Some weeks later Christopher Borgne

left the streets of a brilliant city night, and stepped into the opera house. The overture was finished, lights down, as he followed his usher, and he took his seat at the rising of the curtain. He had timed himself carefully, for there would be friends whom he would not wish to speak to that night, and who conceivably might wish to avoid him. It was a full house. There were many who came for the music of Gregory Borgne, or to hear Mantegna. But there was also expectation in regard to the new singers, who had been, reservedly, it is true, but effectually advertised,—a process under which two men present had writhed. The business side of his concert days had never bothered Gregory, but he shuddered at the printing of "his children's" pictures no less than their outraged father.

Immediately on the rising of the curtain Christopher Borgne's fastidious taste approved the stage-setting. Vinton had not attempted to make his meadows of Enna realistic, or to cover the impossibility of doing so by mists of veiling or cold blue distances. They were as much a decoration and a background as though they had been woven in an arras,—indeed, his low greens had a textile richness. Against them a chorus of nymphs stirred and wreathed in slow dance and song. Borgne did not distinguish at first what it was that gave them a look of appropriateness, a congruity not usually discoverable between a chorus girl and the Greek dress. In the place of rouge and whitening, their skins were slightly darkened. The idea had occurred to Vinton at the Hinterland, watching Kit and Clara in their white clothes and sun-brownness. But the sun does not paint opaque-ly. Clara herself was now the fairest of the nymphs, as hers was among them all the only fine, transparent face. Christopher Borgne noticed that face; but she mingled so unobtrusively with the others that she had no appearance of the leading lady. As they drew backward and melted into the wings, she separated from them, as though by accident, and drifted toward

the orchestra. Her eyes swept the house an instant with a child-like bewilderment, almost alarm. It passed at once, and she recovered her look of unconsciousness,— a thing no less trained than the assurance of the chorus-girls, yet as far removed as her whole personality from theirs. They were gone, and she stood alone. One expected her to sing, but she did not. She stood listening. To him who watched her with such double earnest she was not yet realized as his daughter,— she was Proserpine, with the daffodils in her hands, chosen of darkness,— waiting. The moan of the orchestra broke into a cry, and the light went out. When it came in gloom again Pluto and Proserpine stood together. Their voices rose above the instruments, one in strength and one in fear, one in wild entreaty, the other in pure relentless; yet over all an inviolable chord.

It may have been this persistence of unity which gave such impressiveness to the strange little opera as it drifted, dim and unaccented, through the hours. It made possible an extraordinary absence of gesture in the acting of the two main parts. It was less as if the singers moved than as if the music moved them. Their motions seemed no more deliberate than the vibrations of an instrument under the player's hand.

But there was one attitude, purely natural, which, as the allegory unfolded, took the semblance of a haunting bit of acting. It was an awestruck attention,— keen as the gaze of a listening hound. Rehearsals had not taken from Kit and Clara their first wonder at the voice of a great orchestra. Related in their thoughts to another new and awful note,— the roar of the street,— that Titan power of sound, when it swelled in the familiar bars of *Proserpine*, was to them the voice of the city, made of many voices, saying with overwhelming words the home thoughts they had been simply taught. Again and again it broke through their concentration, and gave them listening faces. And that look of listening took its

place like a recurring note in the music of *Proserpine*, and like those pauses in the march of life when we seem to hear its meaning.

The second act had opened upon a pale world of the dead,— its mists more drear than its shadows,— crowded with dim shapes, and still empty,— aimless. Through this underworld, their full tones cutting the chorus of the dead, moved the two young singers, with their strong faces. The orchestra's wild hopelessness surged to meet them. Their normal human look combined powerfully with their closeness to the time-worn ideal of the old Greeks. She wore that simplest of all dresses; his brown limbs were bared to knee and shoulder; but their modern, intensified faces showed, modeled by thought and wan, above the footlights. The intricate music wound about them. They sang,— and all the contradictions and conflicts in the world seemed to melt into that two-hearted voice.

Christopher Borgne was sharing with an added and personal intensity the wave of magnetism that went through the house. He lost himself in it, and for a space let it cloud his swift perceptions. Then, movement by movement, passage by passage, a meaning to what he saw and heard stole into being. His brother's voice, become through his genius the voice of humanity, was whispering in his ear. He roused himself as if from a trance. When was it that Pluto had given his queen the cleft pomegranate seeds, and she had taken them, with her daring eyes in his? To Christopher the scene had burned with the suggestion of his own refusal, once, when a gift was left him from his dead love. The last act was drawing near its close. That was his daughter leaning in Mantegna's arms, her sweet profile raised to the older, coarser face. She drew away,— for a few last moments she was Proserpine again, claimed by her destiny, her half-unwilling hand in the dark young king's. Then the curtain dropped, and the cry of the instruments sank and died into a hush, preceding

the uncertain and bewildered applause.

As the audience streamed down into the street, there might be heard contradictory reasons for the composer's not appearing in answer to his call. The singers' refusal might be an artistic objection to anti-climax, but it was rumored of Gregory that, either through illness or emotion, he was suddenly and utterly prostrated, and had been taken insensible to his carriage. This account was no exaggeration of what had so quietly occurred.

When Gregory woke from his long unconsciousness, the first dawn was whitening at the window, and stealing into one of those expressionless hotel rooms which yet may be the setting of the most human crises. There were three watchers by his bed,—his niece and nephew, and a man of rugged brows and gray-streaked hair, whose face looked to him now as it had in their far-off youth.

"Kit," he said.

The boy at his other side started to his feet, and then sat down again, seeing it was his father that was meant. He leaned his head on his hands. He was realizing his own youth, and how these men had lived and loved before he was born. They talked together through long hours. Gregory's words were faint and broken, the younger man's quiet tones vibrant with emotion.

"You have not trained them for the stage, Greg, you have trained them for life. It is not enough to say, 'You have done what I asked.' You have done what, in my wretched unbelief, I thought impossible, and did not ask. And then I weakly, grossly, misunderstood you."

"No. When you had my explanation, the only one I could make, you understood. I wrote that music with your children in my house, and my heart was torn for you. I wrote it for myself, too. I have been ambitious. And I've loved beauty

more, perhaps, than a man should, even at its highest,—it is not always truth; but this time I have found it true."

"And I loved it," said the younger brother, "and took it into my life, and found it false."

"Yes, you risked all for it once, but one must risk again. For the sake of the one chance, take a thousand. Kit, never again turn life away because you are afraid of it." His thoughts wandered.

"For years I've watched them,—playing in the mill,—and you — might have watched them, too." His eyes turned to the brightening window, and he muttered, "'Though he slay me, yet will I trust.'" He looked at Kit and Clara with a great, unseeing gaze. "See them on the hill in the sunlight," he murmured. "My beautiful children! That is their element. Sun from above, not lights from below."

Later he asked for music, and the pale young singers struggled to answer the demand. Their voices rose strangely in the hushed room; first in fragments of *Proserpine*. Then they slipped into one of the "Hero Songs" he had made for them, years ago, and Clara's soft tones trembled into sobs.

Yet is it not well for a man to die in the hour of his greatest happiness? Gregory never heard the critics' comments upon the inspiration of his life. He did not know that *Proserpine* was never staged again; that the world said of it what Mantegna had said. And it is not always given a man to see in his own failure the larger success.

There were many in that audience of *Proserpine's* one night who never forgot it. The music found its way into the homes of thousands. To its two first singers it brought a home. And its subtle score, once learned so well, lay forever in their hearts. They lived that veiled and ghostly lesson with a great reality.

## A HULL HOUSE PLAY

BY MADGE C. JENISON

ONE fall, when we were fishing, I met a man who had never heard of Stevenson, bookplates, nor Hull House. It did something for my catholicity to find that he could make enthralling a number of subjects which I had not thought luminous. It seemed, as he told it, to be a matter of nice science, and the infinite delights of art, to select meats for the great hotels of the country. There is something in a man and an occupation that can keep three fishermen talking meat for six hours.

But the great round world usually hitches up its chair at the words Hull House; there is a mean temptation to use it as conversational copy at dinner parties. It is entertaining to see what it means to different people. There is the best-place-for-a-girl-is-at-home type of man, who says "odd and dangerous" to himself when you mention it, and picks up *The Wild Flowers of California* on the table near at hand. To many people it typifies, apparently, a kind of tempered Bohemianism which the layman may stomach, — somewhat more elegant than Mam Gali's, and less literary than the Little Room. "Oh, did you go to that fool-party to which the pleasure of *your* company was especially requested?"

There are many people to whom Hull House means simply Miss Addams. "Law sakes," — they would say, like the poor lady from Milwaukee, — "ain't there no more of her?" It means the headquarters of the Arts and Crafts movement to some people, and a beautiful, vaulted room in the model flats. And some are all for goodness, and in a breath you find yourself posed like a European tomb, with the upward eye and your hands in a V. This is an awful thing, when, as a matter of fact, a guilty soul knows itself to be following well after its own de-

lights, and far off the path of filial obedience. Parents never approve of Hull House; I have seen three or four of them in a knot, a gang, a pack, discussing it ominously. They have it that this is a place where one catches smallpox, and does other things which cannot be countenanced.

It is probable that there are many people to whom Hull House means but a single club. I forever condemn myself that I cannot see over the heads of fourteen Jewish girls and boys to the larger ideals of social service for which a settlement stands. I was told, when I took the Lincoln Club, that it was one of the nicest clubs in the house; but such as this may be always the excuses of bigotry.

It is a club of fourteen Jewish girls and boys, which meets every Saturday night. Their parents are the people of the Ghetto; not the sweat-shop Yiddish of Libin, — they are not so intense and suffering as Libin's Jew, not so piteous, rather more smug and bourgeois, with the ear-marks upon them of the established and respected element of a community. They all work, the girls as well as the boys, or "are employed," as they say; it expresses itself as a passive situation. The girls help in their fathers' stores; some of them are stenographers or book-keepers; two of them work in a factory which manufactures artificial flowers. The boys work in the big wholesale houses; one is office boy for a well-known law firm. Several of them study at night in the law school or at Lewis Institute. The boys are more intellectual than the girls; perhaps this is why the Jews have such placid family lives.

Human affairs are what engage the mind of the Jew; sociology and the drama are his passions. These girls and boys

read two newspapers a day, and so do I, since I took the Lincoln Club,—or, it may be better said, since the Lincoln Club took me. We discussed the New York and Chicago mayoralty elections endlessly. All the boys in the club are single-taxers except one; there is one socialist.

One night I had under my arm, when I went upstairs, a volume of Yeats; it lay on the piano, and I saw one of the boys turning it over, as it seemed to me, with a familiar hand. Presently we fell into talk about it; he had seen Mrs. Le Moyne in *The Land of Heart's Desire*, and had come under the spell of the Irish Man of Dreams; he had read everything Yeats had written, and knew about the poet's work, the Irish Literary Theatre, and the circle which Yeats has gathered about him in Dublin. Last winter we all saw Duse in the same week, and the Saturday night after, we sat and talked of her for an hour, in a narrowing, excited circle. They compared Duse's Francesca with Otis Skinner's presentation of Stephen Phillips's drama; they liked the latter better, and insisted again and again upon the swift, unforeseen climaxes in d'Annunzio's version,—it was too quick, they said. They had all read a translation of the play, and what William Winter had to say about it in the *American*, and Mr. Bennett in the *Record-Herald*; one of the boys said that he was sorry Lyman Glover was not writing,—he liked Glover's criticisms better than anybody else's. These boys follow the world of the stage closely. They saw Mary Shaw's *Ghosts*; and Eleanor Robson in *In a Balcony*; and Mansfield!—their eyes wait upon him all winter. Four of them were in the *Julius Caesar* mob for a week.

The Lincoln Club is not a class; it has no purpose of culture; the public always asks of a Hull House club what it is studying. The club is such a one as hundreds of sociable people in Chicago join; Hull House offers it a pleasant room for its meetings, and a director who devises some things which its members could not

devise for themselves. Once a month there is a business meeting. These business meetings suggest themselves first to the mind. I have grown to think that all Jews are debaters; the Lincoln Club has an idea of parliamentary law, and uses it. If a motion has ever been made which failed to bring half the club to its feet, I did not hear it. No office is ever filled except over the nominee's head; that is part of the game. After a stormy evening, when it seemed as if everybody must be the sworn enemy of every one else forever after, each member gesticulating, shouting, fierce, the debate peppered with invective,—after such a meeting, they go off in a laughing, friendly group; and leave me exhausted, astounded, pondering over the exuberance of this wonderful race. One of the most pleasant things in the club is the real friendship among the members; every Sunday afternoon for several years these boys have spent together, playing cards at intervals, and, for the serious business of their pleasure, discussing, with the heat of which I have spoken, those things — politics, books, and plays — of which they think.

Once a month there is a literary programme. The club has a paper, in which a serial work of fiction is running; there are debates; two of the boys have been on the debating team of the Medill High School. There is music; but I doubt that the Jews are a musical people; this seems to be a case of the right hand knowing not what the left hand doeth. Sometimes there are addresses, as they are called; there is one boy who likes to attack large, sweeping subjects, like evolution; he comes with an armful of books and pictures, and with an enthusiasm and freshness of standpoint which sends one home to read up on evolution all the next day. Sometimes there are masquerade balls or crochimole tournaments, and at intervals an evening of games. Once a year comes the “reception.”—engraved invitations in double envelopes, a supper, and music for dancing.

It is the practice of the club to give each

year, beside its regular meetings, one entertainment which becomes a public occasion, and lends prestige to a club so small that it would otherwise remain obscure. Twice this entertainment has been a little farce. They like a play better than "running a dance." It is plain that a play is of Fortune's cap the very button. Yet a play is always opposed, because it injures the club within itself; those who are not in the cast lose that vital loyalty which makes the Lincoln Club what it is. Last fall, after something between a business meeting and a series of epileptic fits, a motion was carried in favor of a play.

During the following week, chance let fall in the way of the Lincoln Club such an opportunity as comes only occasionally, even to those who have gone a-hunger. It was suggested that the Lincoln Club should give *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This play, so seldom seen, had been revived in London the summer before by Beerbohm Tree, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Kendal. A famous school of acting in Chicago was to use it for the work of the fall term; there would be five performances, and each member of the Lincoln Club should see one. An artist who became interested in the project would design the costumes. The cast could be cut to a number which would just include all the members of the club. They took to the idea like wildfire; Shakespeare is a fetish among the Jews. One of the boys, who had been hurt early in the fall in a football game, read all the plays during his week at home. All the plays! — from one cover to another of an old leather book. Dowden says that whenever he hears a man posing for a Shakespeare critic, he asks if the gentleman has read *Cymbeline*.

They talked of *The Merry Wives* all evening; when the meeting was called to order, the motion was carried with only one dissenting voice; one of the cleverest boys in the club eyed the plan with open suspicion. He never favored "what other men begin." This boy became later a serious problem; he grew reproachful if

two weeks passed without a rehearsal of his scenes,—something which often happened, as he had been cast for Shallow, a part much cut. He asked endless questions, and I think he meditated hugely on the part. It was funny, he said, the way Shakespeare did these things; a man came in and said a good deal, and then that was the end of him. After he had mastered the situation, he advised a re-cutting.

Invitations had been sent out a week before for a masquerade ball; a motion was made that these invitations be recalled,—that the bidden guests should be "uninvited," — so that rehearsals could begin at once. Some devotees of the conventional took a stand, however, against this motion; and it was lost. In another week the play was cut and cast. The work of making *The Merry Wives of Windsor* over into something presentable is a case of "invention and distraction;" it is a lesson in regeneration. The play as presented was two hours long.

It is one thing to take a class of fifty and pick from it a cast of fourteen, and quite another thing to take a cast of fourteen, and a club of fourteen members, and give each person a part. A few fell naturally into certain parts; and for the rest there were the people, — and the parts. However these two were juggled about, there seemed to be always one person and one part remaining; no recasting altered the situation for the better. The part of Mistress Page fell to Miss Warsash, not because she had any affinity for it, but because—whatever possible adjustment was made of the other characters—Mistress Page and Miss Warsash were always left. Miss Warsash was a sweet-tempered young girl, without manner, without temperamental force, as it seemed, without characteristics. I thought of her as Mark Twain did of the woman,—not refined and not unrefined, — the sort of woman who keeps a parrot. She had never acted. It shall be seen what a sweet temper, and unexpected persistence and

capacity for hard work may do, unassisted by the more heaven-born gifts.

Observe the postage stamp!  
Its usefulness consists in its ability  
To stick to one thing until  
It gets there!

Rehearsals began on the 15th of November. We rehearsed the play all winter,—every Saturday night, and, twice a week, extra rehearsals of special scenes. I grew in a few weeks to feel that seventeen people were giving this play. At the first rehearsal Falstaff knew all his lines and cues. Nobody during the winter ever failed a special rehearsal, except on one terrible winter night when two girls did not come; it was one of the scenes of Falstaff and the two wives, and Falstaff the Incorruptible came alone. We put a dish of salted peanuts on the piano bench, and worked for three hours on "What! have I lived to be carried in a basket, and to be trown into de Temes!" Sometimes they came through blizzards, sometimes so weary that my heart grew heavy within me at the sight of them; they do not get away from work until six; it was nine when they came. We rehearsed until eleven o'clock, and then sometimes we sat and talked of the play until midnight. It was an endless delight to talk of it, especially of the costumes. At these times I learned the meaning of "kosher;" it is not "kosher" to eat milk within six hours of meat, and so neither milk nor butter could go into our suppers on the hearth. They used to tell me, too, of the Feast of Passover, of the Yiddish marriage rites, and the customs of the synagogue,—that most socialized of the houses of God.

It was soon seen that there had been no mistake in the casting of Falstaff and Ford. How much work they did on their parts, I do not know; but from week to week these lines slipped into smoothness. I never told them to read the notes and commentaries, but they did; there came this hunger to understand. Slender was funny from the first rehearsal; a hint made him comic; his voice alone was a comedy,—a thin, high tone, belonging to

"a little, yellow beard,—a Cain-colored beard." After a time everybody laughed at Slender's scenes so that all idea of rehearsal was abandoned; indeed, we were reduced to a row of shouting dummies. These scenes were Shallow's best, and he shone in them,—jovial, big-voiced, and pompous; dragging, pushing, bracing poor Slender to his wooing. Soon, like those of William and Robin, they were not rehearsed, but rather attended.

It must not be thought that all the parts went so easily. Fenton had to make a voice.—"My friends even yet are asking me if I have a cold," he said, with some naïveté, in the following summer. Like the Prioresse, he "devised everything in his nose ful semely." He was a stately, serious boy, and could never attain the gallant *spezzatura* of manner which one wishes for Fenton. I always think of him as I often saw him, standing before a Mucha poster of Bernhardt's *Hamlet*, of which he had been told that he should be an exact copy when *en grande toilette*, his arms folded across his breast, his chin sunk between his shoulders,—a cross between Henry Irving, the Mucha Bernhardt, a composite, perhaps, of many stage villains, and a nice young Jew taking himself somewhat heavily. With Anne Page one contended *ad infinitum*, —to the end of patience,—that strolling tendency which seems to go nowhere and come nowhere, that moonlight-walk-by-daylight manner of exit and entrance which will make any scene lag.

But Mistress Page was the problem of the play, and its triumph. It seemed, at one time, as if this part must be recast; nothing looked possible, and the letter scene, as we grew to call it, seemed like one of the bright dreams which come between dawn and waking. Poor Miss Warsash,—it is cold-blooded murder, as many an amateur knows, trying to laugh out of dead seriousness. But what is Mistress Page without laughter! Since Miss Warsash could not laugh, she always talked; she explained that she did not feel well, that she could do it at home, that

she would do it the night the play was given, or, flatly, and with some trembling of the lip, that she just could n't laugh. But never that she would not try. Often she was very near to tears; always nearer to tears than laughter. Every Saturday night, and always at one special rehearsal a week, we went through the letter scene.

There came a time, after some three months of rehearsals, when a new girl came into the club, a brilliant, effective girl, whose laughter was as quick as water from a tilted bottle. Miss Warsash was imploring to give up the part. It was the part Terry had taken in London; it seemed as if the play would hardly be able to stand if it failed. But, since everything has two sides, it seemed also as if such an acceptance of failure might do this young girl infinite harm; the play was for the club, not the club for the play; and if she could once do something which she was so sure she could not do, she must believe in herself more ever after. And as long as one improves and time lasts, why may one not hope? And Miss Warsash did improve. We went over pages of her copy, marking words to be inflected, marking climaxes; the marked words were always inflected at the next rehearsal, at first blindly, with a suddenly recollected ardor, and then with a growing sense of meaning. It was plain that she studied; I often wondered when, in that hurried life of factory and sleep.

Miss Warsash was one of those conscientious people who will always sit down on the exact word at which it has been suggested that she should sit down; or, if she forgets until ten lines later, will stop blankly and say, "Oh, kind teacher, I forgot to sit down at 'fat Knight,'" and then go and do it over. She had a way, too, of backing about the stage, like a naughty Shetland pony, and of making preparation for her business,—hanging out a sign; Boswell might have said of her that she had a look that expressed that a good thing was coming, and then a look that expressed that it had

come. She never walked across the stage; she edged over through twenty lines to be ready to drop into a chair on some inevitable word. But all this was nothing to the lack of understanding.

The months went on; from time to time there were bright spots; and suddenly, one night, Mistress Page arrived. It was quite unexpected to every one. A beautiful studio in the Fine Arts Building had been thrown open to the club for a rehearsal, and, with the contrariety of human nature, the rehearsal was going very badly. It was the first rehearsal with a stage and footlights; people lolled dully in the dark corners, on the couches which ran about the room; and the scenes waited while the stage manager hunted up those whose cues had been given. I was gathering up my powers for the letter scene, when Mistress Page came dancing on; I sat up and looked at her; before she had said two lines the room was all ears. There was, of course, nothing great, nothing even remarkable in her manner, but there was a kind of rollicking pleasure; whatever that part was to you, it was a great deal to her, you saw that; there was the fire and the comprehension which carries an audience with it, the sincerity of the actor without which all his art is futile. From that night, we saw no more of Miss Warsash at rehearsals; she had brought her mind into the part; she was Mistress Page,—an adventure,—a new world. She has never been quite the same girl since then; mental exploits always leave their stamp, and Lazarus is not the only one who has come back into his old world wide-eyed and aloof. I shall not soon forget the look on her face the night of the first performance, when she came off the stage at the end of her first scene; it was as if something in her had taken fire. "They laughed; they laughed!" she said, prancing back and forth in front of me, with glittering eyes. That was her test; a comedy is a success if people laugh.

It was splendid to see the play unfolding itself from month to month, and

entering into their speech; conversation could be conducted only in terms of *The Merry Wives*. After a time everybody began to want to understand; they read the notes, and asked such questions as the day would quake to look on.

At the regular Saturday night rehearsal we could get through with only one quarter of the play, and it was arranged that there should be two Sunday afternoon rehearsals, when the whole play would be rehearsed. The girls in the factories do not work on Saturday afternoon; they keep the ancient Sabbath, and make up their time on Monday night and Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon was the only time when the whole cast could be brought together for a time long enough to rehearse the entire play. Thus there were two rehearsals on Sunday afternoons, from one until half past five.

There comes in everything tremendous, I suppose, the "dim lulls of uneventful growth," when every one simply clings doggedly, and works away. Perhaps none of us had known, when we began, what a tremendous thing we were undertaking; aside from the acting, which, as a play is noble, demands more nobility, more temperament, more subtle understanding,—beside this matter of study, there is the simple, overpowering question of length,—of numbers of characters, of numbers of scenes. After that first long Sunday afternoon, I confronted as dashed looking a group of girls and boys as I have ever seen. There had been two scenes that Shakespeare did not write. One boy was tired, he wanted his supper, and he took his hat and overcoat to go home; I had seen him backed into a corner, with three irate Jewish boys shaking their fists in his face, and shrieking imprecations in his ear; in a few moments he came around, shamefaced and apologetic.

By the night of the dress rehearsal, a panic possessed the club; they were thoroughly frightened. One of the hardest things for the Lincoln Club to learn is the necessity of keeping appointments; that

night they arrived some time within the hour; rehearsal began at nine, and there seemed time to do only the worst scenes. Could they stay, then, and go through the whole play? So the last rehearsal of the *Merry Wives* began at ten o'clock, and ended after one. I like to tell this story, because it shows that the Lincoln Club, if it cannot keep appointments, can at least stay by them when it gets there.

I have often wondered what part Shakespeare played in the minds of the various players, and what part costumes. The costumes were such an infinite delight. We had pictures of Terry and Kendal and Tree; the fat knight in buff and orange, with high boots, a tasseled stick, and an Elizabethan hat,—a mountain of pillows,—"A knight he was ful fat and in good point." And Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, with wonderful mediæval head-dresses, horned and fluttering with veils! The gowns for these two characters, and several beautiful doublets, were loaned to the club by artists who had worn them to a Florentine ball. Mistress Ford's was a Morris cloth-of-gold over a salmon petticoat, with mink and topazes; Mistress Page's was pale blue brocaded satin, with sable, and a girdle of the emeralds and pearls which one may buy by the dozen at Siegel, Cooper's. The color schemes of scenes are not the least of the study which goes into a play.

The other costumes were designed from a good costume book, such as artists have. The boys wore doublets of various styles, and long hose; the latter with some concern at first, and presently with a tremendous zest. Rugby and Robin were taken by two girls; they were irresistible, with their peaked hats made by wetting ancient Knox's and pulling the crowns to points; with their mousquetaire leggings and their gay little smocks. As far as could possibly be managed, each member of the cast made his own costume or superintended the making of it,—only one girl in the club could sew when we began. They made shoes, hats, girdles, boots; anything can be made from a piece of

denim, if it is large enough, and the right color. We had a shoe night for the boys; they made shoes with long, tapering toes, and square-toed, slashed ones, and some with high, pointed uppers; it is something gained when five boys learn to "baste."

It was great fun prowling about among the cheap stores to make the twenty dollars that had been allowed for the costumes pay for them; we used burlap and denim, which we found in charming colors; and felt and furniture brocade which were soiled in spots that did not come into the pattern. The hose alone made a hole in our funds so terrible that it could scarcely be rescued; and it was a triumph to hand in an expense account of \$18.73. It was the "gentlemen," as they say at the horse show, who made us most concern, for they must be magnificent, and the artist doublets did not go around. We found some rose-colored brocade for Dr. Caius, which did not show, at night, how widow-soiled it was. It was to be a long doublet, with a narrow waist and flaring hips, something like the frock coat of to-day. Our practice in cutting out a costume had been to pin a sheet of paper on the person who was to wear the finished product, and make a rough draft; when the costume had been cut from this draft, it was basted on the subject. I had often seen Fenton observing these reckless proceedings with an expression of real distress,—a line of tailoring forbears speaking strongly in his blood. The pink brocade,—such fine "goods"!—proved too much for him, and he burst into speech. He was given a room, Dr. Caius, and the implements of tailoring; after two hours, he reappeared among us with the finished article, and the shining morning face. He was the only person, I am sure, who attacked, during the making of the costumes, anything which he knew how to do.

There is no telling what funny things happened. The panic of the boys over the hose passed away; but when it came

to a Lincoln Club girl without a pompadour, we seemed for a time to have attempted the impossible. Again and again they went through Racinet, and searched for pompadours. Poor sweet Anne Page! I can see her now, as she leaned against the door of the dressing-room, on the night of the dress rehearsal, two large, crystal tears coursing down her nose to the destruction of her makeup, wailing that she could not go down looking like that, and still charming, with a pink ribbon across her brow and pink roses tied in the braids of dark hair on her shoulders. I hardly know how she came on the stage; everybody talked at once, and somehow she was swept along. I have heard people say that they cannot see a funny thing in *The Merry Wives*. Then there was the poor child who knew she could n't act in that dress; she had a new dress with a hand-made yoke,—it was a beautiful thing,—could she wear that instead? Oh, mighty Brahma! think of a costume à la mode, even one with a hand-made yoke, in the pleasant old town of Windsor, in the times of Prince Hal.

I cannot think, without a quicker pulse and a kind of mental gasp, of the night of the first performance. A spring blizzard was abroad, one of those late storms which keep people indoors. The auditorium was not filled, but I do not think the Lincoln Club cared. The night had come when they were to do this thing that they had been getting ready for six months to do, and be those people whom they had been getting ready to be. The play was the thing. The stage was their world; the footlights and the wings enclosed it; there were seventeen people in it. They looked out from the curtain at the empty seats with indifferent eyes.

In the first scene, it was seen that things were really happening; it was as if a door opened upon a little of the past and closed again. The audience felt this sincerity and responded to it; it became "one vast, substantial smile." Notes came up to the actors from Shakespeare critics; and a great man came behind the scenes to

praise them. The cast was in a glee as it responded to curtain call after curtain call; at the end of each act they embraced each other and shook hands. During the scenes, they stood in silent, excited groups at the wings, listening; there was no waiting for cues, and little prompting. If any one was cut out of his best lines, he said, "Oh, was n't it too bad! But nobody saw it, did they?" Every one worked for the play! When Mistress Page and Falstaff said good-night to us all, their eyes were wide and bright; they looked stirred to the deeps; they had come near to a great man, and done something great nobly, and they felt it. As one of the boys said afterwards, they felt that they knew Shakespeare down to the ground. And so they did, as far as that play and they themselves went; it is not alone Hazlitt and Coleridge who may sit at the Mermaid. Books, we know, are —

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and  
low.

I love to think of that night, of how dark it was behind the scenes and how everybody fell over the props of the wings; how the curtain man's smile grew broader and broader; how Shallow lost one shoe, no one knew where, and had to wear Sir Hugh's, while Sir Hugh had a hem let out of his parson's gown to cover his twentieth-century patent leather boots; how the elegant, swarthy Ford, cavalier nonpareil, in red velvet doublet and cap and hose to match, improvised speeches so that every one on the stage was at sea; and how Falstaff, distracted, it is true, by the fact that his beard had been tied to his ears, — the "spirits of gum" having been lost, — was still able to help the culprit out; even of the dire mistakes, — all the lines that had been rehearsed a thousand times and popped out wrong at the last moment.

And after it was all over, I tried to think just what I should like to have come out of this winter's work which would make those who had done it more equal to the world. It is surely splendid to know

Shakespeare at least nearly down to the ground. And it is splendid to work on anything keenly, and better yet to do well what you thought you could not do at all. But best of all was the *esprit de corps* with which they came to line up about their play, — this working for a common ideal which was without themselves. I take it that an office boy who feels that he is part of the firm is in step to become the firm itself; and, more to the heart of the matter, he is getting all out of his work that there is in it for him at that time. Any one who gets a big horizon has surely "come into a great land."

There is a body of thoughts which gathers about a Hull House club. There is no stability to it; one is continually getting a new attitude in the matter, shifting to a new way of looking at it. But however little he has of a large general understanding of social service in theory, the director of a settlement club gets to see certain things clearly at times, even though he may see the opposite thing just as clearly on the next Saturday night. I have suffered some harassment from the nuncios of a brilliant young socialist, — whatever that may be, — who appears continually upon my horizon, vague and terrible. He is one of those people whose thoughts live in other people's mouths; the man beside whom one sits at dinner quotes him; he turns up as a prophet in a talk with the wisest of one's friends. With such a disturbing frequency has he been quoted to me that I have come to regard his sentiments as a kind of mental punching-bag, which I call my Peter Willoughby problem. This uncomfortable person says that settlements are the efforts to heal over social evils which should be kept active; that only a change of condition, a chance

For rest and time to feel alive in, can help the poor; that, in such a club as the Lincoln Club, one spends time, which should be put to some good use, teaching people who know more about life than you do, things that have no value to them; and that your pleasure in it all is

the gentle art of patronizing raised to the *n*th power.

It is true that it is the better element, the one with more ideals, the people who do not need new thoughts so much, who are already progressive, who will find things anyway, that a settlement club reaches. That they are at Hull House at all proves that they have reached out for the best thing they knew. So as your work is successful, it comes to seem unneeded. But this is only a partial view. It is like keeping bread from a man who is hungry, and looking for one who has no appetite. No doubt the latter is the sicker man; he needs labor laws and sanitary commissions. But there is still the hungry man and the bread. The poor seem to me to be, not those who are without money, but those for whom, like poor Maggie Tulliver, life is too difficult. I have heard it said that this cry expresses George Eliot's philosophy repeated through a shelf-full of novels,—that the individual cannot conquer, all mankind must rise together. This seems to be the standpoint of Peter Willoughby. But surely both are wrong. If life is too difficult for many, it is each man that counts, and the struggle. Settlement clubs are to touch the single cases; not to give the mass of men better conditions under which to live, but to help a few to defy conditions.

Happiness alone helps; it is as old as Aristotle that happiness in itself is a kind of energy. Something golden and purple of which to think; what matters, if one is all glorious within? And the director should have a fuller knowledge than the members of a Hull House Club of all the possibilities—the chances—in the world; that nothing is hopeless;—the more points there are at which you have yourself touched life, the better you know this. “The more you lif,”—a German philosopher says,—"the more you findt, by chimmeny, oudt."

I cannot resist playing into the hands of that awful Peter with the beginning of my story, which comes, as one sus-

pects all introductions of doing, at the last. The funniest thing which ever happens in a club may be told, since one abuses no friend in making fun of herself. You go to your work, fairly radiating culture; there is an enlarged halo of it enveloping you. It is not pride, you are not even stuck up, like the beetle on the wall, and you are really full of tender thoughts. But you want to *help* some one, and you wear your rue with a difference. You do not want any one to feel all this, and no one ever does. At the dancing class, a pock-marked young man, who sees that you are a stranger and alone, asks you to dance. If you are not of an affectionate disposition, you experience surprise.

“May he haf de honor to know yer name?” as politely as possible. “Will you come regular? Where are you employed? May he haf de honor uf de german?”

Hasty, but most respectful. Puff! something goes up in smoke; you shout to see the halo,—compounded of a few ancestors, a little travel, a few years at college, and a glimpse of the Parthenon and the British Museum,—to see the halo frizzling up. When the smoke clears away, it leaves you blinking, with a sobered mind and intent, new eyes upon yourself. If you are not one of themselves, you are the only person who is ever conscious of it; certainly these entirely human, world-touching people on Halsted Street are not. The first months are like beginning at one end of the social telescope which you have set up, and coming down again and again to the other,—each time, be it said, with a less surprising jolt.

Perhaps all the best gains in settlement work come to the director; I sometimes think the residents get more inspiration from Hull House than the neighbors, and know it. If Miss Addams is a mediator between the rich and the poor, it is the rich whom she teaches most; if she is an educator, it is the rich who learn most from her. In many ways beside that of social adjustment, one grows rich

among the poor. It has often been pointed out that young men make the grand tour, and girls are sent abroad to school, for the sense of freshness, of a new view of life, which a settlement club gives. I know a journalist who takes a ride on the South Halsted St. cable whenever he finds himself going mentally stale.

Those who live near to their problems, with whom every thought and act is more or less urgent, do not keep each man to his own mountain peak; one gets very near to them. "Cultivation teaches repression," says Opie Read. Fourteen people, who give one the best there is in them every Saturday night, are something to think about. The leader of such a club gets into a way of pulling himself up before a meeting, taking himself in hand, trying to be more courteous, more sin-

cere; it is a course in decorum and ethics with fourteen professors. And who can say that the principle of give and take works only one way? I heard Miss Addams expostulating one night with a girl who had spoken of Mrs. Humphry Ward's settlement; Miss Addams was insisting that such an expression is a denial of terms; one person cannot have a settlement; a settlement is the interaction of a group of people and a community. Mrs. Humphry Ward cannot have a settlement, any more than Mr. Rockefeller can have a university. It is not Mr. Rockefeller's university; it is not the faculty's; it is not the students'; all these elements are necessary to make a university, and then the university is something outside themselves, which their coöperation has created.

## TO OTHER SMALL VERSE-MAKERS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

OH, all ye little poet-folk,  
Untried, enamored of a dream;  
Ye, having breathed the altar-smoke,  
And loved a shade, and chased a gleam;—

In face of all the woful things,  
The long injustices of Life,  
Believing somehow, something sings  
Above the sordidness and strife;—

Ye, gallant grapplers with foul Fate,  
Let us sing high, then fight. Perchance  
Our voice and valor shall be great  
As Fate's unsinging circumstance.

Oh, all ye little poet-folk,  
Men say we are but fools of God,—  
And yet, Gods breathe the incense-smoke;  
And they are worms that seek the sod.

## HENRY SIDGWICK<sup>1</sup>

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

THE memoir of Henry Sidgwick is a labor of love, by Arthur Sidgwick, the brother, and Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick, the widow, of the late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. To many persons, all over the civilized world, his name will recall the work of one of the most profound and suggestive philosophers of our time, the author of treatises on ethics, economics and politics. He will also be spoken of as prominent in the cause of university reform, of the higher education of women, and of psychical research. To a smaller, though not inconsiderable number, chiefly in England, he will be remembered as the keenest, liveliest, most accurate, and most candid of talkers, to whom no problem of thought and action came amiss, and before whose amazing dialectic all adverse arguments seemed to melt away like wax in the fire. From a smaller number still, on both sides of the water, this memoir, chiefly composed of his own letters, will draw out not painful tears in memory of a heart as warm as his head was strong, a sweetness as irresistible as his intellect, and an elevation of soul that never tottered under the hardest questions of life.

Henry Sidgwick was born June 13, 1838, at Skipton in Yorkshire, where his father was rector. The district will best be recognized by Americans as the Brontë country, and Sidgwick's family were "dalesmen," — an acute, hard-headed, and never-tiring race. His family always insisted that theirs was the true spelling of the name, and this book asserts that "Sedgwick" was a change unwarrantably made about 1745; but that spelling,

<sup>1</sup> *Henry Sidgwick: a Memoir.* By A. S. and E. M. S. With Portraits. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

in one branch at least, is as old as Cromwell's day.

Sidgwick lost his father early; his mother found various places of abode, and her children various schools, till Henry was at length placed at Rugby in 1852. He was a quiet boy, intensely keen about any species of mental amusement, but caring little for the athletic sports of the place. The then head-master was not a man to exercise any powerful influence over him; but his constant mentor was Edward Benson, one of the younger masters, destined soon to marry Sidgwick's sister; he is known to the world as Archbishop of Canterbury. Under his advice and help Sidgwick rose to the top of the school in a very short time, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1855. In the university his career was one of unbroken triumph. He won every scholarship and prize a classical scholar could win, received a highly honorable degree in mathematics early in 1859, took the first classical honors a few weeks later, was chosen fellow of Trinity in October, and was at once in demand as a classical "coach."

It was then that I first began to know him, being one of his earliest pupils in the classics. The first lesson showed me that he knew his subjects perfectly, and that he could gauge instantly the value of my own or anybody's attainments. It took but a very short time to awaken at least our literary sympathies. He expressed, somewhat tentatively, admiration for an exquisite passage in the *Aeneid*, a poem which it was then, and to a certain extent is still, the fashion to undervalue. I assented enthusiastically; and over Virgil we instituted, without swearing, eternal friendship. I shall say more of his wonderful powers of mind

later,—enough to say here that as a teacher he could explain anything; and he never needed to have anything explained to him.

For an Englishman with ability like Sidgwick's the way of life was now sure. A fellowship, accompanied by a college lectureship and private tutoring if he chose to remain in the college walls, would secure him an income out of which a man of simple tastes might easily make considerable savings for seven years; and if he did not marry, and took orders in the Church of England for life, abundance of university offices and honors would come to him, which might in the end be lucrative. If he wished to get out of Cambridge, a mastership in a public school would at once be open to him,—Sidgwick refused one at Rugby,—and if he preferred to study for a profession in London, his fellowship equally gave him a good income for seven years, and his university prestige would always be a mighty lever for success.

For the moment Sidgwick adopted the college life,—as fellow, lecturer, and student of higher things than undergraduate coaching calls for. But a weight soon pressed him that in one sense lay upon him all his life, though his wonderful temper enabled him to bear it as few could do—or did. The year 1859, the year that saw the *Origin of Species*, was a year when many men in England were thinking for themselves, and none more vigorously than Sidgwick. The yoke of Benson's influence, kindly and noble as it was, was dropping away. The membership in the "Apostles"—an absolutely select and secret society for discussion in Cambridge, which has created great thoughts in great men utterly out of proportion to their numbers—was in his mind the immediate cause of his embarking on a sea of thought where the conventional rudders and compasses of Cambridge University could do nothing for him. A fellow in a Cambridge college had at that time to be a *bona fide* member of the Church of England. How many fellows

held to this profession in defiance of all honesty,—how many persuaded themselves that they were members as far as laymen need be,—how many carried their doubts and disbelief into the Holy Place, that they might share the bread so liberally dispensed to the priest's office, is not to be said here, even though it may be known and have been seen. But Sidgwick was a man to whom rectitude, or harmony of thought and action, was essential. He soon knew very well that for him to take orders in the Church of England was impossible; but it was some years before he found the incongruity of even a passive adherence to his early profession a load too galling to bear.

His college,—always liberal in thought, and in the present day generous to many of its members in whom thought is more free than in those who distribute its offices, but who can appreciate their bolder brothers,—did not allow him to suffer for his scruples. A constantly ascending series of positions, ending with the professorship of moral philosophy, were conferred upon him, enabling him to give instruction in ethics, economics, and politics. He always took great interest in college and university affairs; he was the leader in many measures when such leadership was of the nature of a forlorn hope; and of the movement for the higher education of women he was one of the earliest, most persistent and generous supporters, his efforts being nobly crowned by the establishment of Newnham College in its beautiful and spacious home, and under the presidency of his wife,—a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour and sister-in-law of Lord Rayleigh.

Nor was he at all wanting in interest in public questions. Always a Liberal, he went with that division of the party which became the Liberal Unionists. He took this step, as he did everything, with combined deliberation and animation. He early arrayed himself on the side of the North in our Civil War, and rejoiced in the final result, although his views were for a moment shaken by the earnest talk

of a dear friend, a sympathizer with the South, who, an Englishman himself, happened to have been in Philadelphia, and fancied that that made him an authority on American questions.

But the true history of Sidgwick's life is the history of a very powerful and very active mind, early interested in the deepest problems of man's nature. He could not accept the traditional statement of our relations to the unseen world, in which he had been brought up; but he was not therefore going to decide hastily for agnosticism, or any other *ism*. He had a firm conviction — it is much truer to call it an intuition — that the words soul, God, immortality, duty, mean something, and that what they mean will yet be made plain so as to satisfy at once emotion and reason. To attain this solution, if possible, he studied fearlessly all systems offered. Mill had been the great prophet of his early manhood. He mastered him, he mastered Comte, he mastered Spencer. He had known Greek like English before he left school, and probed to the utmost the philosophy of that divine language. He lived many months in Germany, and learned all that land could tell him. Later on he was one of the pioneers and an untiring worker in the Society for Psychological Research; he pursued persistently a course of studies in spiritualism, determined to neglect nothing that might possibly open that door to the unseen which an undaunted hope assured him should yet be found.

On many men this continued search and suspense might have produced sad effects, both in themselves and in their intercourse with others. There was nothing of that kind in Sidgwick. His nature — the man himself, apart from his opinions — was so sweet, so sunny, and so steadfast that he was never otherwise than candid and charming. He did not hesitate, as soon as his views on any branch of thought assumed something like a substantial state, to publish them in elaborate and profound treatises. His works on ethics, politics, and political economy

went through repeated editions, found many readers, and are recognized as of permanent philosophical value, though they can hardly be called popular. He was so anxious to present all sides of a subject, and leave nothing out, that they are wholly free from such sensational dogmatism as Carlyle's, or such unsympathetic dogmatism as Spencer's. He will never lack readers, since now, alas! he can have no more hearers.

I do not speak of hearers at his official lectures. He was hardly to be called a popular lecturer. He did not have the presence, the fire, the sense of authority, the eagerness to captivate, that will induce college students to throng to a certain class of instructors. When he first engaged in that work, Charles Kingsley, Professor of Modern History, had the call. Whether the men who in 1862 thronged to hear him may have regretted in 1882 that they had not found their way to the young philosopher instead, is another matter. Not a few of Sidgwick's hearers felt, and in after years emphatically expressed, the debt they owed to the most profound, most candid, and most penetrative of exponents of ethical and philosophic thought.

But it was as a talker that his power was most manifest and his charm most felt. In a company, large or small, where he felt it was worth while to talk, there was no subject on which he did not delight to expatiate, — analyzing, grouping, distinguishing, and, if not settling, bringing matters as near to a settlement as one could hope. It was almost impossible to argue against him; his knowledge was so extensive, his penetration so acute, his wit so subtle, that gradually one interlocutor after another felt the control of the discussion passing from his hands into Sidgwick's; and then, for sheer want of material, he would argue with himself! Having pronounced a dictum that no one present could refute, he would say, "Yes . . . I don't know, for, you see," — and then his own position, or rather his own occupation of the ground, from which

he had ousted every one else, would be stormed, or, one should say, sapped, and its tenure proved precarious.

Yet in all this autocracy—for so it was—there was nothing to offend the shyest undergraduate or the most devout Christian. There was none of the merciless sarcasm of Socrates, to whom we Trinity men, lovers of Plato every one, were constantly comparing our hero. There was none of the brutality with which certain highly developed intellectual machines at our own Cambridge have delighted to draw in rash disputants, as the devil-plant flings out its arms, and to suck their soul's life-blood, with greater joy as they saw domestic prepossessions and saintly aspirations writhe in their clutch. Sidgwick's wide study enabled him to appreciate every phase of human thought; but his candor was far more than that of reason; it was the candor of sympathy and of modesty, arising from a profound sense of devotion, which, never having exactly found the right temple,—or rather the sure road to the one temple,—kept the fire ever burning on the altar of its Unknown God. He was as far as possible from the agnostic bigotry, of which there

is so much now. If living in the Master's spirit makes a Christian, assuredly he was not far from the kingdom of God,—nay, was in the inner courts of its palace, with the thinnest veil between him and its glories.

Full of reason and full of wit; always independent and never unkindly; playful in his deepest argument, reverent in his boldest speculations; spending and spent for others, yet never neglecting his own darling pursuit of self-improvement and self-establishment,—his friends felt that a great star had set in the heavens when, after a dangerous operation for an all but incurable disease, on the 28th of August, 1900, the grave closed over all that was mortal of Henry Sidgwick.

This attempt to delineate his character might have been illustrated by abundant extracts from his correspondence with intimate friends,—and no one ever had closer ones. I have preferred to leave those who will read his memoir to find them out for themselves, and to give the space allotted me to tell what I myself saw and heard of a mind unsurpassed in power and a soul unmatched in sweetness.

## UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

THE sun had come out after the fifth hard shower of the day, and shone upon the bedraggled red, white, and blue bunting of the judges' stand, and on the soggy folds of the flag that drooped over the brass band's pavilion. In the green oval enclosed by the race track and grown suddenly brilliant, the carriages, wagons, and automobiles of the patrons of the fair were huddled together; the hoods and tops of these were now being thrown back with a cheerful clatter, revealing the bright-garbed occupants; and behind the grand-

stand, horses were being led from their stalls and harnessed for the next event. The throng that had packed the grandstand during the rain seemed now to bubble up and boil over at the edges; and soon the accustomed noises of the fair, which during the shower had been suppressed, were cheerily resumed,—the popping of the rifle at the shooting-booths, the resounding thwack of the heavy mallet as huge countrymen tested their strength, the bantering or inviting cries of the fakirs, the music of the band,

and the vocalizings of cows, pigs, and poultry.

Harry Mortimer was bidden by his young hostess to detach himself temporarily while she gave the groom instructions about handling Lady Mary in the class designated on the programme as "Unbroken to Automobiles." It was a constant humiliation to Harry that no one ever thought of soliciting his advice on matters of sport; he ventured himself — somewhat timidly — in all such branches, and in all of them displayed a notable incapacity. To this he was resigned, — but he felt rather aggrieved when Miss Folwell failed to accredit him with even theoretical knowledge, and to appeal to it. He obediently took himself off, — he was apt to be too obedient, — and wandered in a circumscribed area among the tents and booths, never letting his eye depart for long from Miss Folwell's trim figure, habited for equestrian performance; she stood with her back to him, patting Lady Mary's neck while she talked to the groom, and now and then stooping to run her hand caressingly down one of Lady Mary's slim and beautiful legs.

A man throwing baseballs at a boy's head, which was thrust through a hole in a sheet of canvas, diverted Harry's attention for a moment. The person who had paid money thus to enjoy himself was very large and powerful; in one corner of his mouth he gripped a cigar, even while he threw. The blacked face of the boy dodged from side to side and up and down, for the hole in the canvas permitted a limited movement. And from the boy proceeded challenges and jeers. "Hit me, mister; say, I'm a dead easy mark; one on the cocoons now." The man threw with deliberation, and his throw was that of a professional ball player. A frantic dodge barely saved, as it seemed, the blacked face from annihilation, and the crowd of onlookers laughed at the narrow escape. "Go on; you can do it, mister; give me a good one, — right on the conk," importuned the boy in de-

fiance; and the second ball went true and swift to that mark, — stove in the battered derby and ricochetted off against the canvas. The crowd cheered and laughed; Harry was touched by the momentary grimace, and then the pathetic smile of the victim. The next moment the boy was singing out bravely, "Stung! Hit me again, somebody; my conk's swellin'; you can't miss it." But there was a quaver in his courageous voice, and Harry, whose sensitiveness was fastidious and shrank before physical pain and danger, even when they were incurred by some one else, turned away. "Poor devil!" he thought, glancing at the boy's head; and he wondered why, when a fellow was reduced to that for a living, people, instead of dealing with him mercifully, should be brutal enough to try to hurt him. As he passed behind the screen of canvas he saw that the boy stood on a packing box, that his hands, interlocked behind his back, gripped each other convulsively, and that he kept knocking one foot against the other; the movements were obvious manifestations of suffering. But all the while the boy was singing out his urgent challenge, and the balls came plunk against the canvas. It took courage to stand pilloried and be battered like that through a whole long holiday. Harry reverenced courage wherever and however it was displayed; he was painfully aware of his own deficiency, always looking for some opportunity to overcome it. But when you are a very small, weak young man, weighing less than a hundred and twenty pounds, and moving habitually and by preference in a highly-civilized and well-guarded society, your opportunities for the development and display of lion-like qualities are not numerous.

Nevertheless, Harry, as he approached Miss Folwell, was aware that some time soon — in fact, if matters fell out favorably, that very night — he must show himself possessed of immense courage. He had had the necessity of it upon his mind for days and days.

"Let's go back to the box," said Miss Folwell, as he joined her. "I have an idea that Lady Mary will behave most abominably."

The box, which was in the front tier and directly upon the track, was empty; the other members of the party had not returned from their inspection of the various pleasures of the fair. The chairs in the box were close together, and for fear of crowding Miss Folwell, Harry did not sit down next to her, but considerably left that chair vacant. He was apt to be too considerate, as well as too obedient.

"The track is like thick pea soup," observed Miss Folwell, as the horses to be tried in the "Unbroken-to-Automobile" class were ranged up in front of the grandstand. Lady Mary was manœuvred to position directly before her mistress's eye.

"She stands beautifully," declared Harry. "If she'll only hold that position, she ought to get the blue."

"She's more likely to jump out of her skin," replied Miss Folwell.

Ten mettlesome, beautiful horses in shining harness were ranged before the grandstand,—all of them except Lady Mary restless, champing their bits or tossing their heads or pawing impatiently in the mud. Only Lady Mary stood quiet, looking straight ahead with mild and well-bred inquiry. And then down the track, moving cautiously, came a little steam runabout, followed by a big gasoline touring car, which in turn was followed by a motor delivery wagon. Slowly the procession approached, and an agitation that seemed communicable passed down the line of horses. Lady Mary pricked her ears forward, and held her head up with a startled air, but otherwise remained quiet; other horses began to dance. Harry Mortimer was watching one at the farther end of the line, a big chestnut who showed already a tendency to become unmanageable. The little steam machine passed him safely, the touring car was abreast of him,—and then the motor delivery wagon sounded its terrible, its

screeching horn. Harry saw the big chestnut rear and plunge,—and in the same instant immediately before his eyes loomed a glistening brown shape, and hovered, pawing in air, about to fall on him. With only the instinct of getting out from under, Harry sprang from his seat, and shrank into the corner of the box. Then he saw Miss Folwell leaning forward toward the rearing, balancing Lady Mary, saying gentle words; and he saw the horse drop its forefeet, grazing the box rail.

As he stepped forward, a man in the neighboring box vaulted out upon the track and seized Lady Mary's bridle. Miss Folwell put out her hand, and patted the horse's neck. Harry knew that he had disgraced himself in her eyes, in the eyes of all those people who sat behind, and who had seen. It was not merely that he had shrunk back in a panic; he had left her to shift for herself. She did not glance at him, and he knew miserably what she must think. And he had meant — if things fell out favorably — that very night to demonstrate to her that he had, at least, immense courage!

"I think I'd take her out if I were you," observed the man who was holding Lady Mary's head. "I understand this little parade isn't a circumstance to what they're going to do. They're going to take off the mufflers, and race up and down exploding like so many traveling machine guns,—and I guess the people in the front boxes will want then to climb up on the roof."

He smiled — in perfect innocence — at Harry, who promptly hated him.

"I think you're right," said Miss Folwell. "Thank you very much. James, you can take her out now. I shall want to drive her in the next class."

She kept her eyes on the horse until Lady Mary had been manœuvred out of the line and was trotting down the track. Then, for the first time since he had made his craven exhibition, she turned to Harry; and wretchedly for the second time he showed himself a coward, for he shrank

before what seemed to him mocking laughter in her blue eyes.

"As I expected," she said, "we did n't behave very well in that event, did we? Better luck in the next, perhaps. You'll drive with me in that, Mr. Mortimer?"

He could have prostrated himself at her feet for this forbearance, this willingness on her part still to be seen in public with him.

"I ought to say,—you've never driven behind Lady Mary, and you're so beautifully dressed,—you'll probably be a good deal spattered."

"Oh, I assure you, I don't mind that," replied Harry; and then he wondered if he had placed a ridiculous, unfortunate emphasis on the word "that." But if he had, she evidently did not notice it. He felt that everybody behind him was still watching him and commenting in whispers on his cowardice; but he sat down in the chair next to Miss Folwell, protected against the world's scorn. He was, however, very humble, very penitent; and quakingly he besought the fates to put before him another opportunity for valiancy, even for sacrifice. But though the automobiles did indeed sweep up and down with more and more violent attempts to terrify, and though horses rose upon their hind legs, and pranced and had to be removed as Lady Mary had been, nothing occurred to jeopardize the safety of Miss Folwell or of any one in the neighborhood.

"Come," said Miss Folwell at last. "It's time we were getting ready."

Harry followed her down to the horse stalls. In front of them, harnessed to a shining yellow cart, stood Lady Mary; Miss Folwell mounted to the seat and took the tan-colored reins, and Harry ascended to the place at her side. The gong sounded, and they drove out upon the track,—the last of the entries in the Ladies' Driving Class to appear. The five other competitors were already out and limbering up. Miss Folwell took them in at a glance,—five solitary ladies.

"See how distinguished you are," she

said to Harry. "The only man. They count a good deal on form and appearance,—and you will pull me through. You are so beautifully dressed!"

She glanced at him with her candid, humorous eyes, and with the little chuckle of enjoyment on which he usually doted, but which he now found rather frightening.

She spoke to Lady Mary, and the horse quickened its pace. Harry was blinded by a vicious spatter of mud. He groped for his handkerchief, and while he wiped away the smear he felt the mud rain upon his hat, his coat, his legs. With his eyes once more open, he glanced at Miss Folwell winking, through the shower that was being flung back by Lady Mary's forefeet. Miss Folwell, however, on her raised seat escaped the muddy discharge, except for an occasional drop; one or two tiny dots glistened on her cheek.

Just in front of the middle section of the grandstand they passed through a nearly liquid stretch of track, and Harry received a pasty drenching from Lady Mary's accurate hoofs. It filled his eyes and mouth, and as he convulsively raised his muddy handkerchief he heard the joyous laughter of the spectators, and, worse still, Miss Folwell's genial chuckle. When he again got his eyes open, she was making the turn a hundred feet beyond the stand.

"Dear me," she said, glancing at him. "Do you want to get out?"

"No, thank you," replied Harry. "Unless my appearance will count against you."

"Ah, the poor clothes! Darn the horse," she muttered. "I'm not getting out of her what I might." She touched Lady Mary with the whip.

The response was a forward lunge and a backward fling,—a cool poultice was spread across Harry's lower jaw. He was now on the side toward the grandstand, and something like a cheer arose as he went by. He beheld the mirth on the faces of the women; the man who had vaulted over the rail and held Lady Mary's head

was guffawing with laughter; the solitary ladies who passed glanced at him with a demure amusement. He would not have resented being innocently ridiculous; but he burned with mortification to think that many of those to whom he furnished this diversion found in it a special zest because they had also been witnesses of his cowardice. And it stung him deeply to think that thus—in this trivial, contemptuous way—was Miss Folwell satisfied to administer to him his punishment.

He abandoned the now futile attempt to use his handkerchief, and, folding his arms, determined to endure imperturbably. It was hard.

At the turns Miss Folwell would glance at him mirthfully and laugh. And it was no longer the unrestrained merriment of the spectators that hurt. It was the gleeful trill which sounded in his ear at every turn; it was that which stabbed him to the heart. It was n't fair of her—it was n't worthy of her—to delight in making him ridiculous. She might have rebuked him, punished him in some dignified way,—but to make him the butt of light-minded laughter,—well, he reflected tragically, it was all part of being little, and weighing less than a hundred and twenty pounds.

"Cheer up; don't look so woe-begone," she urged him, as these thoughts were taking possession. "A few patches of skin still show. But ah, the poor clothes!" And she emitted her soft, innocent, compassionate-sounding laughter.

Back and forth the judges kept them traveling for what seemed an interminable time; Harry felt that they prolonged the event because of the general rejoicing in his ignominy. But at last the competitors drew rein, the judging was quickly finished, and the red ribbon, not the blue, attached to Lady Mary's bridle. Then, amidst the clapping and laughter of the crowd, Miss Folwell drove past the stand and turned off from the track.

Harry alighted and withdrew to a place beyond the stalls. He was patiently scrap-

ing one trouser leg with a stick, when the man who had held Lady Mary's head, and afterwards had laughed at him from the box, sauntered up. He was a cheerful, good-humored young man, with saucy blue eyes and the confident, leisurely, somewhat aggressive demeanor of one who is not easily put down; his clothes had a certain rusticity, with the exception of his collar and necktie, which were both noticeable for being in the extreme of an ugly fashion. They reasserted the quality of freshness and effervescent spirit which were to be deduced from his bearing.

"A good show you gave us," he observed. "No permanent damage done, I hope?"

"I think not."

"I'm going to give a little exhibition soon myself. More conspicuous and exciting than yours. Going up in the balloon and coming down with the parachute. My first experience. A little nervous,—what?"

Harry looked at him with less unfriendliness, and more surprise.

"A professional aeronaut,—practicing for one?" he inquired.

"Oh, not at all. In the interests of journalism,—my paper. My card,"—Harry read the inscription:

"H. WALTER BUNCH,  
The Walshville Press."

"My own idea entirely," pursued Mr. Bunch. "I'm taking my vacation,—but if I run across a good story, I ask no better fun than to follow it out and write it up. An amateur's impressions,—going up in a balloon, descending with the parachute,—an interesting sensation, interesting reading. I arranged yesterday with Professor Delgardo,—his real name is Brophy. Telephoned his terms to the *Press*; they said 'O. K. Go ahead.' Twenty dollars and a sensation in it for me. But say—I am a shade nervous. Kind of like to walk round and feel the earth under me—while I can, you know."

Harry had ceased to scrape himself;

he was gazing at this person with astonishment.

"How high up will you go? — how much of a drop?" he asked.

"Three thousand feet, the prof says. He has two parachutes. When we get up half a mile, the prof cuts loose my parachute, and down flutters H. Walter. A moment later the prof will follow. They tell me," added Bunch reflectively, "I will strike with about the same force as if I had jumped from a height of six feet."

"You've never been up in a balloon before? — you've never made a parachute drop before?"

"This is positively my first aerial ascent — and probably — if nothing happens to me — rap on wood — my only."

"Are n't you scared, — really?"

"I am. Thinking of that moment when I drop off into space, — say, my hands sweat. But what's the odds? You've got to take a chance if you want any fun."

Harry, looking at the cheerful exponent of this doctrine, was deeply stirred. He faced a terrible idea, an idea filled for him with peculiar, unutterable terror; should he quail before it? He quivered with the violence of his suddenly incoherent mental struggle. Here was his chance to show her, — here was his chance to overcome forever his timorousness.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that the professor could be persuaded to take up another passenger?"

Bunch surveyed him with critical eyes, lips pursed up, head on one side.

"Well," he said, "come and see. I think it will just be a question of whether you want to meet his terms."

They found the professor in a tent on the farther side of the grandstand. He was a small, wiry, red-haired man; he sat on a camp-chair, splicing rope, and he looked up at the new applicant with narrow, shrewd, gray eyes.

"Dizzy when you look down from high places?" he asked, after Harry had stated his desire.

"I don't know; I never go near the edge," Harry replied.

The corners of the professor's mouth crinkled humorously.

"Why do you want to go up?"

"Because I'm so scared at the very idea that I think it would be good for me to do it."

"How's your nerve?"

"I don't know. I want to find out."

"Do you know enough to obey orders?"

"That's one of my specialties."

"The fare for the round trip will be fifty dollars. You can pay it now. Then, if you decide to squeal between now and the time of the ascension, — I have the money, — and we don't refund to squealers."

Harry counted out the money into the professor's hand.

"You're light, and so am I," said the professor. "My big parachute will do for the two of us. I'll hold on to you if you get faint. But," he added encouragingly, "I don't believe you will. I think you've got nerve."

A great, grimy bubble of canvas swelled up in the middle of the fair-grounds, between two tall poles, — tall as telegraph poles. It was pulled out into ever-changing potato shapes; it bellied and strained from side to side; in a few moments it attained monstrosity. Within the open space immediately below it leaped a little man in red tights and heavy shoes. He bounded about, warning the boys and men in the crowd who held the ropes restraining the balloon, "Don't get the ropes wrapped round your hands, anybody!"

The people who had sat in the grandstand, the people who had been amusing themselves at the sideshows, had all flocked out upon the green oval. Harry Mortimer stood with Miss Folwell and her cousins, up near the front of the loosely assembled crowd. He knew that at any moment now the professor would make the signal agreed upon, — raise his right

hand; the signal at which the two passengers were to step forward and take their places in the basket. Harry was all tremulous,—clenching cold, perspiring hands in his pockets. His heart had nearly failed him; he felt that when the signal was given he would not dare to stir; he knew that his moment would come,—and pass. Yet, in spite of this conviction, he could not help trembling. With a haggard and intent face he watched the professor skipping about; he noted even an inconsequential detail,—that the professor wore heavy shoes, from the tops of which the straps protruded incongruously. The professor was laying the parachutes carefully out upon the ground,—slack folds of canvas, attached on opposite sides to the bottom of the balloon. A hush of expectancy descended on the crowd; instead of the shrill shouting of boys, and the chatter and laughter, there was suddenly a low, subdued murmur of talk.

"Oh, how does anybody ever do it!" exclaimed Miss Folwell under her breath. "How does anybody ever do it the first time!"

"Why not?" asked Harry; he kept his eyes on the professor.

"Why not? Why, because there's no way of practicing and working up to it gradually; you've got to go right up at once and drop,—and I don't see how anybody has the courage."

Harry's answer was almost inaudible: "I think I'll go a little nearer, so as to see the start." And while Miss Folwell was gazing in fascination at the professor, Harry worked his way into the front row of the circle of spectators. The professor laid a trapeze out beside the basket of the balloon. Then he threw up his right hand and glanced swiftly around the encircling crowd. Harry ran forward and stepped into the basket; Bunch was a moment behind him. The crowd gave an excited shout, a cheer, a clapping of hands; the professor pulled a rope, and the two tall poles on either side of the balloon fell down. "Let go, everybody!" shouted

the professor; the next instant the balloon shot upward, dragging after it the basket, from which Harry and Bunch peered over the side, and below that the trapeze on which hung the professor by his knees, head down, kissing both hands to the crowd and crying, "We will be with you in about five minutes." The brass band began to play, *Up in a Balloon, Boys*, and the crowd, gazing upward, cheered.

As the basket rose, Harry had a glimpse of Miss Folwell's face; alarm, consternation, and astonishment were visible thereon, and her betrayal of these emotions gratified him exceedingly. The next moment the professor climbed in over the side of the car.

"Glad to see you; began to be afraid we'd lost you, professor," said Bunch jauntily. He hung his head over the edge, staring down in fascination. "Say," he cried, "look at the people down there. Their faces have just the size and expression of white poker chips. See 'em scatter,—what funny little bugs! Take a look, Mortimer; it's interesting."

But Harry gazed fixedly upward through the network of ropes at the great, bellying balloon with its two pendulous parachute attachments; and his face was white and set.

"Go on; look down," Bunch urged. "It's a great sight."

Harry felt that the professor, who was quietly fastening a leather strap to one of the ropes, had his eye on him to test his courage. He put his head out over the edge of the car, and looked down. The land was rushing away from him, was being sucked down into an intolerable vortex, in the very pit of which crawled innumerable tiny black and white beings. All the land, clear out over hills to the horizon, seemed marching forward and down into this pit; trees, houses, open fields, bits of forest, all alike gravitated irresistibly toward the vortex. The world, which a few moments before had been so full of bustle and movement and noise, was now silent. All sound had been swal-

lowed up in that tremendous, funnel-shaped hole, into which it seemed that everything on earth was being slowly drawn.

The depth of that pit grew greater momentarily and more horrible, — yet the balloon remained stationary in the air. And that apparent fact made Harry, who had grown already dizzy, a little insane. If the earth was dropping so fast, what chance was there that one descending with a parachute might ever overtake it? As he knelt, with his head drooping over the edge, he laughed feebly. Then his head swam; he imagined himself falling, tumbling head over heels, and conscious all the while as he plunged down the countless fathoms of air, conscious, and seeing intermittently in his bewildered whirlings the inexorable face of the earth, no longer dropping away, but rushing up with diabolical force to meet him, — conscious to the last, to that last terrible moment when he struck.

Bunch and the professor dragged him back into the car, and poured brandy down his throat. "I'm afraid that I'm afraid," he remarked deprecatingly.

"Oh, no," Bunch assured him. "Just imaginative. Take this camera for me, will you? Then, when the prof here swings me out all ready for my lonely flight to earth, take my picture. The *Press* will want it, 'Our daring navigator of aerial regions as he appeared at the moment of making his descent.' Cool, calm, and nonchalant. Eh, what?"

The professor passed the leather strap round Bunch's body and up under his arms, and buckled it. Then he spoke the first words he had uttered since they had left the earth.

"You'll drop about three hundred feet before the parachute opens. When it opens, you'll rebound about forty feet. Hold on as tight as you can, — but remember anyway that, whether you lose your grip or not, you can't fall. Time to go now."

He held the trapeze of one of the parachutes close by the rim of the basket.

Bunch seated himself upon it, and grasped the ropes. The professor let go the trapeze, and Bunch swung out, with only the narrow little bar between him and the earth, three thousand feet below. "Hold your breath, boys; the elevator's going down," he called. "Just a second, while I pose for that photo." He swung one leg off the trapeze, and clung by one knee and one hand, — holding the other hand out as if in sign of blithe farewell. Harry snapped the shutter. "All aboard," cried Bunch, taking his first position.

The professor pulled a rope, and Bunch, trailing a streak of canvas, dropped at once, with a velocity that made Harry draw in his breath. Then Harry thrust his head out again over the rim. And in the space of a second he saw a great, white flower bloom in the air, and loiter and drift downward, swaying languidly from side to side.

"It's up to us," said the professor, and he passed a lifebelt round Harry's body. Harry thrust it down with his hand.

"Not for me. My nerve's all right now. I can hold on; I don't want to be tied in."

The professor looked at him a moment, doubtfully. Then he tossed the lifebelt in the bottom of the car, and laid hold of the parachute trapeze. "We'll risk it," he said. "Get aboard — slide over on the outside edge — crook your knees and let the bar slip up under them and grip it tight — hold on to the ropes tight. Don't look down. There you are. Now then."

He flung one leg over the trapeze, and swung out from the balloon. He put his left arm round behind Harry's shoulder. "Something to lean against," he said. "Now put your arm round me the same way. All right; here goes."

Harry, with his teeth set, looked straight up at the balloon quivering above. He did not see what the professor did; but suddenly he drew in his breath with involuntary sharpness, for the nerves along his spine seemed to sing and flutter upwards, while all his muscles were strung painfully, apprehensively taut. They

were falling, and they had left the balloon behind. It rolled over lumberingly, and emptied a splotch of black smoke against the sky, and then, a shapeless, collapsed bag, it drifted down. Harry was secondarily aware of all this, even while, in agonized expectancy, he gazed at the folds of canvas streaming directly overhead. He saw the folds shaken out a little; then with a pop the parachute sprang wide open. For one dizzy, terrifying moment Harry felt himself tossed upward as from a blanket; he gripped the bar desperately with his knees, fearful of losing it, strained close against the professor's shoulder, and braced himself for the final jerk of the rebound. It was over in an instant, with a vicious twang of the ropes; shaken and breathless, Harry found himself still sitting on the trapeze.

"The rest is easy," said the professor. "You could almost go to sleep."

Indeed, except for the slight swaying from side to side, it seemed to Harry that they were hardly moving. The crumpled balloon dropped past them a couple of hundred feet away, borne on the light breeze. "I won't have to go far after it," observed the professor. "That's the beauty of such a day as this. And we're coming down in almost the spot where we went up. We'll light in the grounds, anyway. Our friend Bunch has almost arrived."

A beautiful calmness settled on Harry's spirit. Nothing now could happen to him; he had stood the test. Floating serenely, imperceptibly descending, with the great parachute rocking overhead and engaging his eyes with its dreamy movement, he had the contented sense of one whose ardent aspiration has been rewarded with achievement. But after a few moments, the impulse to look down, which since leaving the balloon he had steadily resisted, overcame him. He lowered his eyes from the parachute, that object near at hand, and beheld with an instant terror the emptiness of space. Yet he ventured further; cautiously he looked down. He had a fluttering glimpse of houses that

seemed the size of pasteboard boxes, of trees that were but little garden shrubs, and then he could endure it no longer; he closed his eyes. They could not bear these distances, this emptiness; they demanded something near on which to focus; sickness came to him through his eyes. He laid his head back and opened his eyes again upon the friendly, attendant parachute that rocked dreamily; and again a beautiful calmness enveloped his spirit.

"Our friend has landed," the professor announced. "Not fifty yards from where we started. Hear the music?"

Faintly it rose now to their ears, and grew every moment more distinct.

"I'll be glad to be once more where I can dance to it," said Harry.

Soon the music ceased, and cries from people in the crowd rose clearly.

"Time to get ready," said the professor. "We've got to hang by our hands from the bar, so as to strike feet first. We're near enough to earth now for you to look down without feeling dizzy."

He swung himself off from the trapeze, and hung by his hands, and Harry followed his example. They were not more than a hundred feet from the ground now, and Harry for the first time, as he glanced down at the cheering and clapping crowd, realized that he was descending with sufficient velocity. But he saw that he would strike on a smooth, level spot in the middle of the field.

The earth swam up to meet him; he struck with a jar, stumbled to his knees, and was plucked up by the agile professor, and dragged away from under the collapsing parachute. The next moment Bunch had him by the hand.

"Did n't pass away, did you?" said Bunch. "Great experience,—interesting sensation,—eh, what? I hope you got a good picture of me." He took the camera, which was slung over Harry's shoulder.

Harry shook hands with Bunch, and then with the professor.

"Good-by," he said. "Thank you

very much, Professor Delgado. I would n't do it again for a thousand dollars."

The professor grinned; then, while he still grasped Harry's hand, he put his lips close to the young man's ear and whispered, "To my friends my name is Brophy."

Harry felt weak and totter in the legs as he walked away. He looked for familiar faces, but his immediate surroundings consisted of boys, multitudes of small boys; and the only face that seemed at all familiar was one grotesquely blacked. "My golly, mister," said this boy, as Harry passed, "but you must have had the nerve!" And rarely had Harry been more pleased by anything in his life.

Then he espied the person for whom he was looking, — standing with her cousins, and observing him with a countenance that was exceedingly severe. Also, he could not help noticing that it was unusually pale. He approached with an air that was, for Harry, almost swaggering.

"Well," said Miss Folwell, "and what next do you propose to do with your precious life?"

"Indeed, I must say, Mr. Mortimer," declared Mrs. Somerby, one of the cousins, "it was the most inconsiderate performance" —

"To say nothing of the — the publicity of it," put in the other cousin, Miss Bolivar.

No single man, — and particularly no very small and weak young man, weighing, in fact, less than a hundred and twenty pounds, — can be anything but abject in face of the united condemnation of three women. And Harry was exceedingly abject.

"I will drive Mr. Mortimer home and give him a lecture," said Miss Folwell.

Harry cheered up at this threat.

"I think he really deserves to go with one of us," observed Miss Bolivar, who

had a grim humor, and had detected Harry's unbecoming cheerfulness. "However" —

On the drive home, Miss Folwell's lecture was brief.

"What," she asked, "made you do that crazy thing? Did n't you know what a foolish risk you ran, — and what a perfectly unnecessary fright you were giving us?"

"Did it really give you such a fright?" Harry asked, and she realized that in emphasizing that point she had erred. She hastened to add, —

"It was very childish of you. What on earth possessed you?"

"Why, if you must know," said Harry, goaded by the charge of childishness, "it was because I'd shown myself such a — such a coward — dodging Lady Mary, you know, when we were in the box, — and then after the way you punished me, making me ridiculous and all, — which was all right, mind, I deserved all I got, — but after that I felt I had to make good in some way, you know — so when I got the chance, why, I went up in the balloon..."

She stared at him. "A coward because you dodged Lady Mary in the box? I punished you, making you ridiculous? — What on earth are you talking about?"

"You did n't see it? — You were n't punishing me?"

When in his amazed, delighted mind he had become certain of this, he recited his psychological tale to the chuckle on which he doted. And at last the chuckle was inadequate, laughter overflowed.

"Oh, you poor, funny little man; you poor, funny little man!" she interjected between her trilling paroxysms. "And you wanted to show me you were really brave! Dear, dear! Could n't you show it to me in some other way?"

He took her at her word, and promptly made an effort, which proved, on the whole, convincing.

## THE GRADING OF SINNERS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

AMERICAN government, the London *Times* once said, is "cheap and nasty," meaning thereby that the public organs of our democracy are by no means so aloof and self-sufficing as they are abroad. This is especially true of the law-enforcing apparatus. In England the judiciary is far more exalted and independent than it is with us. It is better manned and paid, more stately, more secure, more disdainful of public clamor. Our law officers, on the other hand, are not socially and politically so distinct from the people. Their individuality is not so completely merged in their function as upholders of the majesty of the law. Keenly sensitive to the state of the public mind, they are losing rather than gaining in independence. We dream that we live under a government of laws; we are actually under a government of men and of newspapers.

In a people uncleft by deep class distinctions every man can as censor take part in the defense of society against evildoers. Each of us emits a faint, compulsive beam, and since the agencies for focusing these into a fierce, withering ray of indignation become every day more perfect, public opinion as regulator of conduct steadily gains on priest and judge and sheriff. More and more the law-enforcing machinery slows down, the moment it ceases to be urged by public sentiment. The accumulation of "dead" laws in the statute book proves how slight is its automatic action. Much of the control once embodied in the organs of the law is coming to be diffused throughout the community. Constituted authorities are settling and crumbling; they threaten to become as obsolete for defense as have the stone walls of the mediæval city. In twenty-two years we have lynched over

thirty-three hundred persons as against about twenty-six hundred legally executed. Moral vengeance, the lynching of the personality rather than the person, is, however, the characteristic rôle of the public. Cell and noose are still needed for the low-browed, but public condemnation is dreadful to the newer types of delinquent. Courts must still try people, if we do not want them to be tried by newspapers; but there never was a time when formal acquittal rehabilitated a man less than it does to-day.

Public opinion has become so mighty a regulator of conduct, not because it has grown wiser, but because of the greater ease of ascertaining, focusing and directing it. There is nothing to indicate a gain in intelligence at all answering to its enlargement of authority. Now, as ever, the judgments the average man passes upon the conduct of his fellow are casual, inconsistent, and thoughtless. The public sentiment drawn from such sources is not fit to safeguard the paramount interests of society. Like a stupid, flushed giant at bay, the public heeds the little overt offender more than the big covert offender. It resents a pinprick more than a blow at the heart. It parries a frontal stroke, but ignores a flank attack. The key to such folly is to be found in certain crude notions which lie at the base of its moral judgments and lead astray its instinct of self-preservation.

*The error that sinners ought to be graded according to badness of character.*

This criterion favors the new, threatening, and spreading types of wrong-doing as contrasted with the old, stationary types. Mark how its ratings fly in the face of common sense. The highwayman,

with his alternative, "Your money or your life!" does less mischief than the entrenched monopolist who offers the public the option, "Your money or go without;" but he is, no doubt, a more desperate character. The government clerk who secretly markets advance crop information would hardly steal overcoats, whereas the hall thief is equal to the whole gamut of larceny. The life insurance presidents who let one another have the use of policy-holders' funds at a third of the market rate may still be trusted not to purloin spoons. The official who sells a gold-brick concern the opportunity to use the mails is an accomplice in wholesale robbery; but for all that he has his scruples against pocket-picking.

No poisoner would shrink from the slow poisonings of the adulterator, whereas the latter would probably draw the line at administering a deadly drug to his unsuspecting customer. Despite the essential identity of their work, the ravisher is undoubtedly a more brutal type than the procurer, and the cutthroat is coarser than the bandit who ditches a train in order to rob it. The embezzler who guts a savings bank, the corrupt labor-leader who wields the strike as a blackmailers' club, is virtually the assassin of scores of infants and aged and invalid; yet he has sensibilities that make him far less dangerous in most situations than the housebreaker or the sandbagger. Equally limited are the men responsible for the needless extinction of lives by the car stove, at the grade crossing, before the fenderless trolley-car, on the over-insured hulk, or in the treacherous, unfireproofed apartment house. These partial villains, with their piebald consciences, lack the stigmata of the true criminal type. In their crania Lombroso would miss the marks of atavism. They are not the prey of wicked impulses, not nature's criminals. Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, they are in their wrongdoing merely the creatures of Crooked Thinking and Opportunity.

The grading of sinners according to

badness of character goes on the assumption that the wickedest man is the most dangerous. This would be true if men were abreast in their opportunities to do harm. In that case the blackest villain would be the worst scourge of society. But the fact is that the patent ruffian is confined to the social basement, and enjoys few opportunities. He can assault or molest, to be sure; but he cannot betray. Nobody depends on him, so he cannot commit breach of trust, — that arch sin of our time. He does not hold in his hand the safety, or welfare, or money of the public. He is the clinker, not the live coal; vermin, not beast of prey. To-day the villain most in need of curbing is the respectable, exemplary, trusted personage who, strategically placed at the focus of a spiderweb of fiduciary relations, is able from his office-chair to pick a thousand pockets, poison a thousand sick, pollute a thousand minds, or imperil a thousand lives. It is the great-scale, high-voltage sinner that needs the shackle. To strike harder at the petty pickpocket than at the prominent and unabashed person who in a large, impressive way sells out his constituents, his followers, his depositors, his stockholders, his policy-holders, his subscribers, or his customers, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

No paradox is it, but demonstrable fact, that, in a highly articulate society, the gravest harms are inflicted, not by the worst men, but by those with virtues enough to boost them into some coign of vantage. The boss who sells out the town and delivers the poor over to filth, disease, and the powers that prey, owes his chance to his engaging good-fellowship and big-heartedness. Some of the most dazzling careers of fraud have behind them long and reassuring records of probity, which have served to bait the trap of villainy. Not that these decoy-virtues are counterfeit. They are, in fact, so genuine that often the stalwart sinner perseveres in the virtue that has lifted him into the high place he abuses. The legislator conscientiously returns the boodle

when he finds he cannot "deliver the goods." The boss stands by his friends to his own hurt. The lobbying lawyer is faithful to his client. The corrupting corporation-president is loyal to his stockholders. The boughten editor never quite overcomes his craft-instinct to print "all the news there is." In a word, the big and formidable sinners are gray of soul, but not black, so that chastisement according to their *character* rather than according to their *deeds* lets them off far too easily.

*The error that sinners should be graded according to the harm they inflict upon particular individuals.*

Primitive-minded people abhor the wrong-doer, not from a sense of danger, but out of sympathy with his victim. This is why our mobs lynch for murder, assault, rape, arson, wife-beating, kidnapping, and grave-robbing, but pass over such impersonal offenses as peculation, adultery, rebating, ballot fraud, bribery, and grafting. The public, while less ferocious than the mob, is nearly as sentimental. It needs a victim to harrow up its feelings. Villainy must be staged with blue lights and slow music. The injury that is problematic, or general, or that falls in undefined ways upon unknown persons, is resented feebly, or not at all. The fiend who should rack his victim with torments such as typhoid inflicts would be torn to pieces. The villain who should taint his enemy's cup with fever-germs would stretch hemp. But the corrupt boss who, in order to extort fat contracts for his firm, holds up for a year the building of a filtration plant destined to deliver his city from the typhoid scourge, and thereby dooms twelve hundred of his townspeople to sink to the tomb through the flaming abyss of fever, comes off scathless.

The popular symbol for the criminal is a ravening wolf, but alas, few latter-day crimes can be dramatized with a wolf and a lamb as the cast! Your up-to-date crim-

inal presses the button of a social mechanism, and at the other end of the land or the year innocent lives are snuffed out. The immediate sacrifice of human beings to the devil is extinct. But fifteenth-century Marshal de Retz, with his bloody offerings to Satan, has his modern counterpart in the king whose insatiate greed, transmitted noiselessly through administrative belting and shafting, lops off the right hands of Congolese who fail to bring in their dues of rubber; in the avaricious nobleman who, rather than relinquish his lucrative timber concession on the Yalu, pulled the wires that strewed Manchuria with corpses. Yet, thanks to the space that divides sinner from sinned-against, planetary crimes such as these excite far less horror than do the atrocities of Jack the Ripper or black Sam Hose. The public, being leaden of imagination, is moved only by the concrete. It heeds the crass physical act, but overlooks the subtle iniquities that pulse along those viewless filaments of interrelation that bind us together. At the present moment nothing would add so much to the security of life in this country as stern dealing with the patent-medicine dispensers, the quack doctors, the adulterators, the jerry-builders, the rookery landlords, and the carrying corporations. These, however, escape, because the community squanders the vials of its wrath on the old-style, open-air sinners, who have the nerve to look their victims in the face.

The childishness of the unguided public appears very clearly from a certain modern instance. What is it that is doing the most to-day to excite wrath against the rich? Is it the clash of capital and labor, the insensate luxury flaunted by the Emerged Tenth, the uncovering of the muddy sources of certain great fortunes, the exposure of colossal frauds by high "captains of industry," the frequent identification of the "men who do things" with the men who "do" people, the revelation of the part played by "business interests" in the debauching of our local governments? No, it is none of these. It

is the injuries pedestrians and other users of the highway have suffered from a few reckless drivers of the automobile!

A dense population lives in peace by aid of a protecting social order. Those who rack and rend this social order do worse than hurt particular individuals; they wound society itself. The men who steal elections, who make merchandise of the law, who make justice a mockery, who pervert good custom, who foil the plain public intent, who pollute the wells of knowledge, who dim ideals for hire, — these are, in sober truth, the chiefest sinners. They are cutting the guy ropes that keep the big tent from collapsing on our heads. They should be the first to feel the rod. To spare them because such sins furnish no writhing victim to stir our indignation is as if a ship's passengers should lynch pilferers, but excuse miscreants caught boring with augers in the vessel's bottom.

As society grows complex, it can be harmed in more ways. Once there were no wrongs against the whole community save treason and sacrilege, and against these, strong reaction habits early grew up in the public mind. Later, our frontier communities learned to react promptly with a rope on the man who furnished whiskey to the Indians, started a prairie fire, cut a levee, spread smallpox, or turned revenue informer. Now, however, there are scores of ways in which the common weal may take hurt, and every year finds society more vulnerable. Each advance to higher organization runs us into a fresh zone of danger, so there is more than ever need to be quick to detect and foil the new public enemies that present themselves.

*The vain imagination that there are excellences which constitute a sufficient set-off to sin.*

The proper grading of sinners is skewed by taking into account their education, breeding, manners, piety, or philanthropy. The primitive tribal assembly takes an

all-round view of the culprit, and the sentence it pronounces passes upon his walk and conversation as well as upon his guilt. The court of justice, however, wisely throws out such considerations as irrelevant, and narrows down to the question, "What punishment does this deed deserve?" In no other way can men be made to stand on a level before the law. Now, long ago we attained in theory the equality of all men before God and the equality of all men before the law; but the equality of all men before the bar of public opinion is still to be achieved. No judge would dare show himself such a respecter of persons as is the public. How often clean linen and church-going are accepted as substitutes for right-doing! What a deodorizer is polite society! Who smells the buzzard under his stolen peacock plumes! Any one can sense turpitude in the dingy "hobo," but a well-groomed Captain Kidd, of correct habits, with a family "reared in the lap of luxury" as a background, is well-nigh irresistible.

There are other ways in which sinners profit by the delusion that the cardinal thing in men is something else than good faith. The heads of religious, philanthropic, and educational work have influence, and hence the adept of the Higher Thimblerig seeks by gifts to the cause and by a feigned interest to gain their valuable favor and thus compound with society for his offense. Too often, in their zeal for the special social good committed to their charge, they rashly sacrifice the greater good, and ply the whitewash brush on public enemies. Nothing can check this creeping paralysis of the higher nerve-centres of society but the heartfelt conviction that no fillip to religion, philanthropy, or education can atone for tampering with the underpinning of social order. What, in sooth, are professors, preachers, charity-workers, and organizers of philanthropy but betrayers, if, wrapped up in their immediate aims, they condone the social transgressions of their patrons? Fair play and trustful co-operation, bedded on truth and honesty, are

the foundations of all social life, higher as well as lower; and no college, church, hospital, or social settlement can avail to counterpoise crime that weakens these foundations.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this:—

Our social organization has developed to a stage where the old righteousness is not enough. We need an annual supplement to the Decalogue. The growth of credit institutions, the spread of fiduciary relations, the emmeshing of industry in law, the interlacing of government and business, the multiplication of boards and inspectors,—beneficent as they all are, they invite to sin. What gateways they open to greed! What fresh parasites they let in on us! How idle in our new situation to intone the old litanies! The reality of this close-knit life is not to be *seen and touched*; it must be *thought*. The sins it opens the door to are to be discerned by knitting the brows rather than by opening the eyes. It takes imag-

ination to see that bogus medical diploma, lying advertisement, and fake testimonial are death-dealing instruments. It takes imagination to see that savings-bank wrecker, loan shark, and investment swindler, in taking livelihoods take lives. It takes imagination to see that the business of debauching voters, fixing juries, seducing lawmakers, and corrupting public servants is like sawing through the props of a crowded grandstand. We are in the organic phase, and the thickening perils that beset our path can be beheld only by the mind's eye.

The problem of security is, therefore, being silently transformed. Blind, instinctive reactions are no longer to be trusted. Social defense is coming to be a matter for the expert. The rearing of dikes against faithlessness and fraud calls for intelligent social engineering. If in this strait the public does not speedily become far shrewder in the grading and grilling of sinners, there is nothing for it but to turn over the defense of society to professionals.

## NAPOLEON AS A BOOK-LOVER

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

LIKE Cæsar, like Charlemagne, his truest prototypes, Napoleon was a myriad-minded man. No less great as an administrator than as a soldier, he was a keener diplomat than any minister of the powers against him. Talleyrand alone, perhaps, surpassed him in far-sighted sagacity, penetration, intrigue. Nothing pertaining to the life of such a man can fail to be of interest, and the past twenty years have seen the appearance of works in the pages of which we get an intimate view of Napoleon, not as soldier or ruler or diplomat, but as a man; not clothed with thunder, as Thiers portrayed him, but clad in the garb of his fellow-men. We know

to-day as never before what his nature truly was,—his tastes, his pastimes, his friendships, his foibles; what he liked to eat and how he ate it; how few hours he slept; what he read in hours of ease. Such minutiae are not petty in connection with the life of a man like Napoleon. Nothing can be alien to history that concerns a career so great in achievement as his.

The reading of Napoleon's youth reflected the spirit of the age. The emotionalism, the romanticism of Rousseau captivated his imagination, as it did that of the generation in which he lived. He tried his hand in imitation of the preva-

lent taste, and wrote *The Unmasked Prophet*, an Oriental story, a *Dialogue on Love*, and some rather acute *Reflections on the State of Nature*. But the drift of the Revolution toward the stream of red republicanism made him antagonistic to it in course of time. Although he went with the current outwardly, and even joined the Jacobin Club, his reading was not the political pamphlets of the age. In 1791 we find him reading books upon travel and institutions, Herodotus and Strabo among ancient works, together with Coxe's *Travels in Switzerland*, Machiavelli, Voltaire's *Essai sur Mœurs*, and Dulaure's *Histoire critique de la noblesse* (1790). He read such books carefully. There still "exist among his papers outlines more or less complete of all these books," says Professor Sloane. Recently there have come to light some "Notes on English History" which he took at this time. Evidently the mechanism of public life, not romanticism and pseudo-politics, was attracting him. But life was too feverish, too fraught with excitement, until the fever of the Revolution subsided, for concerted reading of this or any other sort.

The command in Italy seems to have been Napoleon's renaissance. As it awoke his ambition, so it stimulated his intellect. Henceforward history, institutions, biography, travel, polite literature, poetry, became a permanent interest of his mind whenever the exigencies of war and of state allowed him to read anything save dispatches, reports, and bulletins. He always remained an omnivorous, if not a deep reader. Bourrienne criticises him for not having read Montesquieu thoroughly, "That is to say, in a way to accept or decidedly reject each of the thirty-one books of the *Esprit des Lois*;" and he adds: "he had not thus read Bayle's *Dictionary* nor the *Essay on the Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith." This criticism seems beside the mark. Napoleon was not a student, to sit down and compare Montesquieu's arguments with critical analysis. But, with a natural instinct

for discerning political values, an instinct grown almost unerring through experience, he could have gone to the pith of the *Esprit des Lois* in a second.

Yet, after all, the reports of the position of his forces on land and sea, dispatches, bulletins, laws, were his passionate interest. "My memory for an Alexandrine is not good," he said of himself; "but I never forget a syllable of my reports on positions."

The library which Napoleon carried out with him to Egypt in 1798 is probably a true reflection of his mental make-up. It included thirteen volumes of arts and sciences; forty volumes of geography and travel, among which the *Voyages* of Captain Cook is conspicuous; one hundred and twenty-five historical works, ancient, mediaeval, and modern; forty volumes of poetry, the chief among which were Homer, Vergil, Tasso, Ariosto, Ossian, and Voltaire's *Henriade*; twenty volumes of the masterpieces of the French stage; the Old and New Testaments; the Koran; the Vedas; some works on mythology; and, for fiction, a few novels of Voltaire, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Goethe's *Werther*, and forty English novels in translation. Professor Sloane says that Napoleon's sister Caroline added a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, Madame de Staël's *De l'influence des passions*, which had just been published, and Mercier's *Visions philosophiques*.

The formation of the Egyptian library was entrusted by Say to a very remarkable man. Charles Pougens (1775-1833) was a natural son of the Prince de Conti. He lost his eyesight when twenty-four years of age, through an attack of smallpox, yet lived to become a prominent man of letters. Impoverished by the Revolution, he opened a printing-office, to which he added a bookshop. Napoleon had learned to know him in his own dark days, and never forgot him. Pougens was the author of the *Trésor des origines : dictionnaire raisonné de la langue française*; (1819) and *L'archéologie française*

*ou vocabulaire des mots anciens tombés en désuétude* (1824).

I do not know if the books taken out in 1798 survived the battles of the Nile and the Pyramids and the frightful Syrian expedition. But a certain reminiscence of the Egyptian library is to be found in the appointment of Ripault, librarian of the Institut d'Egypte, early in the course of the consulate, to be Napoleon's private librarian. The office was not one for a man of purely literary tastes and inclinations, however. Supervision of the immense amount of periodical literature, especially that of a political nature, was a necessity to Napoleon. In consequence it became Ripault's duty to make systematic abstracts of this material and regularly to present them to Napoleon for examination. Napoleon had a thorough understanding of the influence of public opinion, and he proposed to bend it as he wished it to be.

In course of time the duties of Ripault became so onerous that in 1804 the Abbé Denina was appointed as assistant librarian. But ere long this quasi-censorship proved ineffective, and in 1806 the censorship was attached to the office of Minister of Police. It was in one of the reports so submitted to him that Napoleon discovered that the price of the classics was too dear, and promptly took measures for the amelioration of the condition of classical literature in France. There was probably a political intention in this interest, to a certain degree, for the reading of Homer and Vergil was, from any point of view, better for him than the probable perusal of the vast mass of opposition literature circulated in the country in spite of the efforts to suppress it. And still, we may easily do him injustice. Genuine literature Napoleon not only welcomed, but stimulated. The indignant letter he wrote from Munich on January 15, 1806, the year of Prussia's humiliation at Jena and Auerstädt, to Fouché, the zealous and traitorous minister of police, illustrates this point, and shows his interest in keeping alive a healthy intellectual

activity. This is what was written:—

"I will not suffer a clerk to tyrannize talent and to mutilate genius."

For Greek literature, except philosophy, Napoleon seems to have had a very real liking. He was a man of direct, incisive speech. It is not without significance that most of the literary illustrations or allusions in his writings are from classical mythology and history. At two famous crises in his life, when his emotion must have been great, the fate of young Astyanax and the spectacle of Themistocles in exile at the court of Persia rose before his mind. The first occasion was in March, 1814, before the downfall. Anxious over the fate of his son, Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph,

"Do not abandon my son, and remember that I would sooner know him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner among the Greeks, has always appeared to me as the most unfortunate in history."

The second instance was after Waterloo, when the prospect of throwing himself upon the magnanimity of the English nation was before him as the only recourse. Then he wrote to George III:

"I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearth of the British people."

In the more aesthetic forms of intellectual activity Napoleon also had interest. During the first Italian campaign he took care to have the great musical productions of Italy copied, and the copies sent to the Conservatoire. "Of all the fine arts," he wrote at this season, "music is that which exercises the most influence on the passions, and is that which the legislator should most encourage. A piece of moral music, composed by a master, never fails to touch the feelings, and has more influence than a good philosophic work, which convinces the understanding without exercising any effect on our habits."<sup>1</sup> Napoleon was proud of the fact that Laplace dedicated his *Mé-*

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon always was fonder of Italian than of French music. (*Méneval i*, 21-23.)

*canique Céleste* to him, and wrote with mingled appreciation and affection, bemoaning the force of circumstances which had diverted him into a career so far removed from the sciences. He knew the practical value of even abstruse and recondite studies. Modern governments have discovered that the chemist and the biologist are useful servants of the state. Napoleon was speaking truthfully to the great astronomer in 1812, when he wrote, in acknowledgment of Laplace's work upon the *Calculation of Probabilities*, "The advancement and perfection of mathematics is intimately connected with the prosperity of the state."

In 1807 Napoleon ordered the library of the Council of State to be transferred to Fontainebleau. A portion of the works on jurisprudence and political economy, however, remained in Paris, and was consolidated with the library of the Tribunate upon the suppression of that institution.

In 1808 Napoleon formed the idea of having a traveling library, in order to make his hours of intellectual recreation independent of the exigencies of a campaign or the delays of a courier. Obviously such a collection of books would have to be selected with great care, that the library might be a portable one; and consequently the minute instructions as to its care are, as it were, a picture of his mind. This resolution of the Emperor was conveyed in a communication, bearing date July 17, addressed to Barbier, who had displaced Ripault the year before, and written from Bayonne, when he was on the verge of the Spanish campaign.

The proposed library was to form about a thousand volumes. The books were to be of small duodecimo size, printed in good type, and without margins in order to save space. They were to be found in morocco, with flexible covers and limp backs. The boxes for their conveyance were to be covered with leather and lined with green velvet, and were to average sixty volumes apiece, in two rows, like the shelves in a library. A catalogue was to

accompany them, so arranged that the Emperor could readily find any desired volume. The distribution of subjects was as follows: forty volumes on religion; forty of epic poetry; forty of the drama; sixty volumes of other poetry; sixty volumes of history; and one hundred novels. "In order to complete the quota," ran the instructions, "the balance shall be made up of historical memoirs." Among the religious works were the Old and New Testaments and the Koran, works on church history, including some upon the Lutheran and the Calvinist movement. The epics included Homer, Lucan, Tasso, the *Henriade*, and so forth; the drama, selected tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Comedy Napoleon could not endure; "not a word of Molière," he says. The history included some good chronological works, standard histories of France, like that of Mably, Machiavelli's *Discourses on Livy*, some of Voltaire's historical writing, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, and a French translation of Gibbon. Among the novels were the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Le Sage's *Contes*, and French versions of Richardson's and Fielding's works. Indeed, of English fiction Napoleon was very fond.

Napoleon seems to have looked forward with expectation to the use of this traveling library while in the field; and when he was preparing for the great campaign which culminated at Wagram, he wrote somewhat impatiently from Malmaison, March 20, 1809, through Méneval, his private secretary, —

"The Emperor wants to know if his traveling library is ready. I advised M. Barbier to choose it with care, and to put some excellent books in it." Then the secretary adds: "His Majesty wishes to have something very distinguished, and has a preference for books characterized by the beauty of the printed page and by elegance of binding." Finally comes the admonition, "If you have not found the epics, do not lose a moment of time in getting them."

Of course it goes without saying that

Napoleon kept up with the current literature. In Méneval's *Mémoires* we get a glimpse of the Emperor reading during the winter months of 1808-09. "There are many hours of the day," Méneval writes, "which his Majesty could employ in reading when his headquarters are to be found in the villages. I protest as much as possible to his Majesty about the barrenness of novels and almanacs." Generally during the hour after dinner, unless that had been a state affair, Napoleon used to glance over new books, throwing those which did not interest him upon the floor or into the fire. Méneval writes to Barbier on one occasion: "The novels sent are detestable, and were thrown from the courier's valise into the chimney-place." When on the road, it was the Emperor's usual practice to pitch such ephemeral literature, and books which did not please him, out of the windows of his carriage.<sup>1</sup> This explains why not infrequently books bearing his arms are to be found advertised in sale-catalogues.

But experience showed that the library was too large to be portable, and that it was also badly organized, so that ere long there was a wholesale elimination of books which lumbered it up. Madame de Sévigne's familiar eleven volumes were reduced to a selection; La Rochefoucauld went completely; a four-decker *Aeneid*, a three-decker Milton, a two-decker Iliad, and a two-decker edition of Camoëns were exchanged for single-volume copies; the *Aeneid* and Milton were to be in prose translations. Of new books demanded, the most notable are French editions of Tacitus and Gibbon. Napoleon must have read with vivid interest the sombre and terrible pages of Tacitus's *History*, — those pages in which the great historian has depicted the Emperor Tiberius, like a sullen eagle,

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor used to read a great deal while on the march. By means of a lamp placed in the back of his carriage he was able to work or to read with convenience. (Méneval, iii, 37).

sitting on Capri's isle, or Domitian, the vain, suspicious, crafty, shameless son of Vespasian, — and reveled in their invective. For there was a strain of melancholy in Napoleon, — not a passive depression, but an active interest in dark problems of the mind and heart. Problems of human mystery, the night and storm of the soul, the element of chance in great issues, powerfully appealed to his imagination. There may be some lingering trace of Corsican superstition in his belief in his star; but he spoke with conviction, and neither in superstition nor in vaunting, when he alluded to himself as a man of destiny. He never willingly gave battle unless he calculated that he had seventy chances of winning; yet he knew that something had to be left to chance, and sometimes trusted that fortune might bandage the eyes of his enemies. He won Marengo by sheer luck. Opportunity, he felt, was a moral bestowal, but nevertheless a fortuitous combination of circumstances to a certain degree. And what issues were at stake in this gigantic game of politics! Is it any wonder that Bonaparte's conception of things took a fatalistic turn?

The Greeks imagined that behind the gods of Olympus stood Destiny. In the mighty drama of history of which he was the central figure Napoleon perceived a persistent principle working itself out. This principle was political necessity, the inevitability of history. Through the movement of the actors, captains, diplomats, kings, the tramp of legions and the blare of martial brass, he discerned this principle and its action. General Ségar relates that on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, — the place above all others where Napoleon believed in his star, — he became engaged in a literary discussion with Junot. And what did he say? "Politics ought to be the great resort of modern tragedy. Politics should supplant the ancient idea of Fate in our theatre, — that Fate which made Oedipus a criminal without his being guilty." And he added, "Every coup d'état, every political

crime, might be made a subject of tragedy in which, the horror being tempered by necessity, a new and sustained interest would be developed." Did Mr. J. Holland Rose have these words in mind when he wrote of Napoleon in 1814, "It is a story instinct with an irony like that of the fascination of King Oedipus in the pages of Sophocles"? To Napoleon, under protean forms,—revolution, *coup d'état*, conquest,—the working of political destiny was the plot. History to him was not merely dramatic at times; it was dramatic all the time; it *was* drama. The Greek conception of destiny was replaced by political necessity. This conception not only colored history for him; it colored the literature he read; it determined his choice of books.

Dramatic literature appealed to him intensely. Taine says that his insight into it was that of a most sagacious critic, and quotes with approval the comment on Voltaire's Mahomet, that he was "neither a prophet nor an Arab; only an impostor graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique." Racine was his favorite dramatist, and he used to read again and again the more beautiful parts of *Iphigénie*, *Mithridate*, and *Bajazet*. And yet they did not please him. "After dinner," records the *Mémoires de Ste. Hélène*, "the emperor took up Racine. 'Although Racine has written masterpieces in themselves,' he said when concluding, 'they are nevertheless filled with perpetual insipidity and an eternal love; a mawkish sentimentality and a court tiresomely fastidious; but this is not entirely his fault, it is the vice and manner of the time. Love at that time, and later yet, was the whole end of life to many. This is always the lot of idle societies. As for us, we have been brutally torn away from that manner of life by the Revolution and its great affairs.'"

Considering whose judgment this is, in the light of his own dramatic life, it is small wonder that Napoleon regarded Racine and Corneille as flat, stale, and unprofitable. "There is no empire," once

said Talleyrand, "not founded on the marvelous, and here the marvelous is true." Verily, the man whose genius had reached beyond the power of human analysis to comprehend may be pardoned for finding other men's productions shallow.

Not the least of Barbier's duties was looking up answers to the questions of an historical or literary nature with which his master bombarded him. Now, it was to translate certain paragraphs or pages, or see that a whole book was translated in the shortest space of time; again, it was to look up the origin and history of Gallican liberties; the question whether there were examples of emperors who had suspended or deposed popes; the history of Charles VII's Pragmatic Sanction; and so forth. When he was dreaming of the East, Napoleon demanded "a synopsis of the history of the campaigns which had taken place in the valley of the Euphrates and against the Parthians, from that of Crassus down to the eighth century, including in it those of Antony, Trajan, and Julian," with maps showing the route which each army followed, the ancient names and the new names of the countries and chief cities, and an account of the geography of the country and of the historical records of each expedition, all to be drawn from the original sources. At another time he demanded information about a Persian history of Alexander the Great. This inquiry was suggested by a conversation the emperor had with Mirza-Rizza-Khan, the Persian ambassador, who had arrived at Warsaw in March, 1807. One day, while the two were walking in the gardens of Finkenstein, the conversation turned on the history of Alexander the Great, and the ambassador said that the true history of the Macedonian conqueror was to be found in Persia.

As cares of state increased, Napoleon's reading became less and less of a literary kind and more and more of a practical nature. He fondly called his precious army lists and the reports of his mili-

tary and administrative officers his real library.<sup>1</sup>

Méneval tells us that Napoleon "used sometimes to spend whole days without doing any work, yet without leaving the palace or even his workroom. . . . Napoleon appeared embarrassed how to spend his time. He would go and spend an hour with the empress; then he would return, and, sitting down on the settee, would sleep, or appear to sleep, for a few minutes. . . . He would glance through the titles of his books, saying a word of praise or blame on the authors, and would linger with preference over the tragedies of Corneille, or Voltaire's *Zaïre* or *La Mort de César*. He would read tirades from these tragedies aloud, then would shut up the book and walk up and down reciting verses." Such conduct usually concealed an increase of cerebral activity. It was the quiet prevailing before a storm.

If Napoleon's enemies could have looked into his boxes of books, especially after 1809, or seen the instructions he sent to his librarian, they might have anticipated the future more accurately. He always "read up," for a coming campaign, the history, geography, institutions of the country and people with whom he was going to come in contact. It is exceedingly interesting to see this projection of his thought into the future, as indicated by his reading. This is particularly true of the Russian campaign. From December, 1811, Napoleon's book-orders have the importance of state secrets. In that month we find him ordering works giving information concerning the topography of Russia, especially Lithuania, under the head of rivers, roads, forests, marshes, and so forth; a detailed account in French of the campaigns of Charles XII in Poland and Russia; a

<sup>1</sup> "The admirable condition of my armies is due to this, that I give attention to them every day for an hour or two, and when the monthly reports come in as to the state of my troops and fleets, I leave every other occupation to read them over in detail. I take more pleasure in reading them than any young girl does in a novel." — Taine, i, 24, note.

history of Courland; and anything which could be found of an historical, geographical, and topographical nature, about Riga, Livonia, and the other Baltic provinces of Russia; the work of the English Colonel Wilson on the Russian army, translated from the English, a manuscript copy of which he remembers to have seen either in the Bibliothèque Impériale or in the cabinet of the Emperor at the Tuilleries; the account of the Russian army by De Plotto. Yet he is not too absorbed in the midst of these instructions to see that Montaigne's *Essays* are put in the box.

This historical material displaced most of the novels and the poems in the campaign of 1812. But in the hot summer days of that year, while the army waited long in Poland, the Emperor sometimes found that moments of leisure went by on leaden wings, and prayed for more diverting literature. The faithful Méneval hastily dispatched an order for "some good new novels, or old ones that he is not familiar with, or some memoirs that would make agreeable reading."

The fate of this traveling library was the fate of the entire army of 1812: it was lost. The books of the Emperor probably went to boil the tea of some Cossack soldier, even as Junot's veterans plundered Spanish libraries to find material for their campfires.<sup>1</sup> One interesting detail of its fate has been preserved: on the road to Russia the emperor borrowed certain books from the Royal Library in Dresden. In the retreat from Moscow these also were lost. The effort the Emperor made to repair this loss entitles him to a place in the ancient and honorable company of book-lovers. The man who had lost an army of 480,000 men, who saw Europe marching against him from the Ural to the Bay of Biscay, took time and thought enough, on February 7, 1813, upon his return to Paris, to give express

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Lejeune's *Mémoires*, i, 156, and the story of the famous Bible belonging to the convent of Belém in Portugal, which Junot carried off. (Méneval, iii, 180-182.)

orders to procure duplicates of these volumes at any price, and see that they were sent to Dresden.

But a new library was got together, though one which was much smaller, — only four boxes for the duodecimos and two for the 18mos. "Some time before my departure," he commanded, before the Prussian War of Liberation began, "send me the lists of the books of this form which I have in my library, and I will designate the volumes which are to be put in the boxes. These volumes will be successively exchanged for others of my library, and the whole may be done without incurring new expenses." This new library went with him through the Leipsic campaign. But there is no record of any correspondence between Napoleon and his librarian during these momentous days. The dogged advance of the allies drove Napoleon from the Elbe to the Rhine, from the Rhine to the Meuse, until, in Champagne, with but a vestige of the army he had once commanded, he made his last stand against the powers. No one can read the history of the campaign of 1814, as Houssaye has recorded it with minute detail, without a feeling of admiration, even of awe. He whose achievements justified the boast that he would find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain, but not the limits of his power, was at last brought to earth. His marshals implored him to yield. Caulaincourt, his former ambassador to St. Petersburg, begged for authority to treat with the enemy. Maret handed the letter to the Emperor. For answer Napoleon pointed his finger to a passage in Montesquieu's *La Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains*, which he was then reading. "I know nothing," it ran, "more magnanimous than the resolution taken by a monarch who ruled in our time, to bury himself under the ruins of the throne, rather than accept proposals which a king may not entertain. He had a soul too lofty to descend lower than his misfortunes had hurled him." Was he reading in order to find an anodyne for a mind tortured

almost beyond thought? Did he draw sympathy from the reflection that "the noblest Roman of them all," "the greatest name in history," was his true prototype, and that he, too, fell in his prime? Or was it the consummate art of an actor? One's answer depends upon his sympathy with, or antagonism to, Bonaparte. We only know that, in this decisive hour, he was reading Montesquieu!

Napoleon once possessed a famous copy of Montesquieu. When he entered the palace of the Prussian king at Potsdam, a small 18mo volume, printed in Holland and bound in red morocco, was lying open on the table. It was Montesquieu's work on the Roman empire, the pages of it covered with marginal comments in the handwriting of the great Frederick. This interesting volume was appropriated by the conqueror. One day Napoleon's secretary foolishly loaned it to Talleyrand. Though frequently asked for it, the minister never returned it. Where is the book to-day?

After Marmont's and Joseph's cowardly surrender before Paris, the final stage was reached. The negotiations which banished Napoleon to Elba were conducted at Fontainebleau. There Napoleon found a congenial acquaintance in the British commissioner, Sir Neil Campbell, with whom he enthusiastically conversed about the poems of Ossian, whose epic quality he thought to be like that of Homer.

During the nine days which Napoleon passed at Fontainebleau he occupied himself with choosing the books he would carry with him to Elba. Among these were the *Bulletin des lois*, the *Recueil des traités de paix* by Koch and Martens, the *Moniteur*, the *Code Napoléon*, Polybius, Thucydides, Homer, Vergil, Cæsar, Sallust and Tacitus, Suetonius, Plutarch, Ariosto, Tasso. From Elba, in Bertrand's name, he subscribed for the leading European literary and political periodicals. When Napoleon returned from this first exile, in March, 1815, finding his former librarian still in the Tuilleries, he an-

nounced his intention of bringing from Elba to Paris the books which had so laced his exile. Some of these, indeed, actually arrived at the Tuilleries.

In the anguished days immediately following Waterloo, when Napoleon looked to America as a place of refuge, Barbier was instructed to form a new library from his traveling library and the books at Malmaison, and to consign it to an American house *via* Havre. The pride of the fallen conqueror appears in the order that the great work of the Egyptian Commission shall not fail to be included. Some new additions, pertaining to America, naturally were also made. The chamber of representatives voted the library of Trianon to Napoleon by a special act, but when Bülow learned of it the burly Prussian put seals upon the cabinets in Versailles. Sir Hudson Lowe afterwards made a formal request of Louis XVIII for the restoration of these books to his distinguished prisoner, but the Bourbon, who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing, was petty enough to refuse. Thus it was that the Emperor was compelled to

purchase, at his own expense, when at St. Helena, a copy of the great *Déscription de l'Egypte*, a work which, save for him, would never have been.

At St. Helena, Lord Rosebery truly says, "The one pleasure of the captive's life was an arrival of books. Then he would shut himself up with them for days together,—bathing in them, reveling in them, feasting on them." The pen of the gifted English nobleman has described with wonderful sympathy the life of the chained eagle on that rock in the Atlantic. History, drama, essays, poetry, travel, the classic literature of Greece and Rome, of France and England, were impressed into service in order to beguile the pain of a Promethean torture of the spirit.

Under the Second Empire, the English government returned some—not all—of these books from St. Helena to France. They were installed by Napoleon III in the palace of the Tuilleries, and there remained until consumed, in 1871, in the burning of the palace during the Commune.

## THE WHALE

BY S. CARLETON

"Kwā!" I called, standing outside Andrew Paul's house in the rain.

I stood also in the wind, but manners are manners, and a hostess must have her opportunity to say "not at home." If I were not wanted, I knew the procedure. A voice would ask who I was, and what was my business. After that there would be nothing for it but to state my errand and go away. But no such cold-blooded thing happened to me. The door flew open on Mrs. Paul, gorgeous to behold in a green plaid shawl pinned with a *niskamān*, or clasp of rank, as big as a saucer, and solid silver at that. Mrs.

Paul is a captain's wife, and lets you know it.

"Well, it gives me happy thoughts to see you," she said in Indian. "Come in; sit down; dry yourself!"

I did all three. The one-roomed house was as neat as a new pin, except for the litter of moccasin-making. My moccasins were done, and I paid for them; after which there was a great brewing of tea. One of the grandchildren, who sat, oily-eyed, behind the stove, said something, and was promptly hushed. Mrs. Paul looked at me apologetically.

"We was just telling them a few old

story," she said; "they wants me to go on with them. I say to them where their manners? The *sakamow*, he don't care for Indian story."

"Old Joe Brooks," — I began; and the name was electric.

"Him!" cried Mrs. Paul; for a moment scorn choked her. "Him! He don't know 'em right! Me, I got them straight down from my grandmother, and her mother, Philip Bernard was her man. And he was a Frenchman,—he was kepture by us when we was fighting with you people,—and my grandmother's mother she marry him. He have great story-telling to his camp every night of every winter, got story-tellers in from miles round; and every story he tell to my grandmother, and she tell to me, word for word. There is n't no Indian story that I don't know, nor that I don't know right. I tell you one now,—right this minute. Old Joe Brooks — Ho, I make him feel funny if I catch him story-telling! And" — she looked at me with the last pride of the accomplished — "I tell you it in English, too. I can't sound him out like I do in Indian, but there is n't one woman alive that could do this but me."

If I had had time, I would have produced tobacco, but she forestalled me, and lit her own. There was no light but the fire from the open stove. It glittered on the silver of her *niskamān*, and on the oily eyes of the silent children. In the quiet I heard the rain against the house wall.

"The name of this story," said Mrs. Paul — she looked at me between two puffs of her really remarkable tobacco — "is *The Whale*. Seems to me," she added reflectively, "that in those times the animals were all talking loud,—like people, —but we git to that by and by! First:—

"There was a time a family lived in the woods. I don't know if they was the only family in the world, but it seems so. Anyhow, nobody ever came near where they were, and they never knew there was any people in the world but themselves. There was an Old Man and an Old

Woman, and they got two children, boy and girl; girl was the oldest.

"Old Man he used to have traps in one direction; Old Woman she had her traps in 'nother direction. They live on what they ketch in those traps; meat, fowls, and everything. And maple sugar, — one year to 'nother year they had maple sugar all along! And they gather up the fishes in the spring to do them till next spring; and meat, they keep it from one year to other end of year. In the spring they used to plant the corn; and in the summer they used to pick wild potatoes, — just like sweet potatoes," she broke off, "only leaves and flowers like morning-glory, open and shut just same way; and roots all strung on one string. Then they gather up lot of stuff what's growin'; peppermint; yellow lilies — their buds just like onion, and boil like onion — so they never mind anything about white man what he eat now,—they got plenty of their own. Their clothing it was of fur and leather. But they had three prayers every day; one at morning, one at noon, and one at night. They train their children to this, till every action they had their children had it. Children stayed with them till they was grown up, able to do for themselves.

"One day Old Man sick. Old Woman go to work to try to get some kind of root to cure Old Man; but she could n't cure him. He died. Old Woman was very lonesome, and she made up her mind to tell the children what they must do if she was dead. She told them to not go no place; told the Boy to take his father's traps, and the Girl to take her own traps, and to be together always and not parted. She told Girl, 'You care for your Brother best way you kin,' and she told Boy, 'You take care your Sister, so no *bōooin* (and that's what you call witchcraft) 'can get hold of her.' They both make very good promise; and, that very next day, Old Woman she die.

"Well, the Brother and Sister was there for good many years, 'long themselves. Then one night they was saying their

prayers, and after they finish their prayers the Boy says: —

“Sister, there must be somebody in the world like us, because these prayers what we got says, ‘*Kesoolk*, our Maker and Great Chief, take care of them all.’ — and if there was only us two in this world they would say, ‘take care of them two.’” Says he: ‘Our prayers tells us to think of our neighbors as we do ourselves. You say these birds and beasts they have no souls, and we should n’t pray for them; so why would n’t there be no more people than us?’

“Well, Girl begin to turn round, and told him: ‘Well, you have a queer notion, to think about people, when we are very well contented here with the two of us, and we need n’t complain. We eat any time we are hungry; we can kneel down and say our prayers; when we want to we can sleep, just as comfortable as if we had thousand people round us.’

“Boy said: ‘I want to find out if there is more people in this world than us. We must start and look for them, till we find out.’

“The Girl told him, ‘I’ll do as you say, if you’ll do as I say afterwards.’

“So he make good promise, and she got ready to start and look for the people. They made some kind of rule, that they’ll go one way all along; they put a stick in the ground in the middle of the day, and wherever the shadow was on the ground in the middle of the day they took that direction always. They traveled good many days, till winter sets in; and they found nobody yet, not the sign of nobody. One day they’ll put up their camp to prepare what they’ll eat, and the Boy will be restless; when they finish what they have to eat, he’ll make her gather up and start; they do like that all winter. And before that winter was quite over they found the tracks of Somebody; but it was such an old track they lost that track. But when they did they sat down and made their camp, and they said, ‘We’ll stay here; and p’raps Somebody’ll come along.’

“One day, while the Boy was hunting, he found a place where a moose had been killed that Somebody killed. When he come home, says he: ‘I found where They killed a moose, but I dares n’t go too far, for I was frightened I might see Them. Good many,’ says he, ‘that don’t afraid, have brought themselves into trouble!’

“So they stay there till spring, and start again. They found a place pretty soon, where Somebody had been all winter; good many camps were left empty where the people they had moved from that place. Still, they went ahead to try and find them out, where they had gone to, till they come out on a river. When they come there they found a camp where Somebody had been making sugar; trees were all tapped; troughs were all put away into one camp, for next spring. Boy says: —

“‘We’re getting handy to Them! We found out that there was more people than us in this world.’ And they went along, following the river till they got to salt water; and there they found a place where Somebody had moved from. Canoes had all landed, and start again from beach; children’s tracks, and women’s tracks, and men’s tracks,—they see them all in the sand.

“Girl said: ‘We need n’t go hurry. Let me make our clothing, so we’ll have all new clothing, and everything nice and neat; because we are strangers.’

“So she begin to make their clothing, and the Boy was making sacks himself for carrying things; sacks made of leather. And he put flowers on them, with all the things that had happened to him and his Sister since they left home to look for people. Time he found tracks first and looked down at them, he put his picture down of that; how he found out what a track was, he put that down; what kind of way They killed the moose he found first; and when he found the winter camps with no one in them,—he put all them things down on them sacks; and how he stood himself when he come to

the salt water, and see all those tracks on the sand and shore of it.

"So they made up their clothes, and they started in the morning. In the evening they come to a little cove, and right opposite them they seen fires on the other shore of it; first fires, and then people. Some made their own camps, and some they stayed overnight without camps. The Boy and Girl they went round this little cove till they come to the first camp.

"Well, in that first camp the people was Old Bear and Young Marten. Next was Old Chief's,—and he had awful big eyes,—but he was Old Owl, you know; in them days just same as people! 'Nother camp was a widow woman's; she had a lot of girls, and she was Mis' Mink. She had a smart boy to help her, name Weasel.

"When Boy and Girl come to Old Bear's camp they stayed, for Old Bear she ask them. Girl was helping Old Bear best way she kin, and the young fellow her Brother was getting wood the best way he kin, and helping Marten. They worked awful well; better than Old Bear ever had seen.

"One day Old Chief was saying: 'We ought to get this Boy and Girl to be camping with us always. They work awful hard work, and they are company for us, because we can understand them; they talk our language.'

"So the people in those camps asks them, 'if they would get married there if they got the man and got the woman?' Says they, 'No! Because we have to go back home, not knowing how soon.'

"Old Chief said (and he let them go out first, before he said it): 'What we'll do, we'll make it so he never kin go back, and then his Sister she stay with him. We'll get'"—

The old lady broke off. "I don't know what I'm going to call what they get." She said an Indian word that I knew to mean "the great reptile," and translated it, "Great big lizard, kind of horned, awful deep jaw—one of them—I think most like crocodile!" (It was the first

thing I had ever heard in support of the tradition that the Micmacs came north from Florida, and if I might have substituted alligator for crocodile, I held my tongue.) She continued with decision:—

""We'll get crocodile, and we'll take the horns off it"" (I am an unlearned person, and there may be crocodiles with horns; I make no stipulations about it); ""and we'll get the old Witch to wish those horns on the Boy's head, so they can't come off. But how we kin do it?"

"Well, he think and think. Says he: 'We'll make party; only for men, not for women, so that Girl she can't come. Every man will have his form of arm what he'll use when he's hunting, and what he'll use in war with strange Indians; bow an' arrows and spears, and little tommy-hawk and butcher's knife. We'll get up after we done eating, and we'll sing'"— She interrupted herself. "What'll I call *neskovā*? I don't know that word in English. Not *war'hup*,—"she said it indescribably, with a cold and rising inflection; and I interrupted. I know *neskovā*, it means to dance a magic dance, chanting the while a chant which is not used in churches; each man takes his turn at it, every one making his own song of what he has done, and what he will do,—and at this present day it is well known that during the duration of his *neskovā* the singer is impervious to bullets. It is not a blood-warming performance, even now. I said, "*Kejeek*, I know it!"

The old lady nodded. "My Mr. Paul, he knows all them old songs," she said casually. "You get him some day; tell him, '*neskovā* a little for me.'" And Mr. Paul is a pillar of the church, and respected. They are not pretty songs.

Mrs. Paul puffed at her pipe, and thought a little.

"Well," she continued, "well, says Old Chief, 'we'll get up and *neskovā*; every man'll make his own song of what he would do, and every one'll go round and shake hands; and while we shake hands we'll put those horns on that boy.'

"Well, Girl she told her Brother: 'My

dear, they call each other together to put up some rig on you. That's what you were wishing for when you wish for people. But when you must go to this party don't forget me, not even for one minute; while you remember me nobody kin get at you.'

"But the Boy went away quite cheerful to the party. And when they was done eating, Old Chief done like he said he would. He got up, and he sing that *nes-kowā* all round the camp; and the rest of them all put those crocodile's horns on their heads, turn by turn, and say, 'How would I look if I had these horns on my head?' An' 'nother one would do the same, till they got all through. The Boy was the last one.

"And when he put those horns on, he could n't took them off. He forgot all about his Sister, and those horns stuck on his head. Old Chief and all his men were so pleased to get those horns stuck on his head, that they made an awful hurrah, all of them. And then all those men and women they cleared out their camps, and moved away from that place in canoes: since the Boy and his Sister would not marry one of them, nor be one of their people, they could stay now where they were, alone.

"The Boy came home to his Sister. He looked very sad.

"She told him: 'Well, you got what you were seeking for when you wished to see other people! You always said that you liked me, and would never forget me; and now it shows that you did forget me. Now you brought us here to those people, and they leave us,—no camp, not anybody left,—and you not able to go home because of those horns fixed on your head.'

"He sat down by an elm tree, and she was making a camp of the leavings of those people that had gone away; and while she was making it her Brother's horns growed that fast they twisted round the elm tree, so tight he could n't get them off. He got to sit there. Then his Sister made little shed for him, round

the elm tree, and she finished her camp for herself. And he sits there in his little shed, and she in her camp.

"She feel pretty bad. She feel worse than if she had stayed at home, and never seen nobody. One day she feel so bad she went to work and washed herself, and combed her hair, and put on her best clothing, and painted her cheeks; and she went over to where there was a flat rock stuck out into the sea, and was sitting down there and singing lonesome tunes to herself. She commenced to cry, and she cried till by and by she went to sleep. While she was sleeping there was a Whale going beside the rock, for there was deep water round it, and what he seen was a little young girl laying down; and he never see any prettier girl than that. He stopped, and he change himself into a man in a canoe.

"And this," said Mrs. Paul, "is where I don't understand 'bout the men and animals; seems like as if you could n't tell always which was which. So I don't believe 'em now when they say that birds and the beasts they don't have no souls,—but I don' know, and you don' know!

"That man that was a Whale, he took his paddle and lifted up the Girl with it, and he put her in his canoe. Then he paddled home to his own house.

"He got a Mother and Sister. When he get home he say to his Sister:—

"'You go down to my canoe and wake up your sister-in-law; and tell her to come to her dinner.'

"This Whale-girl she was so pleased that she run; she'd never had no company at all, where she lived. Looking in canoe, there was the girl, just waking up. Says the Whale-girl:—

"'My dear sister-in-law, get up and come home.'

"They went home together, and when they got in the old Whale-woman look up. Says she, 'Well, daughter-in-law, go up 'long side of your man.'

"And that's the way," said Mrs. Paul, "that us Indians used to get married before we knew the Scriptures. The old

people, you know, they sit at home; and when their son bring in a girl, if they like her they says, ‘Come up to the back part of camp, daughter-in-law,’ — that the place of honor. After that, they make good cheer, and feast for wedding; and that’s the way the Whale-woman did.

“So that Girl she was married, and she got so contented that her mind was put away from her Brother. She had company, and they used her very well. She liked the place, and she liked the people, and she liked her man very well; with him she was awfully pleased. She had her own prayers yet; the Whales they never pray, but they would n’t hinder her from saying her prayers. She knewed a great deal, and she used to tell them stories about *Kesoolk*, our Creator and Great Chief, as well as she kin. They got into her way, every one of ‘em, to honor their Maker. She was thankful to *Kesoolk* for everything she had got; but these Whales used to grab everything, and never thank for it till she learned them. They got so that they got along real good together.

“She got a baby, little boy. By and by the baby was one year old; and one day, looking at the baby, something struck her that she remembered her Brother. She could n’t help herself, and she was crying.

“Old Woman Whale badly struck when she seen her daughter-in-law crying; she thought she was sick.

“My dear child,” she says, ‘what wrong with you? You sick?’

“No, dear mother.’

“Are you feel lonesome about your man?’ Cause, you see, he was out every day from before sunrise till after sundown, — that was his life. Old Woman Whale thinks then, ‘Maybe my daughter-in-law is lonesome?’ She told her own daughter, ‘Go some place, and get the roots for making a canoe.’

“The Whale-girl told her sister-in-law, ‘What make you cry?’

“The Girl said: ‘Well, I’m just a-going to tell you now! I got a Brother,

where I come from, and he was wished them crocodile horns on his head; when I came away they were growing so fast they were growing round the tree he was sat down under. By this time he must be dead; and I’m so wishing to see him once more.’

“‘Ho,’ the Whale-girl says, ‘those horns can be cured off! I got simple cure to cure them off. When my brother come home to-night, if the sun goes down in red cloud, you pinch little baby; make him cry whole evening. If my brother he ask you what wrong with the child, you tell him, “He’s foolish! He’s crying after that red cloud he see when sun was down.”’

“Well, this Girl carried the child out to meet his father, because he’s sure to come home after sundown; and when she look at the cloud it was red. So when her man come home she pinched the young one. He cried, and cried, and cried.

“Her man says, ‘What wrong with the child?’

“Girl told him, ‘He has such a simple notion that he cried after that red cloud he see, when the sun was down.’

“‘Is that all?’ said her man, and he laugh. ‘Well, we see about that in the morning!’

“The child stop crying, because his mother did n’t pinch him any more, and in the morning the Whale-man he start for that red cloud; — and he brought it home, mind you, that next night! Child did n’t play with it, ‘cause of course he never thinking nothing about it. But his mother she put it away carefully, rolled up in a little bark box. Next night says the Whale-girl: —

“Yellow cloud to-night. You pinch this child hard, so to make him cry for this yellow cloud which comes now with sundown, and to-morrow morning his father he go and fetch it for him. And to-morrow morning you must get up early, soon as he has gone, and make ready to do whatever I tell you.’

“So when the Whale-man gone, the Whale-girl and her sister-in-law were

ready. They went off by themselves in the canoe the Whale-woman had told them to make when she see her daughter-in-law cry, and took the child in his little cradle, laced up like Indian child is carried. The Whale-girl says to her mother, 'We going over to little island to see if we kin pick few berries.' But they started for good, and they went over to the Girl's home.

"Whale-girl told her, 'I know your home where the Whale my brother got you,' and she steer canoe herself. They paddle hard.

"But just when this Whale-man got that yellow cloud the baby cry for, he begin to feel bad; he know something wrong in his home. He begin hurry for home. When he got there, they was n't there; not the Whale-girl, nor the child and his mother.

"Old Woman Whale said, 'They started for picking berries, ever since you started in the morning.'

"Says he, 'They'll not picking berries! My sister she takes her sister-in-law home. They made some plan up for to take her home.' He started after them.

"Says the Whale-girl to her sister-in-law, 'My dear, he coming after us! Very fast.' Was n't she frightened! 'But he'll not kill us; only take us back. If he comes handy, you drop the cradle in water, and paddle away all you kin.'

"And he was coming so handy they saw the water raised up where he blow. But next time he blow was right handy. The Whale-girl told her, 'He's coming fast!'

"At that she threw the cradle into the water, and he hollered, 'This poor little baby's cradle fall into the water!' And he caught it, and pet it up, and sing songs to it, till they went very far, and he put it into his bosom. And then they only could see the place where they were going.

"When he too handy again the Girl went and throw the stick that raised the veil from off her baby's face, and he pick

that up. When he come handy again she took her baby's little clothes and throw them in the sea; and he taking so much time to pick them all up. Then once more he will overtake them, if they had n't anything more to put in the water. Thinking about her baby's pillow, she emptied all the feathers out of it in the water. When he picked them up, one by one, they were at the shore.

"The Whale he won't come too handy to shore, and he stopped; and advised her to take good care of that child, and not to cross water of any distance wide, because he sure to catch her crossing. The Whale-girl she took that little box what the red cloud was in, and says she, —

"My sister-in-law, when we come to your Brother's shed what you built over him, don't look at him, don't stop at all, don't feel sorry for him, — make your own way to your own camp what you built that same day."

"But when she passed her Brother spoke to her. 'My dear sister, I'm living yet; very miserable, very poor, very hungry, and very tired sitting.'

"She never looked at him, nor touched her heart for him saying this. She passed by.

"This Whale-girl she went and looked at him. She anointed him with the red cloud out of the little box, and rubbed him in it, and melted some of it in water, and gave it to him to drink. When he was sitting there he was nothing but skeleton, but after she rubbed him, he was filled out all over. Then he stood up, and his horns was off, and hair was where his horns had growed; and she dressed him with fine clothes. He thanked her for doing this for him, and call her his dear wife," — and that was another quick marriage! — "He come in to the camp where his Sister was waiting, and oh, they was proud to see one another!

"They made good home for to stay there; and they stay there till it was winter. There was a little cove there, and one day they went to it for boughs for

their camp; the Girl went, too, with her baby on her back. This little cove was kind of narrow, but long and deep, with ice on it. They went round it, but the Girl thought she would carry home boughs across it; her sister-in-law, the Whale-girl went across it, and she went after her. First two steps she make on the ice, she went under,—and the Whale grabbed her. Took her and her little boy, and stand her on his back, and her carry-

ing her baby in her arms. And away he went to his home."

"Is that the end?" asked a solemn grandchild.

The old lady laughed. "Well, then," she said, "I went home myself. I went with them just that far." It was a delicate hint, for she turned as I rose. "Next time you come I tell you about the Partridge and his Wife."

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## CONFESSiON

BY LEE WILSON DODD

THIS is the man you love. . . . No stainless knight  
Unblemished by the world, no paragon  
Moved by pure impulse only, no eremite  
Lost in lone penances from dawn to dawn;  
But such a seeker after truth as scorns  
The cant of custom, such an erring heart  
As drums to beauty's challenge — ay, and mourns  
For beauty vanquished: one who bears his part  
In the indifferent tumult of the hour  
Indifferently well; best, one who knows  
Whither, when adverse currents sap his power,  
He may creep homeward to assured repose —  
Even to your feet, that you may bend above  
His humbled head. . . . This is the man you love.

## OUR UNELASTIC CURRENCY

BY GEORGE VON L. MEYER

WHEN one compares the excessive fluctuations in the rates of interest at New York with those at London, Paris, and Berlin, it seems extraordinary that no action has been taken by our government to remedy the defects in our currency system. In order to appreciate these enormous changes in the value of money, it is necessary to keep constantly in mind the fact that money is merely a commodity. If, for instance, the supply of ice were so fixed that the same quantity was meted out for each month, irrespective of the temperature or the requirements of the community, we should see in New York, during July and August, ice advancing to fabulous prices, on account of the extraordinary demand and the fixed, limited supply, which could not be increased to meet the occasion during those two months. So in Wall Street, a few months ago, the temperature rose, as it were, matters became excited, and the supply of money was not equal to the demand; and, as it could not be quickly increased to meet the temporary requirements, the rate actually rose to over 100 per cent.

Let us see what regulations are made in other countries, in order that their currency may have some elasticity and be able to meet emergencies in case of a crisis.

*England.* By the law of 1844 the Bank of England was divided into two departments: (1) for issuing paper money, (2) for ordinary banking. The department for issuing paper money acquired the reserve of the Bank of England with 14 millions sterling of securities, mostly government bonds. This department of the Bank is allowed to issue five-pound notes and upward to the full extent of the

reserve, plus an additional sum of 14 millions sterling on the credit of the securities above mentioned; thus the circulation could not exceed the coin reserve by more than 14 millions sterling in 1844.

The law of 1844, besides prohibiting the establishment of any more banks of issue than already existed in that year, and besides limiting the circulation of these banks to the amount extant among them in April, 1844, further provided that if one of these banks of issue should fail or withdraw, then the Bank of England could be authorized by Order in Council to add to its own issue two thirds of what the late bank had had the right to issue.

In consequence of this provision the authorized issue of the Bank of England against securities up to the present date (of March 1, 1906) has been increased by £4,450,000 beyond the 14 millions sterling provided by the Bank Act of 1844.

A distinction has to be drawn between notes "issued" and notes "in circulation." Notes are technically issued by the Bank of England when they are transferred from the Issue Department to the Banking Department. Thus it is practically a fact that the Bank always "issues" notes up to the full extent of its legal power. But the notes so "issued" are not all "in circulation," a large proportion of them usually being held by the Bank in its Banking Department.

The Bank of England is by practice the depository of the ultimate gold reserve of the country, consequently the Bank has to have on hand a large cash reserve in its Banking Department. It is not necessary, however, that the entire banking reserve should be held in the Banking Department in the form of gold and silver coin, about two million pounds

sterling being so held for the convenience of current transactions. The remainder is deposited as gold coin or bullion in the Issue Department, and notes representing that amount take its place in the banking reserve of the Banking Department. It will therefore be found that the notes in circulation, plus the notes held by the Bank, equal the gold in the Issue Department, plus the issue against securities. Thus in the year 1895 the equation stood approximately as in Table A.<sup>1</sup>

From which it will be seen that the total amount of notes issued by the Bank of England in that year was 53,100,000 pounds sterling, but the actual notes in circulation were only 25,800,000.

On the 1st of March, 1906, the notes issued from the Issue Department of the Bank of England were 53,938,330 pounds sterling. Of this amount £28,265,930 were in circulation (in the hands of the public), and £25,672,400 were held by the Bank in the Banking Department. In that year the equation would have read as in Table B.<sup>2</sup>

Hence we see that on March 1, 1906, without any further addition to the stock of gold held by the Bank of England, its currency had a possible increase for circulation to the full amount of the notes held by the Bank, namely: £25,672,400. In other words, it could almost double its outstanding circulation.

Any elasticity beyond this 25 millions sterling would have required the suspension of the law of 1844. Owing to a sudden and unprecedented demand for money in 1847, 1857, and 1866, the government, to avoid a panic, and possibly save the Bank, repealed the law in order to allow the Bank to issue paper money (over and above the reserve, plus the issue against securities) till all legitimate

demands were satisfied. Thus on three occasions the crisis was tided over. In each case the law of 1844 was resumed, and is in force to-day.

The silver in the reserve fund must never exceed one quarter of the gold coin and bullion, but as a matter of fact the reserve in England since 1861 has been entirely in gold.

*France.* The control of the Bank of France is vested in a governor and two subgovernors, who are appointed by the French government, and by fifteen regents and three censors elected by an Assembly of the two hundred largest stockholders. No deputy or senator can serve as governor or as subgovernor, while three of the regents must be chosen from among the Government's Receivers General of Finance. The governor, subgovernors, regents, and censors together compose the General Council of the Bank, which determines the rate of discount, and the like. The issue of paper money is under the special care of the three censors, without whose unanimous consent no issue can be made. The Bank of France issues paper money, but of no denomination less than fifty francs. The money is of value because of the credit of the Bank. Its policy, however, is to keep so substantial a reserve of gold and silver that it may be able to replace, on demand, its notes by gold and silver.

Since 1880 the policy has been to increase the proportion of gold in the reserve, and from that date the silver in the reserve has remained at about 1100 million francs. On the other hand, the gold in the reserve has risen from 550 million francs in 1880 to about 3000 million francs in 1906. Hence the reserve of the Bank of France is now composed of about

1 TABLE A.

Notes in Circulation.	Notes in Bank.	Gold.	Securities(Bank Act, 1844).
£25,800,000	+ £27,300,000	= £36,300,000	+ £16,800,000

2 TABLE B.

Notes in Circulation.	Notes in Bank.	Gold.	Securities.
£28,265,930	+ £25,672,400	= £35,488,330	+ £18,450,000

three fourths gold, instead of about one third gold, as in 1880.

As there is a legal limit to the amount of paper money which the Bank of France can issue, there is consequently a limit to the elasticity of its currency. Thus, in 1880 the legal limit of the paper money which the Bank of France could issue was 3200 million francs, while the actual amount of paper money in circulation was about 2319 million francs. The reserve at that time was 1775 million francs, of which 550 million francs was gold, and 1225 million francs silver. In January, 1906, the legal limit of the paper money which the Bank of France could issue was 5800 million francs, while the actual amount of paper money in circulation at the same period was 4721 million francs. The reserve was 2844 million francs gold

and 1054 million silver. Consequently it will be seen that a considerable and increasing elasticity is secured by the Bank arranging with the Minister of Finance, when the actual circulation approaches too nearly the legal limit, that a law be passed raising the legal limit to a figure which allows increased circulation. This was last done at the end of 1905, the legal limit of issue being raised from 5000 million francs to 5800 million francs. The actual notes in circulation in 1905 were 4408 million, and on the 1st of February, 1906, 4831 million, permitting an increase of elasticity of about 1000 million francs.

The following table will show the capital of the Bank of France, also the circulation and reserve of various years, since 1870:—

Present Capital . . .			. 182,500,000 francs.		
Years.	Legal Francs.	Actual Francs.	Gold Francs.	Silver Francs.	Total Francs.
1880	3,200,000,000	2,319,000,000	550,000,000	1,225,000,000	1,775,000,000
1884	5,200,000,000	—	—	—	—
1897	5,200,000,000	3,872,000,000	1,945,000,000	1,105,000,000	3,150,000,000
1904	5,200,000,000	—	2,650,000,000	1,098,000,000	3,749,000,000
1905	5,200,000,000	4,408,000,000	2,864,000,000	1,071,000,000	3,935,000,000
Jan. 1906	5,800,000,000	4,721,000,000	2,853,000,000	1,057,000,000	3,911,000,000
Feb. 1, 1906	5,800,000,000	4,831,000,000	2,848,000,000	1,054,000,000	3,902,000,000

*Germany.* By the laws of 1875, thirty-three banks in the German Empire were granted the right to issue paper money. Since then twenty-seven banks have relinquished the right, and to-day only six of the banks privileged in 1875 to issue paper money remain in possession of this privilege, of which the principal one is the Reichsbank, the others being the Bavarian, Dresdner, Würtemberg, Baden, and Brunswick.

The German banks can only issue paper money against security actually in their possession, as defined in the law of 1875. At least one third of the circulation of each bank must be based on gold in bars or in coin, current German coin, and Imperial Treasury notes.

The reserve of these banks may consist of gold in coin and bars and other current German coin, Imperial Treasury

notes, and notes of other German banks.

In order that the circulation should be elastic and still under proper control, it was further provided that, when the banks issued paper money in excess of their reserve, plus a stated sum,<sup>1</sup> they should then pay a tax of 5 per cent per annum on the excess issued. The untaxable excess of the first five banks enumerated above is the same, namely, 71,600,000 marks, as it was in 1875, but that of the Reichsbank has been increased from 250 million marks, first by absorbing to itself the excess of twenty-five banks

<sup>1</sup> 1. Bavarian Bank . . . M. 32,000,000  
2. Dresdner Bank . . . " 16,771,000  
3. Würtemberg Bank . . . " 10,000,000  
4. Baden Bank . . . " 10,000,000  
5. Brunswick Bank . . . " 2,829,000  
6. The Reichsbank . . . " 470,000,000  
M. 541,600,000

(M. 43,400,000) as they renounced their rights of issue, and by a law which went into effect on January 1, 1901, raising the untaxable excess of the Reichsbank to 450,000,000 marks. This excess has been still further increased by 20,000,000 marks since January 1, 1901, by the remaining two banks of the twenty-seven giving up their issue of paper money.

The policy of the Reichsbank is well shown by the fact that, while the law compels it to base only one third of its circulation on gold coin, bullion, and treasury notes, it has steadily pursued the policy of increasing the coin and bullion in its reserve.

Thus in 1905 its total paper in circulation was 1,335,000,000 marks.

Its total average of coin and bullion reserve was 972,000,000 marks, made up as follows:—

Gold in German coin . . . . .	M. 470,955,000
Gold in bar and foreign coin .	274,322,000
	M. 745,277,000
Silver Thalers . . . . .	93,287,000
Silver and Copper, fractional .	134,395,000
	M. 972,959,000

The Reichsbank exceeded its untaxable excess nine times in the course of the year 1905, as follows:—

March 31 . . . . .	M. 21,000,000
June 30 . . . . .	98,000,000
September 30 . . . . .	450,000,000
October 7 . . . . .	268,000,000
October 14 . . . . .	142,000,000
October 23 . . . . .	25,000,000
October 31 . . . . .	146,000,000
November 7 . . . . .	75,000,000
December 30 . . . . .	355,000,000

The statement of the United States Treasury shows that the amount of outstanding bonds on the 30th November, 1905, was . . . . . \$895,159,000

To secure circulation, National Bank Notes and United States government deposits, about . . . \$551,240,000

Total amount for further circulation . . . . . \$343,919,000

For these various excesses it was charged, by virtue of the 5 per cent tax, the sum of 1,651,000 marks.

In 1904 there was charged to similar excesses, by virtue of the same tax, the sum of 1,118,000 marks.

*The United States.* In the United States paper currency is issued by the United States Treasury, and also by the National Banks.

VOL. 97 - NO. 1

At the end of November, 1905, the United States Treasury Statement was as follows:—

\$526,020,869 Gold Certificates
against \$526,020,869 Gold Coin
\$475,735,000 Silver Certificates
against \$475,735,000 Silver Dollars
\$8,478,000 Treasury Notes
against \$8,478,000 Silver Dollars
of 1890
\$346,081,016 U. S. Notes
against \$150,000,000 Gold Coin and
Bullion (Reserve Fund)

In the General Fund there was an additional supply of gold in coin, bullion, and gold certificates, amounting to \$135,500,000 approximately.

That the number of National Banks increased from 3871 in 1900 to 5833 in 1905, shows that a nation so prosperous and extended as the United States of America requires constant extension of the banking and financial machinery.

In November, 1905, National Bank notes outstanding were about 485 million dollars, against which there had been deposited by the National Banks with the government an equal amount of United States Government Bonds.

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To secure circulation, National Bank Notes and United States government deposits, about . . . \$551,240,000

Total amount for further circulation . . . . . \$343,919,000

But of this amount a certain proportion would not be available, being held abroad; also a large number of permanent investments are made by trustees, savings banks, insurance companies, trust companies, and other fiduciary institutions in this country. Besides, of the \$343,919,000 of bonds, \$117,000,000 are redeemable after July 1, 1907, and

\$64,000,000 after August 1, 1908. This will reduce the total amount for further banknote circulation to \$162,000,000.

On the 1st of January, 1906, with the gold coin in circulation, which was said to be about \$650,000,000, the moneys in the hands of the people of the United States exceeded all previous records, the official statement showing an average of about \$31.80 per capita, on an estimated population of 84 million. There is at present a law limiting to \$3,000,000 per month the amount of lawful money which the banks may deposit for the retirement of their circulation. The Committee of Finance and Currency of the New York Chamber of Commerce apparently wished to recommend the repeal of this limitation. Secretary Shaw, in his published letter of February 7, 1906, addressed to Mr. Schiff, concerning the recommendation, calls attention to the fact that such action would make it possible to retire all our National Bank circulation in a very short period.

The Secretary also stated that banks find it profitable to buy government bonds, with which to increase their circulation, when money is cheap and at a very low rate of interest, and consequently find it more profitable to sell their bonds and retire their circulation when money is dear and worth high rates of interest.

As evidence of this, Mr. Shaw showed that the New York city banks increased their circulation five millions of dollars during July and August, when money was plenty and low, and actually contracted their circulation by \$2,750,000 during the months of October, November, and December, 1905, when the rate of interest reached 100 per cent. This demonstrates, as Mr. Shaw aptly observes, that circulation secured by bonds will always contract when it ought to expand, and will always expand when it ought to contract.

The committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce criticises the Secretary's suggestion of allowing to the National Banks of Issue an additional

circulation, in time of money stringency, of 50 per cent of the bond circulation, subject to a 5 per cent or 6 per cent tax. This plan the committee characterizes as inflation. It would appear, however, that a similar method in the case of the German Reichsbank works, as it were, automatically. Money is issued when a stringency occurs, and, owing to the tax to which it is subjected, retires when normal conditions return. It is obvious that when the current rate is not above 5 per cent there is no longer an incentive for the Reichsbank to continue its circulation subject to a 5 per cent tax.

If, in the United States, the privilege of a 50 per cent additional circulation subject to a 6 per cent tax had been in force last November, and availed of by every National Bank of Issue throughout the country at the same time,—which is not probable,—the total increase of currency for the time being, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would have been about 240 million, or less than 10 per cent of all the moneys probably in circulation in the United States. Of this sum 25 million would have been available in the New York City banks.

Experts must decide whether the above amount is excessive, distributed as it is among so many banks, or whether it is out of all proportion when compared to the 450 million marks (\$112,000,000) that the Reichsbank alone had in circulation subject to a 5 per cent tax on September 30, 1905. It has been shown that the Bank of France (January, 1906) could, without any tax, and subject only to the unanimous consent of the three censors, issue 1000 million francs (\$200,000,000), while in London for a number of years the Banking Department of the Bank of England has held its notes to the extent of 25 million sterling ready to be placed in circulation as the occasions require. The British government has, besides, established in the past the precedent of temporarily repealing, in case of need, the law of 1844 limiting the issue of paper money.

The excessive money stringencies which are peculiar to the United States, and due to a great extent to our defective system, should be avoidable when we take into consideration our real financial strength and standing. Therefore, in view of the serious inconveniences of our unelastic

currency which have been experienced in the past, and which will occur again in the future, it would seem to be the duty of Congress to consider the question seriously, and take such action as is proper and necessary in order to grant to the currency the required elasticity.

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## IN ARDEN: AN IDYL OF THE HUNTING FIELD

BY ARTHUR GRANT

THERE was hunting in Arden when Rosalind wandered through its forest glades in doublet and hose, and when lords in exile discussed the chase from the point of view of the "poor sequestered stag." There was hunting, too, in Arden when one Christopher Sly, a tinker with aristocratic pretensions, used to call at the hostelry of Mistress Marian Hacket, "the fat alewife of Wincot," or Wilmcote. Even after Shakespeare's time this particular corner of Warwickshire continued to be identified with sport, for here lived and died William Somerville, the sportsman-poet of England. The coach road from London to Birmingham passes close to the parish church of Wootton Wawen, where he rests, and the milestone at the bridge of Wootton informs us that we are exactly one hundred miles from London, two miles from Henley-in-Arden, and six miles from Stratford-on-Avon. Thus the very milestones are reminiscent of Shakespeare, and we pass English lanes with fingerposts inviting us to Warwick, Hampton Lucy, and Wilmcote, the early home of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother. But though we are in the heart of Arden, our present pilgrimage is not to the great shrine at Stratford-on-Avon. An interesting minor poet of Arden claims the tribute of a more than passing reference.

William Somerville of Edstone was a fine old country gentleman all of the olden time,—something of the school of

Sir Roger de Coverley, with a strong dash of Squire Western. But whereas Addison and Fielding gave us types, Somerville gave us himself. Born at Edstone Grange near Wootton in 1677, and educated at Winchester, and New College, Oxford, Somerville combined with his fox-hunting instincts the literary culture of the reign of Queen Anne. Dr. Johnson wrote of him that "he was distinguished as a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful justice of the peace." This country squire gathered about him a small coterie of local literary friends,—Shenstone, and Lord Bolingbroke's sister, Lady Luxborough, among the number. When Joseph Addison purchased an estate in Warwickshire, Somerville wrote a poem congratulating him on his choice of a district  
Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakespeare's birth;  
and now

Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.  
He also wrote eulogies on Pope and Thomson. As the representative of one of the oldest families in England, he dispensed hospitality on a lordly scale, and in the end, in return for timely pecuniary help, he left the reversion of his estates of Edstone and Somerville-Aston in Gloucestershire to Lord Somerville, the Scottish representative of the same old Norman family. Meantime this Warwickshire squire's poems percolated to Scotland, and Allan Ramsay, recognizing in the

poet a kinsman of his patron, sent him a laudatory epistle. Somerville returns the compliment, telling him how, "near fair Avona's silver tide," he reads to delighted swains Ramsay's jocund songs and rural strains. He then goes on to say what longings he has felt

to view those lofty spires,  
Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds  
Her towering head amid the clouds;

but that the journey was too serious an undertaking in those early eighteenth-century days. Ramsay replies by inviting him north in summertime, while "Caledonia's hills are green," and assures him of a welcome "To Ed'nburgh and the Land of Cakes."

I doubt, however, whether he would have exchanged his life in Warwickshire for the northern capital, and it is a curious coincidence that among his poems there is one addressed to a Dr. Mackenzie, who had evidently worked his way into the affections of his Warwickshire patients. (His name, by the way, occurs also in Shenstone's *Letters*).

But still the heart is true, the heart is Highland,

and doubtless the Scottish doctor had some thought of returning to his native land, and thus gave Somerville occasion to write a poem that was at once a graceful tribute to a beloved physician and a reflex of the poet's own kindly soul:—

O thou, whose penetrating mind,  
Whose heart benevolent and kind  
Is ever present in distress,  
Glad to preserve and proud to bless:  
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,  
On Caledonian hills to rove;  
But hear our fond united prayer  
Nor force a county to despair.

With these impressions of the man, I turn to Edstone Grange and to the poem by which he is remembered, *The Chace*. It is a pleasant country round about Edstone, and it retains many features that would be familiar to Somerville two hundred years ago. The old parish churches of the district would differ little. This, too, is a land of timbered cottages

of the Elizabethan age, the spaces between the oaken beams sometimes filled in with brick and sometimes with wattles and clay like basket-work, and yet there they stand, their general effect softened by time until every gradation of color is represented on their venerable walls. Under certain atmospheric conditions they burn and glow like leaves in autumn. Where so little has changed it is unfortunate that the Edstone Grange of Somerville's time has given place to a modern mansion with classic porticoes. But the old elms that surround the house look as if they belonged to the earlier period. There, too, close by the house, is Somerville's brook. It still flows on as of yore, chattering merrily over its pebbly bed, with eddies here and there where one would fain cast a fly in the hope of catching a trout. The trees by the brook are all old and weatherbeaten, — oaks, thorns, and elms. Yonder a heron rises above the trees in Somerville's own demesne, — descendant — who knows? — of the noble bird that he apostrophizes so beautifully in his *Field Sports*, when mighty princes did not disdain to wear

Thy waving crest, the mark of high command.

On this September day there is the soothng of the east wind, a kindly, cooling east wind that is welcome. Here in this great silent park, overlooking the spot where the cattle come to the brook to drink, here is the place to turn over the pages of Somerville's *Chace*. You note the date of its publication, 1735, and then you glance at his old-world preface, in which he cites ancient authorities such as Xenophon, Pliny, Oppian, Gratius, Galen, Nemesianus; and when he has thus sufficiently convinced his reader of the dignity of his subject, the old Adam bursts forth in his last paragraph.

"But I have done," he says, — and jolly glad he was to be done, I fancy. "But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader

to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself."

And so we come to "the poem itself." To give it a more literary flavor Somerville enters into the history of hunting and the modes of hunting abroad, for which he received the encomiums of Dr. Johnson. To-day, however, we are more interested in the poem in so far as it illustrates English sport in the eighteenth century.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,  
Upon some little eminence erect,  
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts  
On either hand wide op'ning to receive  
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he  
shines,  
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the  
pack  
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to  
stretch,  
And bask, in his invigorating ray:  
Warn'd by the streaming light and merry  
lark,  
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats  
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd  
Salute the new-born day.

Apart from the poetic diction of the period, this is a pleasing picture. It is an autumn morning in Warwickshire. There has been just a touch of frost during the night; but the warm September sun soon dries up the moisture on the grass, and we seem to see the foxhounds coming out into the courts, stretching their legs and simultaneously opening wide their jaws in that long-drawn yawn that clears away the cobwebs of the night. Now we're ready for anything, they seem to say. Breakfast first, and then—"Hark together! hark! and forrard away!"

Somerville was a sanitarian: he believed in cleanliness, and in practical fashion points out the advantages of plenty of water. Again and again he discusses the welfare of the pack. Be kind to the dogs, is his motto; when the weather is unsuitable for hunting, he counsels the enthusiast, "Kindly spare thy sleeping pack in their warm beds of straw." On such days he recommends his "Brethren of the Couples" to spend their precious hours in study. Somerville expects the followers

of the chase to be gentlemen in every sense of the word, and he is particularly hard on the "bounders" (to use a modern expression) who sometimes haunt the hunting-field. Because a man loved horses and rode to hounds, Somerville saw no reason why sport should absorb his whole attention, to the exclusion of mental accomplishments,—culture in short,—and the work that lay to his hand.

Well-bred, polite,  
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,  
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the  
skut  
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,  
And rusty couples jingling by his side.  
Be thou of other mould; and know that such  
Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd  
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

It was a saying of Somerville's friend Shenstone that "the world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and foxhunters." Somerville did his best to modify this humorous estimate, if possible, by judicious blending.

But away with such sentiments and aphorisms on this fine hunting morning. Now our sportsman-poet is in the saddle. Men, horses, and dogs participate in the "universal joy." The harvest is gathered in, and the contented farmer courteously levels his fences and joins in the common cry. The description of the hunt is perhaps the finest passage in the whole poem. All is life and bustle, till  
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and  
woods,  
In the full concert join.

On, on they go, and well away. The hunters shout, and the clanging horns swell their sweet, winding notes. On through a village the rattling clamor rings, out into the open again, and as the hunt flies past,

The weary traveller forgets his road,  
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman  
leaves  
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks  
Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and  
girls,  
Desert th' unpeopled village.

I recollect standing on such a hill on the borders of Worcestershire. Looking westward there was a great expanse of tree-fringed meadows and tree-crowned heights, until the horizon was bounded by the dim haze of the distant Malverns. As my local gossip pointed out with genuine enthusiasm, why, from this spot you can see the hunt working for "moiles an' moiles." So it was in Somerville's day; so it is still. The whole village seems somehow to be well up with the hounds, for in every village there are some old peasants, enthusiastic sportsmen, who in their Warwickshire dialect will tell you which way the fox is sure to go and where he is most likely to be run to earth. And then when all is over the farmer calls the hunt to a "short repast." He himself passes round in ample measure the home-brewed ale, while

His good old mate  
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board.

But the hunt is not always o'er hill and dale, or skimming with "well-breathed beagles"<sup>1</sup> the distant Cotswolds near Somerville's Gloucestershire estate of Somerville-Aston. The deep, sluggish streams of Arden are still the haunt of the otter, and in Book the Fourth Somerville describes an otter hunt. Just as Reynard is the terror of the farmyard, the otter is the midnight poacher of the stream. All is fish that come into his net, the ravenous pike, the perch, the yellow carp, the "insinuating" eel, and

The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride  
And beauty of the stream.

Once more the air resounds with melody.  
The harmonious notes float with the stream, and the otter hounds,—

<sup>1</sup> The adjective is Somerville's; and no doubt Young, the Vicar of Welwyn, in his satire, *Love of Fame*, refers to Somerville when he writes,—

"The Squire is proud to see his coursers strain  
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain,"—  
and goes on to satirize the country justice whose country wit "shakes the clumsy bench," and whose "erudition is a Christmas-tale,"—

"Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,  
Hippolitus demands the "sylvan crown."

Now on firm land they range, then in the flood  
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools  
Rustling they work their way,—

storming the otter's citadel, some hollow trunk or spreading roots beneath the surface of the stream.

Thus passes the glorious September morning. I have long since left the brook at Edstone Grange, and the pathway now leads through the meadows to the sedgy banks of the river Ane, fringed with osiers, as Shakespeare takes care to tell us, and dotted here and there with pollard willows or giant oaks. In the middle distance stands out in relief the beautiful church of Aston Cantlow with its square embattled tower, and in front the river is glistening in the sunshine. Somerville's sounding iambics are still ringing in my ears. But hark! surely the sound is more than imaginative. Surely that is the distant sound of a horn. A faint halloo is borne down the stream, and, yes, is not that the music of the pack? The effect is somewhat stagey, I must admit, reading Somerville's *Chace* by his own meads and streams, to the music, it would seem, of his own invisible otter hounds. Who knows who may be present amid this ghostly company? — perhaps Rosalind! or at least Cicely! She would be sure to come over from Wilmcote with the village lads.

But it was neither imagination nor a spectral hunt after all, for here they come across the meadows, stalwart huntsmen armed with staves and dressed in the blue serge knickerbocker suit and red stockings of the otter hunt, with the otter paw or pad as a badge on their caps; and ladies, too, with their smart short skirts, — happy, healthy English gentlewomen: the women you meet on a Highland moor in August tramping the heather with their sportsmen friends: women who can throw a fly or play a salmon as skillfully as their husbands or brothers. And the dogs? Aye! here they are, with their long ears and rough coats dripping, — serious-looking animals who gaze up into your face with such solemn, wistful eyes. It was all

so strange, this sudden bustle at the mill, the *al fresco* luncheon in the meadow by the mill stream, and the sound of merry voices after the morning's day-dreaming.

Luncheon over, on went the merry party, working the streams lower down the river toward Alcester. Into the distance died away the sound of the cheering voices, the huntsman's horn, and the concert of the kennel, and all was quiet again as I turned to Wootton Wawen church. Shrines of petrified poetry, I have elsewhere called these parish churches of England. Such is Wootton Wawen. You enter a building that has been consecrated to the service of God for well-nigh a thousand years. It is true that in the history of the universe a thousand years are as one day; but a thousand years to us practically embrace the whole history of our native land. Wootton Wawen is thus not merely a pre-Reformation church, but it dates back beyond the Norman Conquest. Originally a Saxon church, with no form nor comeliness save its primitive simplicity and massiveness, it extended down through the centuries into a nave and south aisle to the west, and chancel and chantry chapel to the east. Saxon, Norman, Early English, Decorated Gothic, Perpendicular, and Flamboyant are all represented in Wootton Wawen church, until now it stands an epitome of the history of English ecclesiastical architecture.

Here is the shrine of Somerville, the poet of *The Chase*. Here he was buried in 1742, at the age of sixty-five. Unconsciously treading on the very blue-stone slab beneath which he lies, one steps reverently backwards to read the epitaph that he himself penned. It is written in Latin, but has been Englished thus:—

"If you see anything good in me, imitate it. If you discover anything bad, shun it with your very best endeavor. Remember that, though young, you may be on the verge of death. You must die. Trust in Christ."

As you read these thoughtful lines, his personality seems to stand out stronger

than ever. Only a minor poet whom nobody reads, the last of an ancient race, tall and fair, with that kind of aristocratic beauty of countenance such as we associate with the features of Claverhouse, but without the latter's traditional cruelty, for a warmer-hearted man than William Somerville never breathed, — we seem to see him in his prime, the dashing horseman heading a cry of hounds, or with his spaniels starting the whirring pheasant during his morning walk. Then in later years, shadowed as he was by pecuniary difficulties, we recall his own picture of himself retiring to his old elbow chair, and in half-humorous, half-serious fashion upbraiding it for looking so spruce in its new cover, "a very beau," confessing that in his youthful days he loved it less, but now! —

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,  
And, patiently, what Heaven has sent, endure;  
From all the futile cares of business free;  
Not fond of life, but yet content to be;  
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the past;  
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

Somerville compares himself to an old pensioned sailor, secure from the buffettings of the storm, meditating alone

On his great voyage to the world unknown.

His wife had predeceased him, leaving no issue. His favorite huntsman and butler, James Boeter, died as the result of an accident in the hunting-field (and Somerville had written his epitaph), to be followed to "the world unknown" by another old huntsman and servant, Hoitt by name.

Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,  
Joins his loved master, Somerville, at last;  
Together went they echoing fields to try,  
Together now in silent dust they lie.

With such chastening thoughts and impressions the pilgrim leaves this old Saxon shrine, silently eloquent with the memories of a thousand years. After all, what was the life of the poet to this venerable building, this mother church which had nourished, it may be, generations of Somervilles for centuries before he was born? Stately mural monuments,

recumbent effigies, even the modest slabs that pave her floors, tell us that he was only *one* of her children. But to us so many are but names, — albeit some are honored names in England's history, —

that we give them little more than a passing glance. To us this is the shrine of Somerville, and the human interest attaching to the sportsman-poet reigns supreme.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### WOMEN AND WOMAN

**A**BOUT the use of such phrases as "Women's Executive Board" and "Woman's Executive Board," a magazine<sup>1</sup> published in New York lately cited Miss Thomas of Bryn Mawr and the superintendent of schools of New York in support of "woman's" or "women's;" Professor Carpenter of Columbia and Miss Wylie of Vassar, for "women's;" the president of Smith College, and an authoritative teacher at Harvard, for "woman's;" the Encyclopedia Britannica, for "women's;" the chief American dictionary, for "woman's;" actually, twenty-five organizations in New York using "woman's" and fifteen "women's."

Conditions lying behind and leading to different usages in this country and in England no one seems to have noticed, — conditions possibly indicating the interesting psychical variation between ourselves and our English relatives. Let us turn back a moment.

In earlier English times the word "woman" was common. Later on, say during the first part of the eighteenth century, coarseness and vulgarities in everyday language found literary expression, and our ancestors came to speak of women as "females," — the term selectively referring to the female of the human species, and not to a hen, a cow, or a mare. The noun "female" to men of the day connoted a woman; "females," women. You constantly find this emphasis of sex in much of the literature of the time.

<sup>1</sup> *The Home Mission Monthly.*

The usage prevailed in England, and also in America.

The children and grandchildren of English and American forefathers of ours, however, when movement toward the amelioration of the lives of their countrywomen set in in the early decades of the nineteenth century, — those peoples, when speaking formally of one half of humanity, spoke of "woman." How and why had the change come about? First "women;" then almost universally "females;" then, at the opening of the nineteenth century, "woman."

To-day, in the twentieth century, Englishmen use the term "woman's." The English of our day concrete their mental operation and expression. With the Yankee, on the other hand, "woman's," the abstract term, still has vogue. With the Yankee, abstraction and theory have been, and still are, bread and meat. Originally the Yankee was an Englishman. But he sailed from England in pursuit of an idea, — at a time when the English more commonly than now dealt in abstractions. Upon these western shores he lived under a dominating idea, and stamped upon others the spirit this living of his created. Idealism was his greatest and most profitable product, as we have just said it is to-day. We, his descendants, and much of the rest of the world, are living by its results still.

Through generations this American drank abstractions with his mother-milk. His old-time catechism contained the nearest approaches of child mind to the abstract which pitiless elders have ever

planned. His verse, both within the catechism and without, was often abstract. His chiefest theme — theology — was abstract. The theocrats to whom he entrusted direction of his course in this world and problematic fate in the world to come taught abstractly duties to abstractions more often than duties to concrete humanity. It was only in their grip upon him that he realized how concrete life might be. And at last, after generations of such life, his simple, uplifted spirit, — like the white spire of his meeting-house piercing a pure and fine ether, — his enthusiasm fought at last for the mighty abstraction of democracy, to which he gave the best material expression possible to his day.

A few years after his great victory and blood-bought establishment of popular rights upon our soil, the French developed their Revolution. During the cataclysm our American forbears evinced democratic heartiness by offering hands of fellowship to the great bourgeoisie fighting over the sea for "the rights of man," — the French sequent to our Declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776. But an inevitable corollary of the "rights of man" was the "rights of woman."

Living for a time among the struggling French was an Irish-English woman whom we know as Mary Wollstonecraft. Gifted with fervor and independence, Mary wrote a book, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. It was published in 1792, and doubtless owed its existence at that moment to the author's sympathies with the people of France, with their struggle for the "rights of man," and of woman. Its very dedication was to a Frenchman, — the monstrous Talleyrand, over whose factitious morality the lady's Irish heart had for the moment warmed.

This book — much read and much talked of, both at the time it appeared and later — had great influence upon English-speaking advocates of broader interests for women. The "Rights of Woman" part of its title appealed to the American public, and especially to that part of our

people emotionally touched by the limitations of women of the day. They adopted and continued the phrase, "Rights of Woman."

This was in the early part of the nineteenth century, as we have said above. Foreworkers of the American women's party were then coming into the world. Susan B. Anthony, than whom it would be difficult to find a purer idealist, was a little girl when the early reforms in laws enlarging the liberties of women were undertaking. So also Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Stanton, and other protagonists. What so natural as that these agitators should continue the abstract, and say "woman"? Tradition as to abstractions, and usage from Mary's title, were all before them. Moreover, these foreworkers may have been conscious that to abstract would serve to veil the seeming hideousness of their demands, would put more remotely to unsympathetic minds the conditions for which they labored. The abstract term certainly connoted an object different from the unwaged cook, washer, ironer, and cleaner who spent her days in labor at her husband's house and rested in his church pew on Sabbaths. As we said, the abstract did not so readily offend the conservative and those opposed to broader opportunities for the "sphered," "protected" "woman-folks." By its use hearers might not be alienated at the outset.

So the word "woman" — as descriptive of one half of our race — was distributed in our country. The current phrase was "woman's" suffrage and "woman's" rights. Some Englishman — probably John Stuart Mill, but exactly I do not readily recall — touched the disabilities of our American use of the abstract term when he said that the reason the women's party had made less progress in the United States than in England was owing to the abstracting of the being for whom amelioration was sought, and the use of the abstract term upon the party's banners.

Upon the English mind the French

Revolution left the conviction that the status of women must change. The term "woman" is in commonest use in English writings of the period. So far as we have records, that Englishman most profoundly affected and exalted by the Revolution's radical ideas was Shelley. Shelley had very considerable admiration for Mary Wollstonecraft, whose daughter he married.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,  
Of glorious parents thou aspiring Child:  
I wonder not — for One then left this earth  
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled  
Of its departing glory. Still her fame  
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and  
wild  
Which shake these latter days.

In Shelley's aerial verse we find the same ideas about women that led to Mary Wollstonecraft's book, — and we find invariably the philosophic form *woman* :—

Can man be free if woman be a slave?

Woman as the bond-slave dwells  
Of man, a slave; and life is poisoned at its  
wells.

Woman! — she is his slave, she has become  
A thing I weep to speak.

Well ye know  
What Woman is, for none of Woman born  
Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe  
Which ever from the oppressed to the oppres-  
sors flow.

About thirty years after Shelley wrote *The Revolt of Islam*, from which these lines are quoted, Alfred Tennyson was composing *The Princess*, a poem which is really a conservative expression of the larger view of women that moved the English mind during those years, — the view which was impelling the English Parliament to enactments granting women greater liberties. Laws which seem to us, sixty years later, as the barest justice were opposed, and debated, and at last passed, in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. It is undoubtedly that these debates incited Tennyson to *The Princess*. But "woman" stood for "women" in the poem.

Tennyson's epic was published in 1847. Between that date and 1869, the year of the publication of John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women*, we find the word "women" superseding "woman." How had this change come about? Sense of expediency, values of concrete reference, and especially the long debates in Parliament about the acts affecting women, had educated the people's ear to the plural form. The inventor of the word "utilitarianism" had strongest sense of the value of the concrete, and he emphasized its value, led to it, he says, by his wife, — "the properly human element came from her." Since Mill's *Subjection of Women* was published, the word "woman" — used as an abstract — has almost disappeared from English use.

But the ear of our American public was educated to the old phrase, and we continue it. When recognition of women's identity and helpful work came to our American Protestant churches, the singular noun of Mary Wollstonecraft's French radicalism stood at hand, and the churches adopted it. Therefore, constantly we meet with something like the "Woman's Board" in ecclesiastical organizations. Many another women's association is dubbed with the abstract "woman," whose members — fortunately, perhaps, for their prepossessions — are unconscious of the history by which the term came to them. The abstract "woman" was the only decent descriptive term in use when the first associations of women were formed in this country.

What was radical is now conservative, — in this little evolution, as in more extended happenings. Present-day women, in turning their brains to philanthropic and other public-spirited works, know that they never hear of a "Man's Board," but rather of "Men's," and possibly this fact, coupled with the faith that men have more experience in practical affairs, is at the root of the inquiry and publication of opinions referred to in the foregoing first paragraph.

Then, moreover, the concreting of the

word among us at this juncture is doubtless due to the awakening in women of the feeling of sisterhood, of a broad democracy which is fast spreading among women,—a consciousness of the unity of humanity, and women's existence as a factor in that unity. This is a sentiment — a mental and moral stimulation — in which women, from their secluded, solitary, less educated, more restricted lives have been lacking. Yet it is abroad now as a lively contagion, and coupled with the conviction of the right of individual development, which also women have not heretofore actively realized.

But not to forecast is better. At this moment we know that women are dropping the abstract term "woman,"—the name of a figment, a term belonging to days which in ignorance and prejudice proclaimed a "sphere" and proscribed the usefulness and beauty of the human back of the figment,—and are seeking to enroll themselves under a term which implies that they are human beings,—thinking, active beings with human sympathies, that they are co-learners of human life and co-workers with men, identified with the advancement of our race and the progress of the world in this great vineyard of our earth,—that they are one half of humanity. All these things they have been, in halting and sometimes reversionary fashion, since our remotest beginnings. But it is only now that women as a body are coming to the consciousness of their work and its dignity.

The abstract term which Mary Wollstonecraft and our ancestors adopted from the French philosophers had vast uses, and served as a rallying cry for vast good. But with us at this hour the word "women" is more significant, and a more legitimate expression of the spirit and growth of our times.

#### A NEW DEPARTURE IN BIOGRAPHY

If the readers of biography grow weary of the accepted method and order

of construction,—ancestry, boyhood, getting under way, etc., etc.,—how must it be with the writers? They are not usually such dull persons as to lose sight of the fact that the sated reader is — after the subject of their writing — their chief concern. It is upon his tastes, his prejudices, his capacity of ennui or enthusiasm that the immediate success of a biography must depend. For this cause not only the readers, but the writers of biography may well rub their eyes and begin asking themselves questions when a fresh experiment in biographical method presents itself.

Such an experiment is *Lincoln, Master of Men, A Study in Character*, by Mr. Alonzo Rothschild. Though the book carefully calls itself something other than a mere biography, its total effect is that of a life of Lincoln. The author's plan was to take one distinguishing characteristic of his subject,—the "vein of mastery,"—and test it in relation with the circumstances and the men which Lincoln's work in the world called upon him to master. There was first the assertion of physical mastery in boyhood and young manhood, the rough-and-tumble winning of ascendancy over his fellow-frontiersmen. Then came the Black Hawk War and the early steps in law and politics with their further offerings of elemental trials of the "best man." The celebrated series of debates with Stephen A. Douglas take their natural place in the sequence of personal victories. For the remainder of the book, Lincoln is seen getting the best of one man after another,—Seward, Chase, Stanton, Frémont, McClellan,—using tact, patience, firmness, as each or all might be needed, and showing himself in every instance the man whose mastery must, with a generosity like Seward's or a petulance like McClellan's, be finally acknowledged.

If one were writing a review of the book, it would be necessary to point out how admirably most of this is done, from how many sources the author has brought together his material, how skillfully he has

wrought it into the successive studies which make up the book. It might also be suggested that the material does not all lend itself equally well to the chosen methods — this is perhaps most noticeable in the Chase chapter; — that in dealing with Stanton and McClellan the instances which illustrate the writer's point may be unduly multiplied; that there is little discrimination in the text, on the score of authority, between the sources from which the material is drawn. But the notes assist the reader in making this discrimination for himself, and, through their mechanical arrangement, play an important part in a wise blending of the assumption of one's knowledge and the provision against a lack of it. The reviewer, moreover, would have to admit that the book as a whole draws a remarkably clear picture of Lincoln's character and career, of some of the chief men of his time, and of the time itself.

But a review is less the present concern than an inquiry into a novel biographical method. The question is, how generally can the method be applied? Does it offer to writers and readers a means of escape from the conventional biographic structure? Let us see, in the first place, what is essential to its successful application. Surely one thing is a certain familiarity, on the reader's part, with the subject to be treated. Then, too, it were well that his activities should have been somewhat diversified, that he may be studied in a variety of human relations. Might not the principle, however, be applied with the help of touchstones other than mastery? Take the life, for example, of Dr. Samuel G. Howe. Regard him primarily as a liberator. A series of studies of what he did for the independence of Greece, of his efforts on behalf of Polish liberty, of his anti-slavery work at home, and of his crowning achievement in the freeing of such spirits in prison as Laura Bridgman, would do for him very much what this book does for Lincoln in picturing the whole man and all the contemporary life he touched. An obscurer life, with

still another connecting thread, might even be shown to demand no general familiarity with the background of facts.

Let the imaginative, well-equipped reader, then, amuse himself by "projecting" a series of lives upon this general plan. Sticking to the theme of mastery, let him see what could be done with Washington. Somewhat less, I suspect, than with Cromwell or Napoleon or Bismarck. But who can say, until the constructive imagination has done its full work? It required imagination of no mean order for Mr. Rothschild to plan and perform his task with Lincoln. The next successful biographer of a great man, choosing perhaps a less obvious central theme, may reveal still greater possibilities in the method, and set so many imaginations on fire that the whole biographical horizon shall glow with a new light.

But let the innovator beware of trying to repeat a success, — to make an untried problem square with a solution which in one instance has justified itself. Certainly it would be the height of rashness to undertake a series of lives in the Rothschild-Lincoln manner — and quite possibly it should never be attempted again. These suggestions are thrown out chiefly for the benefit of biographers chafing at the old methods, and casting about for something new. If the suggestions bear fruit, it may be that the reader's satisfaction and gratitude will mingle with those of the biographer himself.

#### A GROWL FOR THE UNPICTURESQUE

As to the popularity of the pictured newspaper of the present day, there is no controversy. When people said that Lucan was no poet, Martial made him reply posthumously, "Ask my bookseller." A similar reply would, no doubt, be made now to any one who questioned the value of the grotesque art of the daily press, — grotesque, surely, whenever it ceases to be photographic. If the value of things is to be measured merely by the magnitude of

the material returns, then, of course, the answer is conclusive. But the newspapers which outrage good taste to gratify the undiscriminating *ignobile vulgus* are the very ones which scream the loudest against the sin of mere money-grubbing. In the face of the inflamed prejudice of the present day, it must be confessed candidly that Mr. Harriman was right in protesting against the injustice done by newspaper headlines, since the makers of these in some quarters are guided solely by the desire to attract attention. Mr. Harriman added that only the headlines are read, while the proper report of a matter, which might correct the false impression of the headlines, is thrown aside without a glance. He might have added that in most cases the efforts of the cartoonist reinforce those of the headliner, rather than those of the honest and painstaking reporter. Cynicism itself can hardly imagine a more bitter travesty of human nature than to see on the same page, or on neighboring pages, a diatribe in unmeasured language on any one of a score or more men who happen to be the targets of public hatred, and a cartoon that defies every maxim of morals and aesthetics. In the so-called colored supplement,—which should be called the discolored supplement,—now an almost universal feature of the Sunday morning volume, cruelties are depicted worse than those of a bull fight or a gladiatorial show; violations of the moral law, particularly of the fifth commandment, that would send a shiver through the whole fabric of Chinese civilization, are made to seem amusing, and all these things are done with a species of art which is laughed at only because it is so atrocious that its atrocity is too contemptible to excite aversion. These things are supposed to interest children. In ancient Greece, from Athens to Tanagra, the things meant to appeal to the domestic instincts were made beautiful. It would have been an unpardonable offense in the eyes of heathenism to have made them less than beautiful. Modern Christianity permits

its votaries to think, or at least to act, on the principle that ugliness is a means of grace. Is it strange, or not, that the age which allows childhood to train its perceptions with such things is the one which also tolerates declamations against the *Arabian Nights*, against fairy tales, against folklore, against *Mother Goose*, indeed, against almost everything which delighted the infantile mind in the past?

From a distinctive and very restricted point of view, this newspaper art is certainly realistic. It reflects the souls of those who make it and of those who admire and enjoy it, in all their wooden deformity. It is the last cry of materialism, gross, strident, clumsy, proud of its denial that there can be anything higher than itself. In the sense that all things which affect the mind are educative, this art must be so, too; but it is surely calculated to make the judicious grieve in contemplation of the possible, the probable effect upon human nature. If there is exclusive merit in an education which is solely utilitarian, it may be well to have the department of aesthetics in schools hereafter presided over by the adepts in burlesque. Let Vavassor say, if he likes, that burlesque was unknown both to the literature and to the art of the ancients. Vavassor was admired by Thomas Gray to that extent that a whole line occasionally found its way from the Latin poems of the French Jesuit into those of the English university recluse. Let Vavassor say that there is never any occasion for burlesque, and many reasons why it should be avoided. The poet of the *Elegy* was too fastidious, and perhaps the man whom he admired and sometimes copied was more than fastidious. Yet, even at that, it requires no second sight to see what would be the response if the suggestion to make burlesque the mistress of art and letters were offered in serious earnest. Pardon the ludicrous contrast of words. To be funny in earnest is one of the privileges of this new art. But the fact is that, in the great school which all humanity attends perforce, the new art is already the

mistress, and its lessons necessarily sink into the grain of human nature far more deeply than the education vouchsafed by the schools of art and letters.

With the etcher, the engraver, the wood-cutter, the painter, the sculptor, of other times, and even yet, so little was or is left to assistants,—and that little so purely routine in kind,—that both idea and execution belonged to the one who rightfully put his mark on the finished work. With the new art, the man whose name goes to the product frequently owes his idea to an editor who could not draw a saw-horse, though it were standing still, and all the rest of the process, except the mere sketch, to a series of unknown workers and a more or less complicated mechanism. The lifelong, all-around training of the artist is to him unnecessary. Sometimes he can draw, but he certainly need not draw well. He is not required to be a colorist. The process will do his coloring for him, if he indicates where he wants his tints and in what variety. In his absence, a resourceful editor with cardboard, paste-pot, a pair of shears, and some fragments of earlier works of art, has been known to do surprising things, which have gone through the process and over the press without loosening a single screw. And his readers never knew the difference. Thus this art, like most other activities of modern life, is getting to be a highly composite affair. The more nearly it approaches perfection, the less individual it must necessarily become. Very few men, if successful within the circle thus created, will have the courage of Gibson, to desert it and seek to be true artists, in the sense which shortly may become historic, if not obsolete.

The tendency to mere symbolism in the newspaper picture is inveterate. *Buster Brown's* costume is as fixed as the green tunic of St. Peter which attracted the philosophic attention of Max O'Rell; Father Knickerbocker in buckled shoes, stockings, breeches, long waistcoat, flaring frock, and cocked hat; *Cincinnatus*,

usually without a toga; St. Paul with a nimbus ostentatiously fastened by an upright rod to the back of his neck; General Moses Cleveland in Continental uniform; Pitt in something like court costume; the late William Penn looking like an eighteenth-century publican; Saint Louis in a marvelous mediæval undress,—these are examples of symbolic figures which are probably destined to rival Uncle Sam and John Bull in permanence. Most cities are still in a state of unstable equilibrium as to their pictorial identity; but there is no doubt that circumstances will soon or late give them each a distinctive emblem. It were, perhaps, to court a vain surmise to inquire whether or not Chicago will ever be able to make *Mephitis Americana* embody the local satire of a day. Still, there are Lokman and Æsop and Phædrus and Babrius to show how animals can be induced to talk. And there are Alciatus and Jacob Cats, and a whole series of poetasters down to Quarles, to show how trifling a motive emblematism is in art and literature. In fact, the result of this sort of thing is exemplified in the decaying periods of all artistic nations, and it can be studied in every country graveyard in America, with its reliefs of angels, weeping willows, and open books, never willingly changed in a single line.

Of course, this tendency to fixed symbolic forms need not affect legitimate art. But the lesson of history is that it has always had a malign influence. Originality, the power of initiative, was lost in the recurrent discovery by every decaying epoch that imitation and fixed formulas were easier and more remunerative. The difficulty with the symbolism of the present day is that it starts at a lower level, with more ignoble themes and with less imagination, than any of its predecessors. Naturally it must find a lower depth into which to fall. To some this may seem a matter of indifference. They will say that the vulgarizing, specializing, machinifying of art are of no significance, that art at the best is only an efflorescence of

human nature, and that the flower makes the plant neither better nor worse. If that were true, still the disposition to make art a mere product is a symptom of the disease of the times, worth considering in the effort to complete a diagnosis. But it is certainly not wholly true. Most artists and critics of art would say that it is not true in any sense, that genuineness in art is as fundamental as sincerity can be anywhere, and that an age in which genius and laborious culture are discredited by slipshod facility must necessarily be an age in which a New Morality flourishes.

#### "FOOTNOTE PERSONS"

NOT long ago a fellow-contributor to the *Atlantic* invented this phrase, threw it into a parenthesis, and passed on his way without a backward glance. For my part, I felt as if, in passing along the highroad of letters, he had chanced to brush away the overgrowth from a veritable finger-post. Only a little stooping at the outset, and there, to be sure, it was, — a bypath too narrow for your ninety-horse motors of criticism, too winding for your eager literary pedestrian, fussing with his guide-book and his pedometer. Well, that was nothing against it. Now and then the way lay through a thicket:—

"Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura;" no matter, — I was not going to Hell, or to any other of the too, too lively resorts along Vergil's beat. For me an aimless ramble through a region of harmless obscurity; my guardian spook, if there were to be any, one James Boswell.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to the reader what a relative affair our little earthly immortality is. The famous names, the rare names which the world does not willingly let die, by no means have that Elysian field to themselves. They are destined, throughout their modified eternity, to be jostled by a rabble of lesser shades, a mob of translucent gentlemen whom the world would willingly have let die, if the world had been consulted about it at all. Yet, for one

reason or another, they, too, survive, and have to be made the best of. By hook or by crook they have done the trick, a Bavius for a Vergil, and for a Sappho a Mrs. Aphra Behn. Not true fame, nor eminence, nor any kind of absolute achievement is necessary for admission to the grounds. It is enough to be a great man's enemy, or idol, or butt, or neighbor, or pet, or cook. It is enough to have been that cook's second husband, or his grandfather the hackney-ccachman. Does not every illustrious one enter into his glory, trailing clouds of insects, undying ephemera? Their very insignificance would appear to give them a kind of stability: nobody has suggested the probability that Bacon was the real proprietor of the Sir Thomas Lucy game-preserves.

After all, can we honestly sniff at the most fortuitous of these survivals? It is all very comfortable for us to remark that So-and-so lives only in the lines of such-and-such a poet, or in the footnote of such-and-such a biographer. Well, what of it? Are we, for our part, in a position to patronize him? He is going to live, is n't he? and would n't we give our boots and our bottom dollar to be sure of as much? Does not Browning's mention of Vernon Lee guarantee that graceful writer a permanence of which otherwise, in common with a good many other graceful writers, she might reasonably have been in doubt? For the rest, the allusion chanced to be complimentary, but might just as well have been the reverse. To be cursed by greatness is one of the finest pieces of luck that can fall to mediocrity. Had n't you rather be a "MacFlecknoe" or a "piddling Tibbald" than — than a — never mind who; he is n't going to owe his immortality to me; let him bear that in mind.

Yes, many a man has been embalmed by an insult. We may call him a fly in amber, but, dear me, most of us are bound to be a good deal worse off than that. Posterity will not even know that we were once a nuisance. This will hardly be a matter for posterity to grieve over.

There was a time, perhaps, that when the buzz was out the bug would die; it must have been before the invention of the first scarab. The world's memory is heavy-laden with immortal objects of scorn and derision. It is we, not their victims, who owe the satirists a grudge; for this swarm of flies is not half so becoming to the amber as the amber is to them.

But I seem to recall that we did not set out to hunt down such persons as may have attained a bad eminence through the casual dispraise — or praise — of poets. Our quarry is of much greater variety than that. These persons have had a footnote immortality thrust upon them; others are born to it; others rise or sink to it by degrees, finding their proper level. No honest literary drudge need despair of attaining it, no brilliant favorite of the hour need fancy himself secure of as much. One of the most engag-  
ing classes is made up of those who have lain in the bosom of greatness, whom it has loved; of whom, perhaps, it has expected great things. Johnson's Savage, Lamb's Manning, Carlyle's Sterling, Emerson's Alcott; yes, and Southey, — Landor's, Coleridge's, everybody's Southey; — are they not already, or by destiny, heroes of the footnote? Why else should we not very willingly have let Southey's name die down to the level of a Skeltonian laureateship? Yet you may read in a hundred memorable passages how big a man he was in the eyes of true genius. *Stat nominis umbra;* there is no doubt, at all events, of his survival. Even now, perhaps, with his *Thalabas*, *Lives of Nelson*, and what not, he may be a peg too high for us to hang our small argument on. So also Bronson Alcott, heavy material that he was, little as his orotund deliverances amounted to: who can calculate what inspiration he may have given the great man who fancied himself a disciple, who listened with unfailing reverence and enthusiasm to the mouthing of that wooden oracle? It will take a very small footnote to contain

the whole of Alcott; but he is sure of it, and he deserves it.

But think of the luck of Savage and of Manning, — Savage, whose life Johnson found it worth while to write, and to whom he paid a tribute now long out of fashion: —

“ *Humani studium generis cui pectore ferret  
O colat humanum te foveatque genus.*”

It must have been something to starve in the company of the Cham, if one was going to starve at all. Some of us could have put up with that, without stickling that we should be embalmed in epigram, celebrated in a biography, or even condescended to by a Boswell. As for Manning, we have to take Lamb's word for it that he was an extraordinary person: “ A man of great Power — an Enchanter almost — far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing ” — Ah, we imagine, that was just it. Like Alcott and how many other friends of men of creative faculty, Manning could impress more than he could express; the ordinary fate of your brilliant talker. His status as a footnote person is on the whole less enviable than that of the absurd Dyer, or the weakly amiable Martin Burney, whom Lamb loved without expecting anything of them. That is not always an effective tribute of affection which reacts in the form of a fantastic worship — *e. g.*, Fitzgerald's finding his typical great man in the person of a long-shore skipper. Consider Johnson's “ Tetty,” and the odd menagerie of his later household: are they not as truly immortal as a Savage, a Beauclerk, or the Thrale-Piozzi herself?

The moral is simple. If you really want to have your name echo down the ages, employ the Company, shortly to be incorporated, of The Inspired Advertisers. The project merely awaits the accumulation of a sufficient reserve of capitalized inspiration. Sheer Greatness is just now at an almost prohibitive premium; but the market is expected to be easier very shortly, and a strong bull movement among the critics is already manifest.

